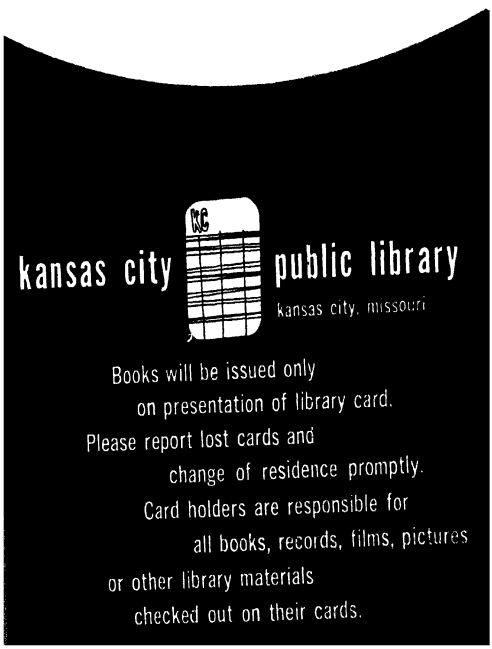
780.92 M537k 65-14595
Kaufman
Mendelssohn, "a second Elijah"

MAIN

MAIN



KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 1148 01006 0283

DATE DUE

MAI JUL 21 1984

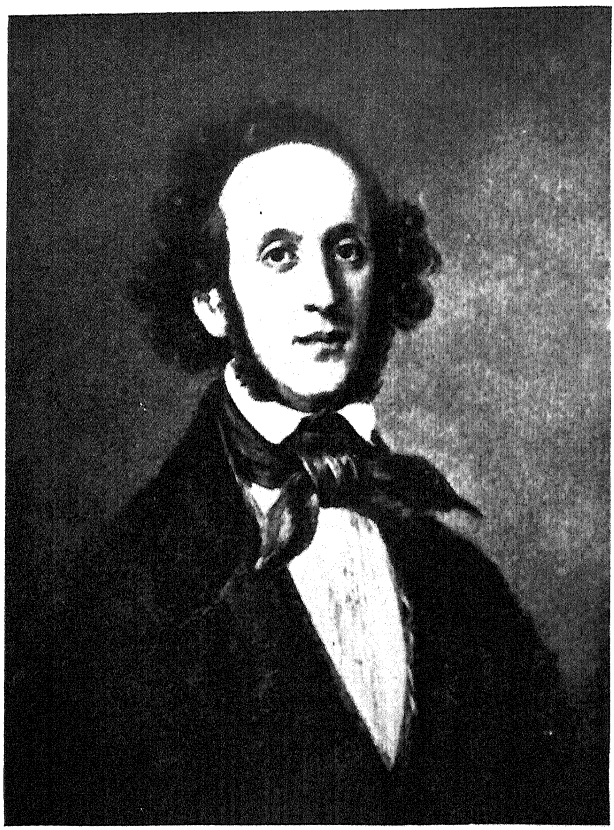
MENDELSSOHN

"A Second Elijah"

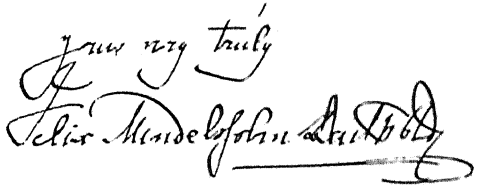
To the noble artist who, when surrounded by the Baal-worship of the false, has, like a Second Elijah, employed his genius and his skill in the service of the true; who has weaned our ears from the senseless confusion of mere sound, and won them to the comprehension of all that is harmonious and pure—to the great master who has held in his firm control and revealed to us not only the gentle whisperings of the breeze, but also the majestic thundering of the tempest.

In grateful remembrance,

BUCKINGHAM PALACE. *Albert.*



From the painting by Professor Edward Magnus, Berlin 1844
Grove: *"Dictionary of Music and Musicians,"* Macmillan Company



MENDELSSOHN

"a second Elijah"

Schima Kaufman

Thomas Y. Crowell Company
New York

COPYRIGHT, 1934
BY SCHIMA KAUFMAN

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced in any form without permission in writing from the author or publisher, except by a reviewer who may quote brief passages in a review to be printed in a magazine or newspaper.

PRINTED IN
THE UNITED STATES
OF AMERICA

TO MY FATHER AND MOTHER

IN REMEMBRANCE

OF MANY YOUTHFUL DREAMS

KANSAS CITY (MO.) PUBLIC LIBRARY

651.535

Preface

MEN of science frequently lament the obsolescence of their theories and discoveries before they can be written down. Some have had the discomfiting experience of finding reviews of the already fusty books, side by side with startling announcements of newer theories and discoveries. Thus the march of science, though contradictory and embattled, goes steadily forward.

My experience in writing "Mendelssohn: A Second Elijah" was attended with anxiety of the opposite kind. Sadly I came into the realization that this picture of the Germany of a century ago, the Germany which Nietzsche called "arbitrarily stupefied by itself for nearly a thousand years," was also a picture of the Germany of to-day, the Germany of proscriptions, debasement, censorship and erratic hates; and that the racial persecution which the country of Lessing, Schiller, Bach, Beethoven, and Koch had erased, seemingly forever, in 1848, had lifted its leering mask again. Thus, unlike the march of science, the unraveling of history all too seldom spins us forward.

Felix Mendelssohn, who lost the directorship of a singing society because of the unavoidable circumstance of being born into an unfashionable religion (though he had been converted at the time), finds himself, after eighty-seven years' burial in Holy Trinity Churchyard, Berlin, thrown back to the people of his origin. His music, that twinkling world of nymphean charm, may not be played in Germany to-day! In this wise he has taken up, in death, the many years' war with Berlin which exhausted his

intense, hard-worked body. And in death he is the victor; for the Germany, which has substituted for his music the absurdities of Pfitzner and Roselius, has caused the rest of the world to revalue his genius.

This, however, is not a case book on racial prejudice; neither is it an indictment of the arrogance produced by the Aryan myth. The parallel was as inescapable as history itself. It is primarily the first full-length biography of a great composer, one whose shielded existence was not the life of unsullied happiness gossip would have us believe. Mendelssohn suffered to an extraordinary extent from the austerity of his father's domination until he was twenty-five. He waged a twenty years' war with Berlin, a feud that was half imaginary, half real, but viable enough to produce a necrosis on his soaring soul. He reached vainly toward an ever-receding mirage which was never to grant him the eagerly sought, perfect libretto; while Heine, who gave Wagner the story of "The Flying Dutchman," was at his elbow. He lapsed into the error of self-righteousness.

But he never has been dead! In speaking of Mendelssohn with the violinist, Jascha Heifetz, the famous artist uttered words too pertinent to go unrecorded in this place. "If it is conceivable that the music of Mendelssohn can die," Mr. Heifetz said, "then all music can die!"

Nor is the distinguished violinist alone in his pronouncement. Everywhere the music of the proscribed composer—the symphonies and overtures, the chamber pieces, the choral works and songs—increasingly appears on concert programs. Who knows but that it will some day blaze into the Kentish fire of its original acclaim? For, despite the antagonisms of Berlin, Mendelssohn was canonized while he still lived. Achieving fame for his extraordinary pianism and creative gifts while a mere child, he rose to fabulous greatness before his death at thirty-eight years of age, an event that caused the adoring Leipzigers of 1847 to wonder if the master were not being recalled from legendry to be meted out a mortal end. And then with the rising stars of Chopin, Schumann, Berlioz, and Wagner to outshine his own in brilliant luminosity, came the penalty of a too-great popularity during his lifetime.

Owing to the many excisions of valuable and revealing material from a good bit of the literature concerning Mendelssohn—no doubt, prompted by undue caution and delicacy on the part of his family—I have found it necessary to institute my own private researches over a period of several years. If to some I appear to have reconstructed too romantically, it must be remembered that insight and discovery are the instruments of the sincere biographer, and without them a "Life" is perforce reduced to a mere compilation. Thus the reader will find restored the early intimacy of Mendelssohn and Schumann, expunged from the "Letters," the writings of Hensel, and nearly all other works; and many true traits which give him more the semblance of an animated human being, than the unlifelike nobility of a stilted saint.

SCHIMA KAUFMAN

Philadelphia,
August, 1934

Acknowledgments

RATHER than risk marring the appearance of the page with a multitude of appended (and distracting) notes, I have followed the commendable example of the modern biographer by listing my sources in a separate section.

I would acknowledge my debt to the admirable chronology of Mendelssohniana by Sir George Grove; to Sebastian Hensel's *"Die Familie Mendelssohn"* for many details relating to the composer's family background; to the many letters so clearly tracing the psychological development of my subject's life; and to the reminiscences (frequently at variance) of his intimate friends.

I wish further to voice my appreciation to Miss Daisy Fansler, Chief of the Music Division of the Free Library of Philadelphia, for her generous and unwearied assistance in aiding me to collect my material; to Mr. Joseph Muller of Closter, New Jersey, for a number of the illustrations reproduced herein; to the Macmillan Company for kind permission to re-write a few copyrighted details; to the Music Division of The Library of Congress; to the libraries of Haverford College, Dropsie College, and many more.

S. K.

Contents

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	BEGINNINGS	1
II.	PARENTS	8
III.	A GENIUS	15
IV.	CONVERSION	23
V.	THE SAGE OF WEIMAR	28
VI.	L. v. G. G.	38
VII.	THE DEFENDER OF BEETHOVEN	48
VIII.	JUDGMENT OF PARIS	55
IX.	LEIPZIGER STRASSE No. 3	62
X.	A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM	67
XI.	A DEBACLE	75
XII.	THE ST. MATHEW PASSION—AN ACTOR AND A JEW	85
XIII.	LONDON SUCCESSES	98
XIV.	AN ACCIDENT	112
XV.	"RETURN FROM ABROAD"	123
XVI.	THE ANARCHIC HEINE	130
XVII.	GOETHE REVISITED—"THE SPRING OF 1775"	136
XVIII.	FURTHER WANDERINGS—AN OPERA LIBRETTO	147
XIX.	IMMORALITY	159

CHAPTER		PAGE
XX.	VISIONS	176
XXI.	THE STONING OF STEPHEN	188
XXII.	THE LOWER RHINE FESTIVAL	199
XXIII.	MARIA MALIBRAN	214
XXIV.	A SALTO MORTALE	229
XXV.	RES SEVERA EST VERUM GAUDIUM	238
XXVI.	"WER EIN HOLDES WEIB ERRUNGEN"	250
XXVII.	STURM UND DRANG	270
XXVIII.	"THE ONLY COMFORTABLE HOUSE IN ENGLAND"	285
XXIX.	TRANSITION	293
XXX.	NIGHT SONG, OPUS 71	299
XXXI.	HIS PLACE IN MUSIC	311
	LIST OF AMERICAN PHONOGRAPH RECORDS OF MENDELSSOHN'S MUSIC	320
	APPENDIX I. CHRONOLOGY	321
	APPENDIX II. LIST OF MENDELSSOHN'S PUBLISHED WORKS	324
	APPENDIX III. BIBLIOGRAPHY	341
	INDEX	345

List of Illustrations

MENDELSSOHN (From the painting by Professor Edward Magnus, Berlin, 1844) . . . . . *Frontispiece*

FACING PAGE

ABRAHAM MENDELSSOHN (From a drawing by Wilhelm Hensel) . 10

LEAH MENDELSSOHN (From a drawing by Wilhelm Hensel) . . 10

MENDELSSOHN'S BIRTHPLACE IN HAMBURG 26

MENDELSSOHN (From a sketch made in, or about, 1820) . . . 26

FANNY HENSEL, SISTER OF MENDELSSOHN (From a drawing by her husband) 42

A GROUP OF BERLIN MUSICIANS 76

WILHELM HENSEL (Self-portrait) 90

FIRST PAGE OF THE ORIGINAL SCORE OF MENDELSSOHN'S OVERTURE TO THE "ISLES OF FINGAL," GIVEN TO MOSCHELES 112

MENDELSSOHN (1834) 188

MARIA MALIBRAN 214

THE GEWANDHAUS CONCERT ROOM IN LEIPZIG 236

FERDINAND HILLER 250

JULIUS RIETZ 250

CECILE, WIFE OF MENDELSSOHN (From a drawing by Wilhelm Hensel) 260

FACING PAGE

MENDELSSOHN (From a lithograph) 272

QUEEN VICTORIA, PRINCE ALBERT, AND MENDELSSOHN 286

IGNAZ MOSCHELES 290

FERDINAND DAVID 290

MENDELSSOHN'S STUDY (From a Water-color made by Felix Moscheles a few days after the composer's death) 300

Beginnings

I

IN the year 70 of the Christian era, the Romans, under Titus Flavius, destroyed the ancient and holy citadel of Jerusalem, and once more the Jews found themselves without a home. Several thousand of these Titus deported to the Western Roman Empire. A great many were sent to work in the mines of Sardinia, and the rest remained in Rome, where they joined their brethren, seized in a previous conquest of Jerusalem by Pompey, a century before. From here some pushed on farther into Italy, while the more hardy of their number crept northward into Gaul, Germany, Spain, and even England, lands in which they were hitherto comparatively unknown.

Until the end of the eleventh century, the existence of the Jews in Europe was almost bearable, although here and there, notably in France and Spain, sporadic assaults of violence were visited upon them by the priesthood. However, with the beginning of the Crusades, organized attacks of persecution against the Jews started in real earnest. In every square the monks stung the rabble into paroxysms of murderous rage against the unbelievers, and before long the fanatical cry to exterminate the enemies of Christ at home before fighting them in the Far East resounded throughout Europe. Many thousands perished in the most merciless massacres of history. The rest, for the next four hundred years, after being shamelessly mulcted and plundered, were expelled from every country in turn. Everywhere the pitiful

hordes staggered along the roads with their sick and young and a few belongings, entreating their way to a new country where they were further robbed and maltreated, burnt and buried alive, or kicked out through the back door. In every decade it was thought this unhappy, besmirched, and scattered race had come to an end. Still the Jew, made equal to the fires of persecution, nay, more than equal, stubbornly persisted, just as a weed may unaccountably flourish among *débris* and ashes.

But history, fickle and myopic, rarely views itself from the short end. The country which was to become one of the most rabid persecutors of the bedraggled Semites was one of the first to offer friendly protection.

In 1348, Casimir the Great, being enamored of a Jewish mistress, welcomed the refugees of Germany and Switzerland to Poland, and for many years the commerce of this country, almost entirely in their hands, prospered greatly. But the tide swept back after the Reformation. During an interregnum, when the throne temporarily fell vacant, Rabbi Saul Wahl, a revered and learned Jew, was elected king. For one night he reigned, was paid in gold for his services, and for his zeal was speedily decapitated the next morning. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the Jews in Poland sank into a state of deep poverty and ignorance. Many, in order to escape conversion and martyrdom, turned to the reopened doors of Germany.

. . . . . .

Shortly before the birth of the future King Leopold in 1696, a handful of cast down Jewish families migrated across the border, and formed a peaceful community at Dessau. Leopold ascended the throne at a tender age. His genius for the military often carried him away from his tiny domain to help Frederick the First reorganize the Prussian Army and wage bloody campaigns against the Austrians. Carlyle called him: "A man of vast dumb faculty, dumb but fertile, deep—no end of imagination—no end of ingenuities—with as much mother wit as in whole talking parliaments."

It was fortunate for the Jews that Leopold was such a man —and that his absences from Dessau were frequent and prolonged. He did not exact more than the fifteen odd taxes custom-

arily levied on the infidels elsewhere in Germany, nor did he proscribe a greater amount of restrictions on their professions or social status. Yet he was a humane man, and left the Jews to their peace.

Here, in Dessau, lived one Mendel, a humble scrivener of Holy Scrolls and teacher in the elementary Hebrew school, who called himself a descendant of the ill-fated Saul Wahl. Mendel's family were numerous, but his debts even more so. On the 6th of September, 1729, his wife Suschen presented him with another child, and the poor Talmudist raised his eyes to heaven. The child was delicate, ugly, misshapen and, moreover, possessed of a distressing stammer. Doubtless, to help lead him out of his dilemma, Mendel the Dessauer named the boy Moses.

Little Moses's deformities stopped short at his brain, for before he was six he was graduated from his father's class into the higher school, and exceeded all the other lads in Hebrew learning. He wrote poetry at the age of ten, and burned each verse as it was praised by his friends. Salomon Maimon's "Moreh Nebuchim"—a Guide to the Perplexed—became his especial study. He learned the contents of the book by heart, and suffered a breakdown; from both of which he never fully recovered. Maimon's work was a challenge to the rationalism of Judaism, and consequently had been tabooed by the Polish orthodoxy. The walls of the Ghetto had thrust the Jew back into himself, and were not half so strong as the medieval walls he built around himself. Centuries of oppression had made him mistrustful of all attempts at cultural assimilation offered from within and without his ranks. Consequently, any treatise not on strictly scriptural subjects smacked of heresy. But the "Nebuchim" had been reprinted in the more liberal atmosphere of Dessau, and Moses pursued it under the supervision of the Chief Rabbi himself. "Maimon gave me my hump," he used to say, with peculiar Jewish irony, in after years, but Maimon it also was who instilled in his idealistic young breast the need for freeing his coreligionists from the fanaticism of bygone times.

Through the Jews' Gate of Berlin he followed his master, when his parents could no longer bear the burden of supporting him, and a sorry, unprepossessing figure he must have been, stut-

tering his request for admission to the city. Exhausted, sickly, a hunchback of fourteen, who had traversed the eighty miles from Dessau on foot, with but a single ducat in his pocket!

An official, appointed by the Jewish community, stood at the Rosenthaler Thor of Berlin, and weeded out the undesirables who might become a burden on them as they applied. When this bearded Cerberus beheld the miserable cripple standing before him, he was shocked and amused. "Who is this who wishes to gain entrance to Berlin?" he inquired in nasal sing-song. "My name is Moses," the boy replied haltingly. The watchman laughed, and winked an eye meaningly. "Go, Moses," he said; "the sea has opened before you."

Frederick the Great's Prussia was scarcely an improvement on the mild Jew-baiting of Anhalt. In his youth, Frederick was treated by his own father with severe disciplinary measures, and at one time, to escape parental tyranny, planned flight to England. The plot was prematurely laid bare, and his fellow-conspirator was beheaded before his eyes. The royal pater was ready to demonstrate that a similar fate might even befall a prince, and the son bent the knee. On Frederick's accession to the throne he had been taught his lesson, and thereafter his subjects bent both knees.

At a time when most of Europe was beginning to regard the plight of the Jews with enlightenment, the *roi philosophe* denied them the rights of citizenship and kept them on a taxable level with oxen. Only in certain cities could they reside, and, at that, in restricted numbers. The guilds were still closed to them, and a Jew had the choice of peddling, practicing medicine or the opprobrious money-lending, which was too degrading for a Gentile. It required incorruptible optimism and a skin impervious to blows to wish to live in such a country.

For seven years the status of Moses Dessauer, or Mendelssohn, as he Germanized his name, was that of a vagrant. With the aid of several emancipated spirits of the Jewish flock, he set himself to learn German in place of the Yiddish he had always spoken. One taught him mathematics, one French and English, and still another Latin. In the meantime, he marked off his loaf of bread to last the week, and kept a sharp eye peeled for the police. Poverty and fear of detection came to an end in

1750 when a rich Jew privileged to live in Berlin, offered young Mendelssohn his protection, and engaged him as tutor in the household. From then on his fortunes rose. He wrote one philosophical work after another; formed friendships with the leading thinkers of Germany; and combated the clannishness of his own race. Lessing found in him the prototype of "Nathan the Wise," and sprang to his defense when a famous philosopher expressed the doubt that a Jew in real life could be as noble as the hero in the comedy.

. . . . . .

Unsightly as Mendelssohn was, his charm of manner and Greek clarity never failed to conciliate the most immovable of opponents. His powers of persuasion and dialectic won for him the respect of the meddling Lavater who tried publicly to trap him into conversion,—and also a wife. Mendelssohn was much sought after by the parents of eligible Rebeccas. One of these, Guggenheim, a merchant of Hamburg, meeting him at the baths of Pyrmont one day, accosted him thus: "Rabbi Moses, we all admire you, but my daughter most of all. It would be the greatest happiness to me to have you for a son-in-law. Come and see us in Hamburg."

After conquering his timidity, Moses did go to Hamburg and called upon Guggenheim at his office. The latter informed him that his daughter, Fromet, was upstairs and anxious to receive him. He spent an hour with the daughter, and next day returned to inquire of Guggenheim what Fromet had thought of him.

"Well," the merchant spoke hesitatingly, "as you are a philosopher, a wise and great man, you will not be angry with the girl. She said she was frightened on seeing you, because . . ."

"Because I have a hump?"

"Exactly."

"I thought as much. Will you permit me to go and take leave of her?"

Fromet was engaged in needlework when Mendelssohn entered, and though they conversed in friendly fashion for some time, she never raised her eyes to him.

The famous thinker's great abilities lay in the Socratic manner of drawing from people's minds what he wished to impress

upon them, and before many minutes passed, he had cleverly directed the conversation to the divinity of marriage.

"Do you believe then," the unsuspecting Fromet asked, "that marriages are made in heaven?"

"Indeed, I do," said he. "At the birth of a Jewish child, proclamation is made in heaven, he or she shall marry such and such an one. When I was born, my future wife was also named, but at the same time it was said, 'Alas! she will have a dreadful humpback.' 'O God,' I said, 'then a deformed girl will become embittered and unhappy, whereas she should be beautiful. Dear Lord, give me the humpback instead, and let the maiden be well made and agreeable.' "

Mendelssohn barely had finished speaking when Fromet threw herself into his arms. She later became his wife; and of all their six children who survived maturity, only one, Henrietta, carried the father's blemish, and all inherited his superior mental endowments.

At the time, it was incumbent upon every Jew, on the occasion of his marriage, to purchase a quantity of china from Frederick the Great's newly established pottery. Since this was by royal decree, the Jewish buyer had no choice in the matter of selection, and was compelled to pay for whatever monstrosities the manager wished to close out. This in itself was a stride in advance of Frederick's father, who had ordered the infidels to buy the wild boars killed at the royal hunting parties—slaughtered meat that was ritually banned. Thus, Moses Mendelssohn, a man already famous and highly esteemed, was obliged to become the possessor of several life-sized apes, which number he voluntarily increased from time to time, perhaps out of curiosity —to see if the images of his oppressors had changed in the interim.

Mendelssohn bore the state's humiliating discriminations against Jews philosophically enough, but when a king chose to write bad verse, he was not to be intimidated. Frederick II had found time, between wars and flute playing, to write some two dozen volumes on politics, history, and philosophy, and six more of verse, all of which were printed by His Majesty's Berlin Academy of Sciences as a mark of tribute to himself. They were received by his respectful subjects with that dutiful loyalty and

murmured approval that a monarch's intellectual achievements must always engender. But not so Mendelssohn. With a daring courage that belied the comically misshapen body of a despised Jew, a Jew still living in Berlin without official authority, he attacked one of these books, called "Poesies Diverses," and reduced the soundness of its ideas to the logic of a squared circle. Furthermore, he rebuked the royal poet, who had raised Prussia from an obscure country to the dignity of a Continental Power, for the affectation of disdaining his own German language in preference to that of French. The critic was rapped by the Attorney-General for his candor, and the offending review confiscated. Later the ban was raised. But Mendelssohn had made a name for himself in championing German as a literary medium, and as a purist who would restore everything to its rightful place.

At the pinnacle of his fame, the German Plato, as he came to be known, was urged to petition Frederick for legal permission to reside in Berlin. The document was presented by an influential courtier, but it was ignored. After considerable pressure had been brought to bear, the Marquis d'Argens had the satisfaction of receiving a reply on behalf of his distinguished *protégé*. Frederick granted Mendelssohn's request—for a fine of one thousand thaler —but the privilege was not to extend to his children.

A debatable privilege! His boys had already for a long time come to him with their little wounds. "Dear Papa," they asked, "why do those lads always run after us in the streets, and shout: 'Jew-boy! Jew-boy!' Is it a disgrace in the eyes of these people to be a Jew?" The philosopher could only hang his head in silence. In the days of the Black Scourge, the Flagellants had but to whisper Hep! Hep!—their abbreviation of *Hierosolyma est perdita:* Jerusalem has fallen—and entire Jewish villages would be murdered outright. "Far better," Mendelssohn thought to himself, "the stones and horse-dung thrown piping hot, just as it comes from nature's own oven, than the cannibalism of those barbarous times."

The fine was grudgingly returned, and a year after Moses Mendelssohn's death, permission was accorded to his widow and children, "on account of the acknowledged merits of your husband and father," to remain in the Prussian capital.

Parents

II

ABRAHAM, the second son of Moses and Fromet Mendelssohn, was born in the second year of the American Revolution. He was a vigorous, taciturn, philosophical boy who only broke his long silences to bellow fragments from Schultz's *Athalie* at the top of his voice. His father had subjected the children to a severe regimen of education, and he was not blind to their shortcomings. "Not tall, not short, not wise and not foolish," he had described them. But Abraham, as well as his elder brother, Joseph, had a will that would ten times sooner break than bend. He was practical by nature, and leaned strongly toward mathematics.

When Abraham was ten his father died, but long before he had reached manhood it was clear to him that the best weapon of the Jew was money. Not that religious dogma found in him a staunch supporter. Two of his sisters, following the trend of the times, had seen fit to convert to Christianity. But Abraham, stubborn even in his unbelief, and out of reverence for his father's memory, still remained in the Jewish faith. More than anything else he wanted financial security and the sense of well-being that followed in its wake.

It was not surprising, therefore, that at the turn of the century he quitted the hostile environment of Berlin, and entered the counting-house of the rich Jewish banker, Fould, at Paris. In a few years he rose to the position of cashier, and was well started on the way toward making his fortune. The free air of Paris

suited him perfectly, and he resolved to settle there permanently. But Romance interceded, guided by his sister's expert direction.

All sisters, in heart, are their brothers' matchmakers! Whether for the reason that they set themselves up as superior judges of the virtues and defects of their sex, and thus protect the innocent male from being duped, or because they wish to insure amiable sisters-in-law for themselves, is a matter of conjecture. Nevertheless, every girl with a marriageable brother invariably has some friend in tow who most nearly approximates the ideal, which as a wife she herself would be. And Henrietta Mendelssohn was no exception to this rule—or foible.

Abraham's younger sister, having followed him to France, established a school in the large garden back of the Fould house. There, by day, young girls of genteel birth were guided through their syllogisms, while at night their equally genteel elders delivered themselves secretly of less genteel views. Madame de Staël, so long as she was permitted to remain in Paris, was a frequent visitor to the arbor of the pale, hunchbacked school-marm; and Benjamin Constant's high-pitched, quivering voice was often raised in reading from the stirring pages of his "Spirit of Conquest and Usurpation." It was an age when being philosophical was being fashionable; an age that haughtily flaunted its modesty and naturalness. Henrietta's circle was of the most intellectually eclectic, such as her father had nightly gathered around him. And Henrietta had a friend! Abraham's grave nature was not one to rhapsodize ecstatically over women, but his sister thought marriage would thaw him out. Marriage can do peculiar things. Accordingly, Henrietta frequently dilated on the exceptional merits of her friend, who would soon make a visit to Paris, and Abraham listened with glum appreciation.

This friend, Leah Salomon, came of a fine Jewish family in Berlin. Though not beautiful, she possessed physical and mental qualities that surpassed the ephemeral attraction of a pretty face. Her eyes were large and black, and had a speaking eloquence that indicated lively native intelligence. A sylph-like figure set off her gentle bearing, and her linguistic and conversational powers were of no mean ability. It was said that she was secretly a bluestocking, and read Homer in the original—behind closed doors!

But her immense learning was sensibly concealed by graceful accomplishments. She drew exquisitely, and sang and played the piano with charm, points which raised her immeasurably in Abraham's eyes. Her family was only moderately well-to-do, but by a relative's legacy she had inherited a considerable personal fortune which was in no danger of being quickly dissipated by her simple mode of living.

Leah came to Paris and Abraham was convinced that his sister had not exaggerated. He commenced a cautious courtship. By the time Fräulein Salomon was ready to return to Berlin he was head over heels in love; and decided to accompany her home.

Difficulties arose at once to threaten the projected union of austerity and learning. Madame Salomon was averse to her daughter marrying a clerk, though she otherwise esteemed the solemn young man highly. And Leah was determined to reside in Berlin! While Abraham saw no immediate prospect of remedying the first condition, he was firmly resolved against the second. Berlin had been too stifling for a Jew, even of a Mendelssohn's standing, and he preferred a crust of *pain sec* in Paris to all the potentialities of his native city. For a space, it looked as though unyielding stubbornness on both sides would prevent the match from culminating in marriage. But Henrietta, from afar, counseled that the dry crust might prove a bitter crust if her brother did not grasp this golden opportunity. "... at your age people often rashly overlook their own happiness," she wrote, "even when they find it in their path. They always expect everything exactly to suit their own wishes, and then, while they are hesitating, their happiness is gone and lost forever! ... I pray God that you may not have to repent afterwards of your present refusal."

For once, Abraham capitulated. He resigned his position at Fould's and, with Leah's dowry, procured a partnership in the small bank of his elder brother. This done, he married Leah Salomon, and decided to open a branch of the firm—in Hamburg!

The little business thrived rapidly. Before long, Abraham had means enough to present his bride with a modest summer-house on the Elbe. They called it Marten's Mill. There a son, Jakob Ludwig Felix, was born to them. Before him a daughter, Fanny, had arrived. Fanny, like her aunt Henrietta, bore the blemish of

"Die Familie Mendelssohn," Sebastian Hensel

Abraham Mendelssohn

From a drawing by Wilhelm Hensel

"Die Familie Mendelssohn," Sebastian Hensel

Leah Mendelssohn

From a drawing by Wilhelm Hensel

her grandfather, but, behind a sigh, the mother held the baby hands outstretched, and said: "The child has Bach-fugue fingers." Little Felix, high-strung and quick, inherited the brilliant eyes of Moses Mendelssohn; also a slight lisp, which he never outgrew. But he was more than ordinarily beautiful. Between brother and sister, the greatest intimacy prevailed from infancy. At a tender age, the mother bolstered both children on their seats at the piano and began five-minute lessons in music. Gradually the period was lengthened, and the precocious youngsters played away to each other in friendliest rivalry.

But a threatening cloud hung over the happy, industrious household. In Napoleon's scheme for a Continental System, Hamburg became part of the French Empire, and Marechal Davout was set up as the "little general's" minion. This was an unfortunate choice. The greedy marshal found the thriving port of Hamburg too juicy a plum to resist, and permitted his soldiers to pillage the city. He sought out the Jews for special marks of abuse, and Mendelssohn, unable to gulp down the bitter pill of ignominy, disguised his family in peasant clothes, and fled to Berlin.

The banking-house was reorganized on an even more solid footing, and the growing family moved into Madame Salomon's commodious residence on the Neue Promenade. The neighborhood was one of the most exclusive in the city and still thinly inhabited. A canal, the Spree, faced the house. The children delighted in sailing whimsically freighted argosies on its smooth surface, and in speaking with imaginative relish of the exotic lands their paper skiffs had visited. Felix longed for the day when he would embark on one of the large boats he had often seen pass the house with grown people on board. Then he would stand at the rail and doff and wave his cap to Fanny, Rebecca, and toddling Paul, shouting through megaphoned hands: "I am off to see the Queen," though he was not certain in his mind whether he should visit the Queen of England or Greece or some mythological forest. He thought there would be more fun in discovering for himself a lovely Princess in the wood of Thuringia or in the enchanted Odyssey his mother often read aloud. But an actual excursion into a foreign country was not far off.

. . . . . .

In the mad attempt to cut England off from the rest of Europe, French domination of Berlin was hardly less than that of Hamburg. But the War of Liberation drove the invaders home, and notwithstanding his attachment for France, Mendelssohn proved loyal to the land of his birth. At his own cost he equipped two volunteers, and in return received the title of *Stadtrath* or Town Councillor—an appellation not without honor in a title-loving country. His reward was more substantial. With his brother, he was sent to Paris to arrange the indemnities for Prussia's losses, and the entire family accompanied him.

This trip was a great event in the children's lives. Hitherto, they had only known of far-off places from books and hearsay, or from the occasional austere gentlemen who came from London or Amsterdam to discuss grave matters of finance with their father. Now they were actually to see for themselves what they had so long dreamed of. Preparations were begun with frenzied excitement. Felix tossed feverishly in his bed at night and dreamed of Frenchmen with flowing mustachios, who looked queerly at little boys, and spoke a jargon unrelated to the French he learned at home. He wondered if it would be necessary to resort to sign-language, such as the Indians used, and if these fierce Gallic warriors would be amenable to a sonatina nicely played on the piano. Of course, a piano would have to be sent from Germany! His father, with unblinking eye, assured him that Tante Jette knew a few civilized Frenchmen who no longer lived in pitched tents.

At last, the great day arrived. The wheels of the stage spun gayly around, bringing the breathless party steadily nearer to the fabulous city. Paris was so vast, so overwhelming! But Felix was disappointed. The people here were no different from the people in Berlin. He could understand them perfectly when they asked him: "*Comment allez vous, mon petit?*" or named the little pieces he played for them on the piano. There were compensations, however. He felt transported in the Tuilleries' Gardens, and gasped at the treasures stored in the Louvre. Then there were beautiful drives to Fontainebleau and St. Cloud, while his father and uncle were busy with matters that hopelessly confused him. After a few days he felt like a true Parisian, and unmistakingly called out the

directions when he and Fanny fared forth with their mother between them.

. . . . . .

Frau Mendelssohn often took the children to visit their aunt. Henrietta had become *gouvernante* to the daughter of General Sebastiani, a millionaire and one of Napoleon's former staff who found favor with the new Government. His home was a magnificent palace, and the children loved to mount the grand marble staircase to Tante Jette's apartment, where they would meet her charge, Fanny Sebastiani. The child was of the same age as Fanny Mendelssohn, and the little animated Germans were eagerly welcomed to her bird-cage seclusion. The sad-eyed prisoner wore around her throat a little gold cross studded with diamonds, which fascinated her visitors. Their aunt wore a large black one and sometimes mumbled while fingering the beads set around its edge. The children were puzzled. They knew a cross was the symbol of Christianity: yet they were Jews. Why did Aunt Henrietta wear a cross? They repeated this question to their mother several times, but she remained silent. Eventually they left off asking.

One day Aunt Henrietta brought a strange lady to visit the Mendelssohns in their hotel suite. She was pale and nervous, and coughed into her hand incessantly. The moment her eye rested on the piano in a corner of the living-room, her manner relaxed. While she walked over to the instrument, Henrietta said in an undertone to Leah: "The greatest musicians often congregate in Mme. Bigot's home. She herself is an excellent pianiste who won high praise from both Haydn and Beethoven as a girl; but the poor thing is not long for this world. As you are to remain in Paris for several months, it may be wise to let the children have the benefit of her instruction."

Mme. Bigot tried the action of the piano and drifted into the *Chromatic Fantasy* of Bach. In a moment Felix and Fanny were at her side. They looked intently at the player's fingers gracefully dancing over the keys, and were enraptured.

"I say, Fance," Felix exclaimed spiritedly when she had finished, "Mme. Bigot plays beautifully. Much better than we."

The player was flushed with exertion and responded to the

enthusiasm of the young listeners with a pleased smile. "Now you must play to me," she told them. But they hung back. "Felix! Fanny!" their mother called sharply, and, without more ado, each played a little piece in turn.

Mme. Bigot nodded approvingly, in time with the music. When the impromptu recital was ended, she hugged the children warmly. "Very fine, both of you," she said. "Now, can you call off the names of notes struck, without seeing the keys?"

They said they would try. The pale woman made them face the wall and, at random, jumped from bass to treble. Felix and Fanny named the tones correctly in each instance. Only once was there a division of opinion. "C sharp," Fanny said uncertainly, but repeatedly. "D," persisted Felix.

"D it is," Mme. Bigot affirmed.

"It sounds more like C sharp," Fanny cried.

"Yes, but it is D," triumphed Felix. "I noticed that note was slightly flat when I practiced this morning!"

"Your children have very acute ears, Mme. Mendelssohn," the Frenchwoman said, laughing in spite of herself. "I didn't observe that note was out of tune myself. Your instruction has laid a good foundation; they will go far."

"I am afraid they have already exhausted my meager knowledge," Leah replied. "It would make me very happy, if Mme. Bigot would permit me to transfer them to her more experienced hands."

Mme. Bigot accepted. "Perhaps we can arrange to start sometime next week," she said.

"Why can we not start now?" Felix interrupted, and forthwith commenced to play a song of his own childish fashioning.

A Genius

III

MME. BIGOT'S instruction proved a fresh stimulus in the musical education of Fanny and Felix. Up to the advent of Paris, it had been dilettantish, though well-intentioned, but on their return home, it was organized on a solid, systematic basis. A pupil of Clementi, Ludwig Berger, steered the willing pupils through the perils of *Gradus ad Parnassum,* while Zelter, the head of the Sing Akademie, initiated them into the mysteries of thorough-bass and composition.

This Zelter was an excellent but crusty individual. He had started life as a stone-mason and could point with pride to the dozen or so houses he had built in Berlin. When he had commenced music study in real earnest at the age of twenty, his thick skin made him insensible to the sniggers with which fellow-students greeted his first awkward attempts at composition. From determination he had evolved a credo: "Genius can curl the bristles of a pig's back," and used it to lash his timid pupils into activity. Zelter's genius consisted solely of this determination and a good knowledge of counterpoint; but he imagined himself quite an omniscient fellow. The friendship of many famous men greatly abetted this belief, and he often related how Goethe had admired his opinion of this and that. Aside from his duties as a teacher, Professor Zelter was welcomed as a friend in the Mendelssohn home, gruffness, pompous witticisms and all.

Felix studied the violin as well, and all four children were

placed under an artist for landscape-painting (later, almost a condition for entrance into their exclusive circle) and a tutor for general subjects. The gentle, scholarly Heyse inculcated a love of the classics in his pupils, and Felix was coaxed into the study of Greek "if Rebecca will, also." Heyse remained in the household for over ten years, and Felix had progressed as far as Æschylus by the time he was ready for the University.

Such a rigorous curriculum required a long day. *Stadrath* Mendelssohn easily arranged this. His own training had been Spartan with a generous sprinkling of Stoicism, and he saw no reason why his children should not be raised in the same manner. Leah declared her husband was a shining example of the efficacy of stringent educational methods, and that coddling children would ruin them as future useful citizens. The children of a rich banker must learn to conserve their time just as they must spend sparingly and judiciously of their small pocket allowance. There were to be no idle, ignorant wastrels of the rich for them. At five each morning, Herr Mendelssohn made the round of his children's rooms, and saw to it that within a few minutes all were assembled for breakfast in the dining-room downstairs. Their mother awaited the sleepy-eyed scholars with a restrained kiss, and without a moment's dalliance directly the meal was over, sent them scampering off to their lessons.

The charm of this system failed utterly to impress Felix. Sleep was a drug to him, and he could never get his fill of it. His father had to stand over him, call loudly and move his arms like a drowned person's before the fluttering eyelids would indicate the golden thread of sleep was broken. Frequently, when the stern parent had left the room, Felix would fall back upon the pillow. Then the other children would be sent up to gleefully tear the bedclothes from him and, with Paul on guard at the stairway, indulge in a pillow-fight that invariably ensued. In the semi-darkness Felix adjusted his braces mechanically, and mumbled into the long brown curls that fell over his face, "Five o'clock arrives before my feet follow my head into bed."

"Perhaps you thought it was Sunday," Fanny teased on these occasions. "You can sleep until seven then, lazy fellow."

"The sun can manage to rise without me, Fance."

Wistfully eschewing the tempting baluster, the escort would quietly usher the delinquent into the presence of the shocked parents for a little homily on punctuality and early rising. But Felix knew better than to complain. His father's will was imperious, and admitted of no questioning. The sober nature that Henrietta had thought would grow less laconic with marriage, became even more so. Abraham's seriousness and reticence increased as his responsibilities multiplied, and he approached the rearing of his children with old-fashioned Jewish despotism. "Faithful unto Death," he scripturally admonished in and out of season. His word in the household was law that must be implicitly and unhesitatingly obeyed, and without knowing it, he badgered his progeny into dutiful submission. He tolerated no half-way measures. One either did all or nothing. Thus, when Felix began to display a strong creative talent, his little compositions were received with a few parsimonious words of praise, and considered merely as stepping-stones in the line of progress. If Felix wished to adopt music as a career, then he must make himself letter-perfect in the art so that he could earn his livelihood thereby. An accomplished amateur with a private endowment was odious in his eyes. Felix must make an independent income from music—or go into business.

Secretly Mendelssohn did not believe his son's talent warranted professionalism, but he prided himself on permitting him the latitude of choice. Not a moment, therefore, was to be wasted. Leah rigorously enforced her husband's precepts. In the morning Felix bent over his studies and music practice; in the afternoon he was permitted to play at marbles and touchwood in front of the house for a prescribed period with a few carefully chosen companions. After dinner the father, sitting in his Turkish slippers before the dining-room fire, could glance over the top of his newspaper and convince himself that the boy did not fritter his time away in vain pursuits.

Felix was allowed his lighter tasks in the evening. While his mother read aloud or sewed, he made neat copies of his manuscripts, touched up unfinished drawings or improvised cleverly on the piano. Fanny was always at his side then, acting as critic. When an unexpected harmony or melodic twist she did not quite

approve of was heard, a soft, ironic cough usually gave the wandering brother a clew to her feelings. Or she would raise her heavy beetle-brows in astonishment, for which Felix was quick to nickname her "the Cantor."

Sometimes, "the Cantor" would illustrate with her own compositions the wisdom of accepted tradition, and the conservative parents never failed to uphold her way as the superior way. Rarely defiant, Felix readily abided by the decision of the court. Indeed, the father's sensitive ear was held in high regard by Zelter and other musicians, and to Felix it was a never-ending source of wonder. Between brother and sister, who adored one another, there was never the merest trace of jealousy, Felix taking as much pleasure in Fanny's little victories as if they had been his own.

. . . . . .

The rich Nestor was undemonstratively happy to see his relentless system bear fruit. But he never relaxed his vigilance. No detail was too tiny or petty to escape his critical notice, and during his absences from home on business trips, his long letters kept the children mindful of an all-observing eye. His praise, which had to be earned, was eagerly looked for, and made up for much of the stiffness of a reserved manner. If the children occasionally quailed before his severity, they also remembered it was to their own interest, and never thought of the father but with kindness and devotion.

When Felix was eight years old, Herr Mendelssohn sent the following characteristic letter from Hamburg:

"Your letters, dear children, have afforded me very great pleasure. I should write to each of you separately, if I were not coming home in such a short time, and I hope you will prefer myself to a letter.

"You, my dear little Rebecca, have written a very nice letter, and I am glad you had pity on the poor squirrel and took it into the room. If you have the same disagreeable weather we have here, not even an elephant could have stayed out of doors. But what has Mother said about it? Be a good girl, industrious and obedient, for I bring something very nice for you, which you must first deserve.

"You, dear Fanny, have written your first letter very nicely; the second, however, was a bit hasty. It does you credit, that you do not like B's bad jokes. I do not approve of them either, and it is wicked to try and make people laugh at what is beautiful and good. Unfortunately, conversation and life in society are almost limited to this pursuit—not a laudable one, indeed, and the golden rule will ever hold good, to be silent rather than say anything unseemly.

"About you, dear Felix, your mother writes as yet with satisfaction, and I am very glad of it, and hope to find a faithful and pleasing diary. Mind my maxim: True and Obedient! You cannot be anything better, if you follow it, and if not, you can be nothing worse. Your letters have given me pleasure, but in the second I found some traces of carelessness, which I will point out to you when I come home. You must endeavor to speak better, then you will also write better."

. . . . . .

Felix's musical powers rapidly became known among the intimates of the family. A great career as composer and pianist was early predicted for him. At nine, he played in his first public concert to great applause. The piece was a trio for two horns and piano, a ticklish undertaking for one so young. But the audience accorded the little lad with the Semitic, oval face the lion's share of the success. He was led home by his father, and cook gave him his favorite delicacy—*baumkuchen*—a cake cut in the shape of a tree. The following day he painted water-color sketches of the Spree, and redoubled his piano practice!

Shortly thereafter, Zelter admitted his promising pupil into the sacred Sing Akademie. Felix's reputation had preceded him thither. He took his place unobtrusively among the altos, but the grown-ups, in whose midst he found himself, never ceased staring at him. It was unbelievable that this child, still in curls, possessed the prodigious gifts attributed to him. The singers plied him with prying, searching questions during the pauses, questions which left him annoyed and defiant. He came to the Sing Akademie for the serious business of learning great choral works, and these people treated him as if he were a curio. When the interrogations

became too personal or patronizing, Felix stood up to them. Hands thrust into slanting pockets, and shifting from one foot to the other, a brave little figure, with eyes flashing through half-closed lids, he lisped his curt retorts. Docile at home, he could be bold abroad. His fellow-choristers soon came to rely on young Mendelssohn's warm nasal voice to lead in the attacks, and after Zelter appointed him accompanist, he was accepted as a regular fixture.

As accompanist, Felix could get a more comprehensive grasp of the work studied. The score lay before him on the piano, clearly revealing the parts ascending and descending together, or moving contrariwise. After a few repetitions he knew the entire score by heart, and learned how the masters handled their materials. The extent of this training was incalculable.

Occasionally Zelter would haul out from his dusty shelves parts of an oratorio by Bach. It was the *St. Mathew Passion.* The work had lain unheard for almost a century, and was still in manuscript; a case of irreverent neglect, but not strange, inasmuch as the Cantors of the St. Thomas Schule were required to write their own musical services. Bach, to his successors, was a composer whose works had better remained buried—if they were to retain their positions!

Zelter had rescued the *Passion* from oblivion by purchasing it as wrapping-paper from the estate of a cheese-monger. But he was a jealous collector and his gruffness discouraged any questioning. Only when the chorus was in particularly fine fettle did he distribute sections of this guarded treasure, and chortle over its ineluctable beauties. Felix fell under its spell at once. It opened up a new world of Christian belief that he could not envision in his world of formal Jewish observance. He begged his master's permission to copy it. But Zelter, ever suspicious, refused point-blank.

At home, too, apart from his lessons, the precocious child had a rare opportunity to make the acquaintance of great works. His father engaged musicians from the court band, and musicales were given, at first on alternate Sundays, and as their popularity grew, every week. The tiny conductor, mounted upon a stool,

gravely waved his baton over the heads of the sedate players, looking obliquely to each instrument as it took its turn in importance, his impressionable young mind noting every detail as it passed. Sometimes he would descend from his perch, and earnestly confer with a player whose part contained some particular difficulty. He was especially attentive to the giant double-bass. The instrument was almost twice his size, but he had no fear of the growling sounds that issued from its ponderous belly.

Many of his own compositions, quartets and symphonies, were first tried at these concerts. The admiring comments that invariably followed their rendition did little to spoil him. At the Neue Promenade the *lares et penates* did not include vanity or conceit. He accepted compliments pleasantly enough, but collecting the parts and placing them in neat piles came first. This done, he would turn the conversation to the performance itself rather than his share in it.

Invitations to the Mendelssohn musicales were eagerly sought by the cultured families of Berlin. Soon fame of the Jewish banker's olive-skinned son spread throughout the city, and every traveling virtuoso of note who visited the Prussian capital came to listen to or play with him. Many, arriving doubting and curious, went away deeply impressed. "A genius! Another Mozart!" they exclaimed in astonishment, and carried tales of the boy's prowess on their travels.

The heavy figure of Zelter never failed to loom in the background. Authoritatively grunting his approval or censure, the old pedant acted as arbiter of things musical in the Mendelssohn household. And the pupil, craning his neck to read the verdict plainly written on the master's broad face, rarely continued without this tacitly rendered decision. Felix's one-act operas made Zelter singularly proud, and he straightway wrote to Goethe of the little Jew-boy's achievements!

The miniature operas were put together from French *vaudevilles* by a witty young physician, a Dr. Caspar, who also sang in them. The second, *The Two Pedagogues,* was particularly successful. Sly humor and true dramatic instinct stamped its every note. Skillfully it satirized the respective theories of two educators,

Basedow and Pestalozzi. In a duet between a real and a pretended schoolmaster, the product of a paternal system wrote with his tongue in his cheek of all.

The cast sat around the large dining-room table while the guests thronged the immense room, fascinated by the charming melodies and gestures of the deeply engrossed composer. On their way out, Stadtrath Mendelssohn pressed each congratulatory hand, and remarked with ill-disguised pride: "Formerly, I was the son of my father; now I am the father of my son." Sometimes, he would vary this resigned *mot* of a man lost between two greater personalities: "I am but a dash uniting Moses and Felix Mendelssohn."

But this humility was not carried into his business.

Conversion

IV

MENDELSSOHN AND COMPANY, Bankers, had risen phenomenally in a decade and a half. From the partnership in a small bank, thanks to his wife's dowry, Abraham now shared in a great firm that was frequently mentioned along with Rothschild of Frankfort and Goldschmidt of London. Tremendous commercial expansion, made possible by Watt's steam engine, had trebled and quadrupled Leah's money over and over again. And more than once Herr Mendelssohn had felt a strange exhilaration as the secret emissary of some shaky government applied to his house for an immediate transference of huge funds.

"Money is the Jew's weapon," he had perpetually spurred himself on in youth, while balancing great columns of figures to prepare for the day. The weapon was now become enormous and powerful, but, alas, it was also blunt. In financial circles his clients always kindly but qualifyingly referred to him as "Mendelssohn, the Jewish banker," or "that honorable Jew, Mendelssohn." Beneath the thin veneer of patronizing politeness, he could sense, with the invisible feelers of the Jew, a flimsily concealed disdain, which, in more reduced circumstances, would have been contemptuously applied, "Mendelssohn, the Jew moneylender," and "honorable, in spite of being a Jew."

It irked him that these Gentiles, who were willing to meet him on an equal footing in business, never invited him to their homes, and rarely visited his, except to hear Felix and Fanny

play. "The Jews should be proud of your son," they said with unconscious emphasis. "He is destined to be their first great composer." The compliment had the opposite effect intended. "Their composer? Music is universal," he stubbornly reminded them. "Ye-es, . . . Yes," they would reply embarrassedly, and leave him with a confused feeling of resentment and anger.

Mendelssohn pondered deeply. "A closed world; slammed doors. This Felix may look forward to as 'the Jewish composer.' Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, and others charm the world without taint of their religious beliefs. Yet a Jew must expect isolation." He hung his head dejectedly. "If Felix's music smacked of the synagogue, of wailing long beards or racial intensity of emotion, it would be understandable. But the most dyspeptic caviler cannot but say that it is in the purest classical style. At best," he sighed, "it will be an uphill fight all his life. And that I have not the right nor the courage to send him into. Were he not so hopelessly impractical, I would prepare him for banking. But a business man he can never be. His stomach is not strong enough for such tough stuff."

He fell to reminiscing. "My system must harbor a defect somewhere." He reviewed his children's education from the start. Tutors had been brought into the house so that the inevitable snubs of little Gentiles in a day-school might be spared them. True, the tutors were Christians, but to please old Madame Salomon a rabbi came regularly once a week and taught the grandchildren of Moses Mendelssohn the departed glories of their race. Occasionally Fanny and Felix couched a phrase in Hebrew that was untranslatable in German or French. They reveled in the history of the Jews, but no more so than in the history of the Greeks or Romans. They regarded themselves as Germans. Their house was German; their servants were German; their dress was German; the Sing Akademie was a great German institution. There was the discrepancy. The weak dilution of Judaism they received from the rabbi was only a reminder of the past, a reminder that cut them off from the present—a Christian world. On high holidays the family followed Leah's devout mother to the synagogue, but it was only a performance of duty, and the

service was sat through impatiently. "A forgotten corner of antiquity," Abraham thought, and searched himself in vain for belief in it. But Leah was more outspoken. "Outmoded and prejudicial to our children," she had frequently snapped, stirring him with a vague uneasiness that he was too frightened to analyze.

Long debates on the Jewish problem frequently arose between husband and wife. They took place in the privacy of Leah's boudoir. But the children divined something ominous and decisive in their mother's tense and set expression when she emerged. Several years before, her brother, a brilliant but solitary eccentric, had converted and taken the name of Bartholdy. He had bought a garden from a certain Bartholdy, and the man's name had caught his fancy as well. When he had come home, still smelling of the baptismal font, his mother had cursed him and cast him from the house. He drifted from Vienna to Paris, collecting artworks, and publishing books at his own expense, which nobody but a few poets read. At Rome, having become Prussian consul-general, he established himself in an old villa, renamed it Casa Bartholdy, and played Lord Bountiful to impoverished German art students. His mother never forgave him until one day Fanny, her favorite, having played exquisitely well, was asked what she desired for a gift. "Name anything within reason," the kindly old grandmother beamed, "and you shall have it." "Forgive Uncle Bartholdy," the child cried impulsively. The pious old Jewess was touched by the unexpected answer, and became reconciled to her son, "for Fanny's sake," as she wrote him.

Many of Abraham's friends, too, had become Christians. Baptism secured certain civil rights for their children and themselves, otherwise denied them. As Jews, they had many dangers to fear. Ejection from the city could be enforced within twenty-four hours, and the dreaded confiscation, like a sword of Damocles, hung continually over their heads. For this reason, Mendelssohn kept his resources fluid and in negotiable bonds, his house studiously plain. Raimondi's masterful engravings of Raphael's "Loggia," an English grand piano and an organ were almost the only possessions which hinted at his great wealth.

Leah resented this readiness for flight as debasing, and con-

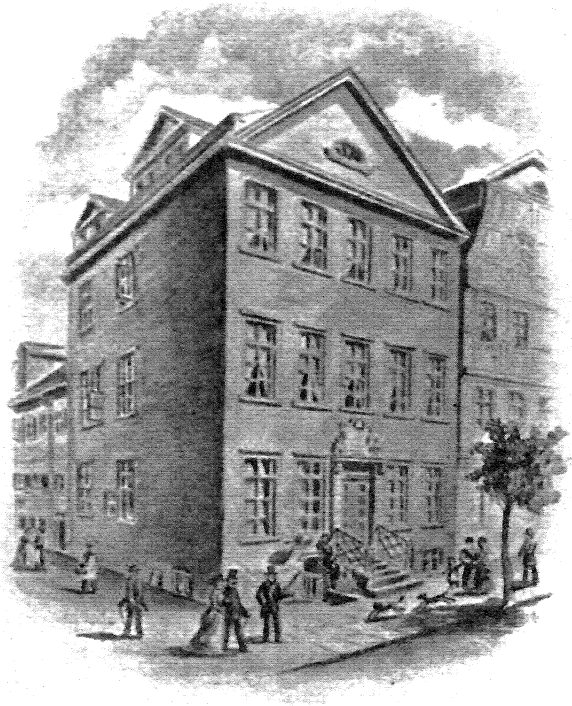
stantly urged him to convert. But Abraham doggedly persisted in his refusal. "Out of respect for my father's memory, if for no other reason, I remain a Jew," he said.

But his wife could be just as obstinate. "Your sisters have not interpreted his wishes in that manner," she answered exasperatingly. "My brother is a man whose character and opinions you greatly admire. He found conversion to be the only remedy for a Jew with ambition. Your synagogue-going has long been perfunctory and devoid of true belief. Surely the children should not be forced to suffer for this stubbornness. Professor Zelter has lately been talking of taking Felix to visit Goethe, and you know the great poet is not partial to Jews. Dear Abraham, write to Bartholdy, and be guided by his advice."

From Rome, a thesis was not long in forthcoming. "You say you owe it to the memory of your father," the diplomat wrote, "but do you think you shall be doing something bad in giving your children the religion which appears to you the most advantageous? It is the justest homage you or any of us could pay to the efforts of your father to promote true light and knowledge. . . . You may remain faithful to an oppressed, persecuted religion; you may leave it to your children as a prospect of life-long martyrdom, as long as you believe it to be the absolute truth. But when you have ceased to believe that, it is barbarism. I advise you to adopt the name of Mendelssohn-Bartholdy as a distinction from the other Mendelssohns. At the same time, you would please me very much, because it would be the means of preserving my memory in the family. Thus you would gain your point without doing anything unusual, for in France and elsewhere it is the custom to add the name of one's wife's relatives."

Abraham fingered the letter ruefully. His father, he was more than certain, would sooner have perished in the flames than renounce his faith. The man who dared attack Frederick the Great openly was not one to flex religion before practicality. History had proven that. Bartholdy did not understand that Moses Mendelssohn had fought for fraternization, not assimilation. And yet . . .

But, when Felix one day came home from the Sing Akademie in tears, Abraham was stung into immediate action. He hesitated



Joseph Muller Collection

Mendelssohn's Birthplace in Hamburg

Joseph Muller Collection

Mendelssohn

From a sketch made in, or about, 1820

no longer. Between sobs, the lad brokenly told how he was ridiculed by the singers for his Jewish faith. "We were studying 'Acknowledge Me, My Keeper,' from the *St. Mathew Passion,*" he tried manfully to restrain his weeping; "I was sitting at the piano, and the great power of the music drew me into joining in the singing. Some one near me nudged his neighbors and whispered loud enough for my ears: 'How appropriate! The little Jew-boy raises his voice to Christ!' They all laughed at me. Even Zelter grinned. All are Gentiles at the Sing Akademie; Fanny and I are the only Jews. I shan't go there again." Felix cried as though his heart were breaking. "I shan't accompany Zelter to Weimar, either, and be humiliated."

Abraham wiped his son's tears awkwardly. The next day he led him off to the Protestant Church and had him sprinkled with holy water. One by one the other children followed after him, and thenceforth none could reproach them for the Impalement of the Saviour almost two thousand years before. Felix's heart pounded wildly at the unfamiliar ceremony, but the pastor's formula, his father told him, had the magic power to bring surcease of taunts and jibes and condescensions. He could look forward to a life unharried by accusations of which he was guiltless, and safely tread a road miraculously cleared of stumbling-blocks. Judaism had never been a warm cloak enveloping him in high religious fervor. Gore-stained with the centuries, it now slipped silently and forever from his shoulders to be replaced with the more protective mantle of Christianity.

Felix embraced his new religion without the ostentatious zeal that usually marks the new convert. He remained a steadfast Protestant his life through, never looking back but once, and that, strangely enough, in connection with the fateful *St. Mathew Passion.* Mme. Salomon never learned of her grandchildren's apostasy, and Abraham, to avoid the anomaly of Gentile children with Jewish parents, had himself and Leah inducted into the Christian Church at Frankfort, a year later. Bartholdy was added to the name "as a distinction," a whim which preserved the art-loving consul's memory long after his own well-intentioned but dated acts had been forgotten. *Absit invidia!* . . .

The Sage of Weimar

V

THE aged and oracular author of Faust was bending over a bed of flowers that fronted the ruined hut of the Botanic Gardens at Jena, where he had spent the last month, hm-ing and ah-ing in his most pleased way. The old Titan was now, since the death of Christianne some five years before, self-confessedly grazing in pasture, living his testamentary years. It was a matter of completest indifference to him how he disposed of his time. Having withdrawn from the directorship of the Court Theatre of Weimar, he eased his ancient but by no means infirm bones in ruminating over his Annals, giving leadership to the intellectual youth of Europe, who were drawn to him like moths to a candle, and tending his collection of minerals, flowers, and turnips!

With a springiness that belied his seventy-three crowded and honored years, he straightened himself up proudly, pursed his full lips for a meditative moment, and made to cross the path. His movement, however, was intercepted by a deep obeisance from the letter-carrier, who had come up quietly, and waited respectfully to be noticed. The old man's eyes lit up with pleasure when he caught sight of the trim, military figure, whose outstretched arms invariably embraced letters from many admirers far and wide. He smiled, dropping his massive chin, and chuckled warmly.

"You are always a welcome visitor, Carl," he said unaffectedly, "and never fail to make the old man happy in the fulfillment of your duty.

"Excellency," the simple carrier beamed, trying to overcome the exaggerated emotion that rose in his throat; "it is more than a duty to wait on such an illustrious master. It is a great hon—" The voice broke ludicrously, and in a commendable effort to keep himself together, he clicked his heels smartly.

Goethe acknowledged the tribute with a curt nod, and took the letters from the melodramatic Carl, who, at another nod, swung about sharply to the back of the house with the packages.

The bold, familiar scrawl of Zelter was visible on one of the more pretentious envelopes. The poet broke the seal hastily. He read:

Berlin, 26th October, 1821.

HONORED FRIEND:

To-morrow early, I, with my Doris, and a pupil of mine, Herr Mendelssohn's son, a lively boy of twelve years, start for Wittenberg, to attend the fête there. You shall hear from Wittenberg if I am coming —three strong—to Weimar. As your house is full enough, I shall put up at my good "Elephant," where I have always been treated thoroughly well; only let me see you again; I thirst to be near you. I should like to show your face to my Doris, and my best pupil, before I leave this world,—in which, however, it is my desire to remain as long as possible. The pupil is a good and pretty boy, lively and obedient. To be sure, he is the son of a Jew, but no Jew himself. The father, with remarkable self-denial, has let his sons learn something, and educates them properly; it would really be *eppes rores* [something rare], if the son of a Jew turned out an artist.

Z.

Goethe could not suppress a grimace at this last. For over twenty years now, this same Zelter had been his correspondent at Berlin, had kept him informed of affairs musical as well as theatrical in the Capital, and with the characteristic self-confidence of an imperfectly educated but gifted man, was ever ready to lay down the law on whatever subject was started for discussion. True, his knowledge of science in the early days was primarily confined to mortar and bricks, but his position in Berlin had since risen to enviable heights. With a forbearance and informality rarely displayed to one whose knowledge was so badly garbled, Goethe overlooked the sciolous and uncouth in his friend and correspondent for his force of character, and allowed him to draw

out his inmost sympathies and confidences, as few had ever succeeded in doing.

"Mendelssohn, Mendelssohn," Goethe reflected, his mind sliding back almost half a century. "Hm! Herr Mendelssohn's father, Moses, was he not the son of a Jew, and a Jew himself? The intimate of Lessing, Kant, and Lavater; correspondent of half the intellectuals of Europe, and the clearest mind of his time?" He chuckled over a passage from the writings of Moses Mendelssohn that his voluminous memory recalled: " 'Trescho, Ziegra, and Bahrdt are wild with anger that non-Christians should possess the power of reasoning. Happy for us, that God is more merciful than Trescho, Ziegra and Bahrdt!' *Eppes rores,* indeed!"

Of the boy, Felix, he had heard much of late. Zelter was proud of this pupil, and kept his friend closely informed of his amazingly rapid progress. Though only twelve, he had already composed three operas, and Zelter had written to Weimar two months before, asking for an opinion of Seneca's "Hercules Furens" as subject for a fourth! A remarkable lad, a parallel of the boy Mozart, if Zelter's excellent judgment in music could be further trusted.

Goethe glanced once more at the opened letter, then thrust it with its envelope into the pocket of his long blue coat which reached to the ankles, and strode back into the house, his mind already formuating plans for his return to Weimar. "They must stay at my house, all three," he growled.

. . . . . .

A week later, the lively and obedient child was sitting at the piano in the music room of Geheimrath Goethe's magnificent house on the Frauenplan. The lad, who had been exhorted by his parents to keep his wits about him and absorb everything the great sage uttered, improvised dreamily, now playing thunderous chords with remarkable evenness of voices, now brilliantly sweeping the entire keyboard in rapid arpeggios that made the old poet murmur and nod his head repeatedly. Occasionally, when a clever modulation was made, or a particularly sonorous orchestral effect produced, the boy would look up to catch the glance of his host, then let his eyes wander about the room, observing minutely the precious statuary, paintings, and engravings in which the house

abounded, storing the details in his impressionable mind for future recounting to the family in Berlin.

After an hour of thus extemporizing, Goethe laid his hand on the boy's arm, saying: "Now let us take things chronologically, my little Berliner."

"Bach!" Zelter, who was standing in back of his pupil, quickly interposed, and without ceasing to play, "the little Berliner" modulated to the key of C minor.

"Yesterday, dear friend," he said in his animated, lisping voice, "I played for you the preludes of Sebastian Bach; now we will start with his great *C minor Fugue*." Whereupon, with great delicacy, he commenced, first the staccato bass voice, then adding the other parts with fitting clarity and working up to a fine forte that finished in major. Next came the fugue in the related key of A flat, and others; the lovely *D major* and *A minor fugues* bringing the impromptu Bach recital to a close.

"Ganz stupend!" Goethe cried in a thunderous voice, jumping up and seizing the child's head between his hands. He would have gone on giving vent to his enthusiasm had not the strict Zelter checked him with a stern look.

"Some Beethoven," the teacher said to his pupil, with studied indifference, adding in a whisper to the confused poet: "You must not kindle conceit and over-confidence in the little one; they are the enemies of artistic progress."

At mention of Beethoven's name, Goethe seemed disconcerted, and made a disparaging movement of the arm. He had once made the acquaintance of Beethoven, and their meeting had left much to be desired. "His talent excited my astonishment," he had written Zelter then, "but unfortunately his personality is entirely uncontrolled; he is perfectly welcome to think the world detestable, but by that means he does not make it more enjoyable for himself or others." Zelter, however, with his characteristic bluntness ordered the boy to play.

The four notes of Fate sounded. Felix swept into the tempestuous *Fifth Symphony*, cleverly imitating the powerful orchestral effects, sounding great, clashing chords that seemed to wrest from Destiny their alternately subdued moods. Not for a moment did he pause to refresh his memory, only occasionally he shook

the long brown curls from his face, or bent his head low over the keys, as though listening to the inner heaving of the instrument.

Goethe sat in growing amazement, whether at the youth's electrifying accomplishment or the composer's tumultuous outpouring, it could not be discerned. The gaze of his fire-kindled eyes shifted from the slim hands that strayed so unerringly over the keys, to the brilliant, brown eyes and the sweetly expressive mouth of the player.

Felix was oblivious to everything but the music, holding that tense and intimate communion with the composer that only a kindred spirit can know. From the strange scherzo, with the scurrying basses, he launched into the final allegro, an exalted triumphal march which never fails to stir its hearers. After the last chords, he jumped up quickly, threw his arms around Herr Goethe, and begged for a kiss.

The concert was declared temporarily ended, and the three left the music room to enter the gardens, Felix skipping lightly before, eager to join the other children. Goethe's only son, August, came up to his father and explained some matter relating to the collection of fossils which were under his care, while the old man pinched the cheek of his second grandson, Wolfgang, wriggling in the arms of his mother, the vivacious Ottilie. Ottilie's sister, Ulrike, a beautiful child of Felix's age, came up for a kiss, as did Doris Zelter, and with Felix in their midst, scrambled off to play at some mad game or other. Felix, however, was called back in a few moments, and told: "There is company tomorrow at eleven, little one, and you must play us something." He listened gravely, and the next moment was back in the game, making up for lost time.

. . . . . .

The next day, Thursday, bright and early, Carl Friedrich Zelter began to adorn himself with all the dignity he supposed to be commensurate with the high society soon coming to hear his pupil play. The pupil's playing would reflect on the teacher, the teacher would be congratulated by the cream of the aristocracy;

therefore, the teacher must not be out-countenanced by the fashionable appearance of the guests. Accordingly, with great effort, Carl Friedrich drew on a short pair of black silk breeches, silk stockings, and slippers with immense silver buckles. This costume had long been out of style, but Zelter, ostentatiously devoted, adhered to it religiously as the only attire worthy of being worn in the presence of the great poet. Goethe himself dressed in the current fashion, dark frock coat and long trousers of the same color, and looked on Zelter's costume as an example of zeal carried to excess.

But Zelter would not be told how he must worship his idol. He stood before the mirror, and, from different angles, surveyed his florid face and bulky form with great satisfaction as he fastened the buttons of his lace-trimmed cambric shirt. This accomplished, he took from his portmanteau a large handkerchief, and trumpeted his fleshy nose into it, noisily and contentedly. Then adjusting his full-dress coat, flicking elegantly at a few imaginary spots *en passant,* he entered the room of his pupil—without knocking.

Felix was seated before a small table, retouching a sketch of Lucas Cranach's house, drawn while awaiting Goethe's return from Jena. Stirred by the great Crucifixion at the Stadtkirche in which were to be seen the figures of Luther, Melanchthon and Cranach himself, he had gone to the Elephant Hotel which afforded an excellent view of the versatile Reformation painter's abode. In Wittenberg, too, he had had occasion to see many of Cranach's works, although he had journeyed there primarily to view the "Luther" of Schadow, a friend of the family.

Near the window, scrutinizing an album of Felix's en route drawings, stood a comely young woman with a gay and open face. The world hardly would have been reconciled to know that this sparkling creature was Adele Schopenhauer, sister of the gloomy Arthur.

On Zelter's entrance, both young people dropped their tasks and came forward, admiring the elegant apparition with suppressed mirth.

"It is almost time," Zelter coughed importantly, as he drew a large chronometer from his waistcoat. "The Grand Duke will be here shortly, the Grand Duchess, no doubt, will come too, and

many notables from the Court. Perhaps Hummel and Lipinski will come, also." He assumed an air of casualness.

Felix braced himself at mention of Hummel, the Court Kapellmeister, a *protégé* of Mozart and the rival of Beethoven in extempore playing. The name sounded like a challenge.

"Now mind, you remember your father's written injunctions, my boy," the pedant resumed, more like himself. "Keep a strict watch over yourself; sit properly and behave nicely, speak distinctly and suitably and try as much as possible to speak to the point. Be good and modest. . . ."

"I shall do all that you say, Professor, and you will see, you will be proud of me," the lad reassured.

"I hope so, I hope so, my boy," Zelter replied absent-mindedly as he unceremoniously left the room.

Felix and Adele exchanged a significant wink.

"I shall run in to Ottilie for a moment," she smiled.

"And I shall make ready to go down," Felix said. He thrust his hands into the pockets of his long trousers buttoned over a tight-fitting low-cut jacket, and paced the room. For a second he stared thoughtfully into the glass, then tossed his head with a characteristically animated motion. Pirouetting on his toes, he leapt down, rather than descended, the stairs.

. . . . . .

Chairs from all parts of the house had been brought into the music room of the main apartment for the Grand Reception. It was the day usually set aside for the Crown Princess Maria Paulowna's weekly chats with Goethe on literature and science. However, since the presence of the wonder boy had set Weimar agog, the entire court had come, eager to catch a glimpse of him and hear his inspired performances. Goethe was already there, talking to a group of friends. His erect form was decorously clothed in black, strongly contrasting with the snow-white hair that surrounded his fine patrician head like a halo. Around his neck he wore a white scarf, folded small and rather loose because of his full-bloodedness, and above the left breast, proudly displayed, was the Grand Cross of the Order of the Falcon.

He was saying of Felix, "He is extraordinarily talented in

other ways as well. He paints, writes verse, is proficient in Greek and Latin, and is quite nimble in athletics. You know the doctrine of temperaments; every one has all the four in him, only in different proportions. Well, this boy, I should say, possesses the smallest possible modicum of the phlegmatic, and the maximum of the opposite quality."

In a few minutes, the elderly Grand Duke Karl August and the Grand Duchess Luise, with their retinues, arrived, followed by Privy Councillor von Muller, Hummel, quite plainly dressed, the Polish violinist Lipinski, and Coudray, the famous architect. The entrance of the Crown Princess, attended by the beauteous Countesses Julie and Caroline von Egloffstein, and Mme. Szymanowska, the pianist, the poet's current inamorata, was a signal for Goethe to lead the boy to the excellent new Streicher piano. "You will make a little noise for us?" he asked him genially.

Without a trace of nervousness or timidity, Felix played to the brilliant gathering. For hours he performed with refreshing variety and faultless taste the works of Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Cherubini. He sank himself deep into the spirit of the masters as though he were contemporaneous with each, and from one composer to the next he seemed to change form before the very eyes of his audience. No fatigue did he show, nor rest did he look for. His eyes that could dance so merrily, were grave and fiery with the change of a chord, or half-closed, listening to the echo of a dream. To the listeners, he was no longer a lad, but a mature man who had taken on twenty years in an hour, and, indeed, the ladies coquetted with him outrageously, as if he actually were a man.

The mid-day meal came and passed, but none stirred. Felix had played his own sprightly *G minor Sonata,* some études recently written and one of Hummel's *Grand Fantasies.* The Weimar virtuoso, greatly pleased, acknowledged the graceful tribute with a deep bow. This broke the spell somewhat. Instantly the ladies hovered around the piano, besieging the gifted child with this question and that, fondling his curls, and caressing his shoulders. He replied to all in his slight lisp, unembarrassedly, almost defiantly.

Goethe was fearful lest the ladies turn the boy's head. He

came forward, gently pushing away the little groups that had formed around him. "Now, little one," he said, "we will have a real test of your powers."

Zelter pompously seated himself at the piano, and with his pudgy fingers thumped out a popular ditty, *Ich träumte einst von Hännchen,* a tune meretricious enough. "Now improvise on that," he ordered.

Felix repeated it after him, and in a moment dashed off into a mad presto, cloaking the trivial air in a grandiose figure. He interwove fugato passages that led into other keys, sounded great chords with his childish fingers and introduced novel and beautiful material in the most confident manner, to the astonishment of everybody.

"What hobgoblins and dragons have you been dreaming about?" Zelter exclaimed, intent on toning down the boy's success. "In what a helter-skelter fashion did you drive along?"

"Come, you won't get off with that," Goethe added jestingly. "You must do more before we can believe in you. Let us have a minuet."

"Shall I play you the most beautiful one in the whole world?" Felix cried enthusiastically, whereupon he played the minuet from *Don Giovanni.*

"Now the overture," the poet prompted.

"No, that I shan't," the lad cried. "It can't be played as it is written, and it wouldn't be right to alter it in the least." However, the sprightly Overture to *Figaro* was played in its stead, the instrumental coloring being reproduced so ingeniously that it overwhelmed the many listeners.

Goethe became very playful. "So far," he said, "you have only played us what you knew before; other people can do that too." He left the room and returned with some manuscript sheets. "Now I am going to give you something in which you will break down. So take care." He placed a queer-looking sheet, seemingly spotted with ink at random, on the rack.

"What writing! How is it possible to read that?" Felix burst out laughing. He soon grew grave, however, when Goethe asked him to guess whose writing it was.

"Why, it's Beethoven's writing," Zelter, who was looking

over Felix's shoulder, exploded. "One can see that a mile off. He always writes as if he used a broomstick and then wiped his sleeve over the wet ink."

The boy fixed his eyes thoughtfully on the manuscript. This was no small task set before him. He appeared greatly agitated. Goethe kept nudging him to commence so that there would be little preparation to decipher the chaotic blurs. For the first time he became timid, stumbled over notes concealed under others or on a different line, peered closely at weird hieroglyphs, and laughed at his own blunders.

"You see, didn't I tell you that you would break down?" Goethe triumphed.

But the boy was undaunted. Putting the page aside, he played the whole thing by heart with complete ease and to the consternation of every one. After thus turning defeat into victory, he jumped about the room, and teased one of the ladies-in-waiting with a bellows lying near the fireplace.

L. v. g. G.

VI

FELIX fulfilled all the parental conditions of the pilgrimage. So much so, that his host was loth to see him leave, and demanded of the worshipful Zelter an extension of the visit. A fortnight elapsed before Goethe would permit the Berliners to depart. "Strangely enough, I have heard so little music in the past few years," he told them, "that I cannot now get my fill of it." He lifted the lid of the piano every afternoon with the words: "I have not yet heard you to-day—now make a little noise for me," and Felix would commence his daily historical recital, ending in a burst of soaring improvisation. Then, jumping up, he would snatch a kiss or two from the astonished poet, and slip out into the garden. There Goethe's daughter-in-law, her pretty sister, Ulrike, and Adele Schopenhauer, blithely awaited the little Court Musician of the Muse, to conspire afresh against the seclusion which the poet reserved for his evenings. They had succeeded in luring him to their gay suppers, and once even into a game of whist. Zelter had immediately taken charge of the card-table, and warned the young company, "Whist means that you are to hold your tongues." They did, but not behind their hands, and allowed the neglected professor his doubtful triumph in lieu of Goethe's preoccupation with Felix.

Everywhere the sprightly wonder-boy was fêted and courted. Everywhere he made new conquests. He dispatched the news to Berlin as quickly as it was made, precociously setting forth each

occurrence from the moment of arrival. "Now listen, all of you," his first letter ran excitedly, "to-day is Tuesday. On Sunday, the Sun of Weimar, Goethe, arrived. We went to church in the morning, and heard half of Handel's music to the 100th Psalm. The organ, though large, is weak, that of St. Mary's Church is smaller but more powerful. The Weimar one has fifty stops, forty-four notes, and one thirty-two foot pipe.

"After church I wrote you that little letter dated the 4th instant, and went to the Elephant Hotel, where I made a sketch of Lucas Cranach's house. Two hours later Professor Zelter came, calling out: 'Goethe has come, the old gentleman has come!' We instantly hurried downstairs and went to Goethe's house.... He is very kind, but I do not think any of his portraits are like him.... I walked in the garden with him and Professor Zelter for about half an hour. Now something for you, my dear coughing Fanny! Yesterday morning I took your songs to Frau von Goethe, who has a good voice and will sing them to the old gentleman."

And a few days later:

"... It does not strike me that his figure is imposing. He is not much taller than Father; but his look, his language, his name, they are imposing. The amount of sound in his voice is wonderful, and he can shout like ten thousand warriors.

"On Monday, I went to see Frau von Henkel, and also His Royal Highness, the Hereditary Grand Duke, who was very much pleased with my *Sonata in G Minor*....

"...of course, when Goethe says: 'There is company at eleven, little one, and you must play us something,' I cannot say 'No!'"

The glowing accounts were read rapturously, circulated among the relatives in Berlin, and finally forwarded to Paris. Aunt Henrietta gushed over them with spinster emotion. "What I feel when I think of that boy, so gifted and enthusiastic, so full of feeling, so gentle and natural, would appear to you like nonsense if I tried to put it into words. He is an artist in the highest sense, rare talents combined with the noblest, tenderest heart. If God spare him, his letters will, in long, long years to come, create the deepest interest. Take care of them, as of a

holy relic—indeed they are sacred already as the effusion of so pure and childlike a mind.... The constant dream of our youth—the delight of living near Goethe—has been fulfilled in Felix."

. . . . . .

The return home was like Cicero's triumph after the first Catilinian speech. Family and friends assembled in the spacious dining-room, and sat awe-struck while Felix breathlessly related every incident of Genius's affirmation of Genius. On all sides he was plied with questions: "What did he look like? What did he say? What did he do?" Each trivial movement was analyzed and discussed as though it had been the miracle of a god.

On the fringe of the gaping circle, Herr Mendelssohn listened to his son's recital with awkward satisfaction. "Father, isn't it strange?" Felix cried exuberantly, "the first glimpse I had of Goethe was coming around the hedge in the garden, just as it happened with you." The banker was not uncognizant of the rare privilege the poet had conferred on his son by permitting him to live under his roof for a fortnight. Years before, he had made the pilgrimage to Weimar, had shaken hands with Goethe, but had not been pressed to stay. It warmed him to think that Felix had been more fortunate.

Zelter attested to his pupil's good behavior, and brought Fanny a poem which Goethe had written for her, after hearing her songs. It was one of those stilted, manufactured pieces, suitable for a calendar or almanac, but the overwhelmed child locked it up reverently as her most cherished possession.

The furore was allowed to calm down, and Felix returned to his studies with redoubled energy. Herr Mendelssohn, with his usual practicality, summed up the situation thus: What is the sum total of testimonials? Glory! What is the value of glory? Nil! Composers become famous after death—then their publishers grow rich. As a musician, Felix might look forward to a lifetime of glory, but whither would this lead him? Ponder as he might, he invariably saw his son, without his patrimony to fall back upon, ending in a pauper's grave, just as most other celebrated musicians had. He recalled tales of a Mozart dying in his bed of starvation, of a Beethoven going deaf over his own noises!

It seemed incredible that this child of his, the son of an astute, hard-headed man of business, should prefer romantic nonsense to a life of ease. To substantiate his brother-in-law's fears, Bartholdy limned in deeper hues a portrait of artists as poor devils out-at-elbows. "The idea of a professional musician," the patron of artists wrote, "will not go down with me. It is no career, no life, no aim. Let the boy go through a regular course of schooling, and then prepare for a state-career by studying law at the University. Should you design him for a merchant, let him enter a counting-house at once."

Observing his son industriously playing away at the piano, or spending whole days in his little study over one symphony after another, the father hesitated in his course of action; at last decided not to interfere. Felix was so intent on becoming a great composer—one who would live in history. A great composer? Herr Mendelssohn had his doubts. He had no faith in prodigies. They flashed on the horizon for a moment and then flickered out like fallen meteors. That his son's ability was based on conscious, scientific knowledge and commanded the excited admiration of great muscians, was cast aside as relatively unimportant. "He is no Mozart," he stubbornly told himself; "Mozart at the same age was far more mature." No child of affluent parents was so alone in his choice of a career, nor was any so thoroughly prepared for it! Felix, perforce, brought his confidences to his elder sister, Fanny.

Fanny was at the wistful age when a girl receives her first proposal of marriage, and catches, as through scattered clouds, fleeting glimpses of the great mysteries that enshroud life. Her path had been early outlined for her: dutiful and obedient. At thirteen, she had made good her mother's prophecy, and played all of the twenty-four fugues of Bach by heart. But, deformed and a woman, paternal authority decreed that her task was to prepare for her "real calling, the only calling of a young woman—I mean the state of a housewife."

Several months before Felix's departure for Weimar, a promising but penniless young painter, Wilhelm Hensel, had made her acquaintance at an exhibition in his studio. They had fallen in love at sight, and the indigent young man lost no time in asking

for the sixteen-year-old girl's hand. But to his dismay, he found he had the mother to deal with. Suspecting that Fanny's dowry held for the painter a promise of a life of ease and dilettantism, Leah viewed the proposal coolly, and would allow nothing to be settled until Hensel could prove himself capable of earning a regular income over a protracted length of time. But during the probationary period he was not to turn the child's head with romantic wooing and other such nonsense. That could wait until his position had been made secure. Then they would see. In the meantime, he would do well by developing utter self-reliance. Independence! That was ever to remain the family's rock of faith.

Hensel discreetly retired to Rome on a scholarship from the Prussian Government, and consoled himself as best he could with Frau Mendelssohn's letters. But of his epistolary devotion, Fanny never received an inkling. Her mother would permit no correspondence between them, and the young man docilely submitted to a half-decade's courtship of the woman he intended making his mother-in-law! He knew her weakness for Raphael, and constantly sent idealized pencil portraits of the children, with Fanny as a Raphaelic Cecilia. He felt that with many variations of this theme, he would eventually wear down his opponent's resistance. It was only a matter of time!

Fanny kept the image of the handsome painter secret in her young breast, and encouraged Felix to unburden his innermost thoughts to her. She watched the progress of his talent step by step, and contributed to his development. Working out his musical ideas entirely in his mind, they had to pass her judgment before being submitted to paper. "They are vain and proud of one another," the mother often remarked. The output for 1821 alone, was tremendous: five symphonies, nine fugues for string quartet, motets, songs, piano pieces, two operas, and half of a third. All were written in his singularly neat hand, bearing at the head the mysterious initials L. v. g. G. or H. d. m.—a practice he continued his life through.

. . . . . .

So far, Felix had only played once in a public concert. After his sojourn at Weimar, Aloys Schmitt, a famous Frankfort pianist,

"Die Familie Mendelssohn," Sebastian Hensel

Fanny Hensel, Sister of Mendelssohn

From a drawing by her husband

announced his intention of giving a recital in Berlin. Felix was permitted to play with him in a duet—making his second public appearance in four years. The Sunday musicales, however, went on with great regularity. Nor were the younger children to be kept from participating in these. Before long Rebecca took her place as a singer, and Paul lugged in his violoncello to perform the little pieces their famous brother wrote for them.

Even once a week proved too infrequent for the musical gluttony of the insatiable Mendelssohns. Almost nightly, a gay band of clever and accomplished young people came informally to the Neue Promenade and made the house merry with their exuberance. Felix was the favorite, and every one strove to please him. Several there were who good-naturedly envied Dr. Caspar his place as collaborator, and in secret worked furiously at "a libretto for Felix." One of these, Eduard Devrient, a baritone of the Royal Opera, wrote books that were only destined for other hands, while another, Karl Klingemann, attaché at the Hanoverian Legation, later had cause to wish he had not succeeded. Good books were rare, a fact that composers forever lamented; Felix Mendelssohn was destined to learn this with more than his share of bitter regret.

In July, armed with the current Baedekers, the entire household set off on a junket to Switzerland. Herr Mendelssohn shone at his patriarchal best, like the first Abraham at the head of his numerous family, traveling with wife, children, tutor, physician and servants in three carriages. Felix was shorn of his curls in anticipation of the trip, and his child's dress replaced with the more suitable open jacket over a waistcoat. He was nearing thirteen, the age when a Jew enters upon manhood, and in this way his father made his last backward fillip at Judaism.

At the very beginning, the young man was almost left behind. Between Berlin and Brandenburg, Felix was discovered missing. The thought prevailed in each carriage that he was in one of the others, but at the first halt, three German miles from Potsdam, it was ascertained that he was not among them. Herr Heyse instantly commenced to retrace the route, and met the lost boy about a mile back. At Potsdam, he explained, he had been rummaging around the post-stable, and had heard the carriages start

when it was too late to catch up with them. Undaunted, he marched after the caravan, intending to overtake it at Brandenburg. A peasant girl joined him; they broke stout walking-sticks and trudged merrily along until picked up by the tutor. Herr Mendelssohn philosophically interpreted the adventure as proof of self-reliance and manly independence, and withheld the impending rebuke that otherwise might have marred the trip.

From the Harz Mountains, so profuse in obbligato sidepaths, each with its own wealth of folklore, the way led through Cassel, where the great Spohr was intrenched as Court Kapellmeister. He was delighted with Felix's improvisations, and promised to attend the Sunday musicales when in Berlin, though he cautiously avoided reference to them in his "Autobiography." The majestic, eye-filling peaks surrounding Interlaken brought forth paint boxes and busy brushes to record happy scenes long remembered, scenes which, for Felix, were, twenty-five years later, to witness that poignant, inconsolable sorrow presaging the pathetic end.

At the St. Gothard, they turned back, surveying the plains of Italy from their perch high up in the Alps. Fanny, romantically yearning for a chance meeting with the man who had captured her fancy, was moved to maidenly tears. "I have seen God's grand nature," she ecstatically wrote, "my heart has trembled with emotion and veneration, and when my excitement had subsided and I beheld what mankind considers most beautiful and lovely, when I stood on the borders of Italy, then my fate decreed: Thus far, but no farther!" The longing for what was hidden by the curtain of snow-decked mountains was not gratified, and the homeward journey started.

For a month, the party tarried at Frankfort. Aloys Schmitt's gratitude evidenced itself in an impromptu entertainment gotten up for the distinguished travelers, but the efforts of his coadjutors only made Felix groan for good substantial Devrient and his violin teacher, Rietz.

Miraculously, Devrient did turn up in Frankfort, meeting his little friend and Dr. Heyse in the street one day. The singer was taken aback with Felix's altered appearance. He was taller and stronger, the features and expression had become manlier, and the cropped hair, parted at the side, worn like a virtuoso's. Devrient

sighed over the lost uniqueness of looks, but conceded that their attractiveness was not diminished.

Each day would bring another local musician, trembling with curiosity, to the suite at the Swan Hotel. Since Schmitt's return from Berlin, he had never ceased describing to the Frankforters the wonder-provoking accomplishments of Moses Mendelssohn's grandson. Now that he was in their midst, nothing would appease them but a demonstration of his marvelous gifts. One hardened skeptic, a music-dealer from Offenbach, produced some of his latest compositions, and with a loud, noisy laugh, crowed: "There, try to play these." Felix merely glanced at the pieces, and immediately wove them into a skillful fantasy. The noisy laugh was reduced to a pleased chuckle as each air reappeared in a new and stranger garb; and for extra measure, the amazed Devrient, who was standing near the piano, heard interpolated one of his own forgotten songs, sung to Felix only once, long before. The music-dealer was heard to mutter "Diablerie!" as he departed, but Felix was too busy mimicking the stodgy movements of the corpulent fellow for Devrient, to notice.

A few days later, the Caecilia Verein issued an invitation for Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, Esq., to attend one of their practices. The society was under the direction of Johann Schelble, a fine pianist and former opera singer, an intimate friend of Beethoven. Schelble had grown up in the company of Weber and Meyerbeer, and could pick a genius from among a thousand. He put the Caecilians through several of Bach's motets before the strange guest of honor, this growing boy with half-closed Oriental eyes, fidgeting on his seat. The choristers held the sheets in front of them, but their gaze was glued on the expressive face of the famous youth. He seemed so unconcerned that all of these people were striving to please him, that he might have been mistaken for a younger brother told to wait quietly through the singing, even if kites and spinning tops called irresistibly.

With a flourish of his hands, Schelble brought the performance to a close, and in an anxious voice asked Herr Felix—it seemed so incongruous to address him as Herr Mendelssohn—if he would not favor them with a few selections.

Herr Felix would, and that with alacrity. There was no false

modesty about him, nor was coaxing necessary. He knew his mind, and if he desired to play, would do so readily. First he performed a few of his own études with dazzling mechanical perfection, but indifferent emotionally, to tease the audience. They fell back disappointed. A pupil of Schmitt's, Ferdinand Hiller, younger than Herr Felix, could do almost as well. Smiling mysteriously, the player searchingly scrutinized the polite, unmoved faces, and seemed to enjoy their discomfiture. Suddenly, he turned back to the piano, and sent a shiver of electricity through them by playing the motets just sung as themes for an improvisation. Extempore playing was then considered the final acid-test of an artist. Hummel had brought the art to a state of high brilliancy, and not since his last appearance had the Frankfort townsfolk been treated to such a prodigious display of controlled imagination as they now heard. The figures, the counterpoint, the moods, were truly Bach, and the player, immersed in his facile inventiveness, continued for more than half an hour, heaping climax upon climax. Excitement rose feverishly. When the player's hands dropped to the side of the instrument, the audience rose as one man, shouting hoarse bravos. Schelble lifted his hands in benediction: "This boy—this man I should say—is one of God's own."

After that, Felix could not appear on the street without being recognized or saluted. He was delighted with the stir he had created, but remained as unspoiled and childlike as ever. What pleased him most was a visit to little Hiller. Schmitt's pupil, also a baptized Jewish lad, still retaining his prodigy's crown of curls, had heard his teacher sing the praises of Felix Mendelssohn at every lesson for a year. He had been told that the Berliner, only two years older than himself, had written quartets, symphonies, operas! Hiller had composed polonaises, rondos, and variations on *Die Schöne Minka,* which his school-fellows regarded with wonder and mature musicians considered promising. But that a mere boy should be conducting his own operas was well-nigh fabulous. To be sure, he had read the same thing of Mozart, but then Mozart was more demi-god than human. Great was Ferdinand's jubilation when Schmitt came to the Hiller house one morning, and announced that this Mozart *redivivus* was in Frankfort, and that he, Schmitt, would bring him to them next day.

Long before the appointed hour, Ferdinand took his stand behind the curtained front window, anxious not to lose a moment of the precious presence. His amazement was extreme when he saw Aloys Schmitt round the corner with a merry-faced boy running after him and leaping upon his back every few steps, only to slide off and repeat the process again and again. "He's jolly enough," Hiller cried, and ran off to tell his parents. But his amazement was even greater to find the impetuous youth enter the parlor sedately and maintain a friendly but dignified formality throughout the meeting.

A second visit, unchaperoned, melted this unwelcome reserve. Young Mendelssohn scampered about the room, performed impossible feats at the piano, and stunned his diminutive host by quietly taking up a violin from the table and playing a difficult sonata upon it.

. . . . . .

Felix departed from Frankfort in a blaze of glory, leaving paths of gaping provincials in his wake. Sometime later, Ferdinand Hiller discussed his new friend with another, much older, pupil of Schmitt, known less for his meager talents than his persistent labors.

"Fred, how long do you think it would take to duplicate Mendelssohn's tricks?" the uninspired one asked.

"I don't know," Hiller laughingly replied.

"I guess," the other answered himself, after a moment of silent calculation, "I guess with two years of extra hard work, genius can be achieved."

The young man has long since died, unknown to fame. But no one has yet come forth to explain how genius can be made!

The Defender of Beethoven

VII

"FROM this day you are no longer an apprentice, but an independent member of the brotherhood of musicians. I proclaim you independent in the name of Mozart, Haydn and old father Bach." Thus spoke Zelter, in the phraseology of Freemason language. He then embraced his pupil and kissed him heartily.

It was the evening of the first rehearsal of Felix's fourth opera, not Seneca's *Hercules,* but *The Two Nephews,* or *The Uncle from Boston,* to the text of young Dr. Caspar. With much gayety, the singers seated around the dining-room table and the composer presiding at the piano, the humorous work unfolded its merry plot.

Felix was fifteen years old, and the friendly world furnished his sunny, bubbling melodies with an accompaniment of applause that tinkled pleasantly in his undeceived ears. Unconsciously, naïvely, his confidence soared blithely after each success. His wings, trimmed and exercised by critical tutors and friends, flapped hopefully of their own accord and made longer, steadier flights. Imagination bore the outstretched pinions gracefully from one destination to the next until, with the experience of a man twice his age, the reflection in the pool beneath shone ever clearer the unmistakable cast of individuality, less and less of the vanishing props.

Zelter, long outstripped, and callous with his other pupils, had so far forgotten himself the previous year as to grant old Madame Salomon permission to have the prized *St. Mathew* reproduced. Devoted Rietz made a painstaking copy, and it was

presented to Felix at Christmas. No work could have offered greater incentive or inspiration to the young composer at this formative period. His growth progressed by leaps and bounds, steady and straightaway. Zelter was dumbfounded at such breath-taking development, and with a poetic enthusiasm foreign to his grudging nature, described the latest work to his illustrious Weimar correspondent: "The Overture is a singular thing. Imagine a painter flinging a dab of color on his canvas and then working it about with fingers and brushes till at last a group emerges, and you look at it with fresh wonder and only see that it must be true, because there it is. There are three acts and two ballets, filling up about an hour and a half. I cannot get over my astonishment at the enormous strides this boy of fifteen makes. Novelty, beauty, originality, all alike are to be found in him—genius, fluency, repose, harmony, completeness, dramatic power, and the solidity of an experienced hand."

Reams and reams of sprightly music were written for which vast amounts of paper were required. The elder Mendelssohn, on whom the task of procuring the materials devolved, was amused but unsympathetic at the pother caused by his son's "temporary" attachment for composition. "My dear Felix," he once wrote in despair, "you must state exactly what kind of music paper you wish to have; ruled or not ruled, and if the former, you must say distinctly how it is to be ruled. When I went into a shop the other day, I found that I did not know myself what I wanted to have." Felix wanted ruled paper, so that his ideas, overtaking him at lightning speed, would not be retarded by the tedious business of drawing lines.

The astute Stadtrath congratulated himself on the device of exacting meticulous definiteness. If it served to strengthen Felix's present musical organization, all was not wasted; it would also make a better business man of him! But as time wore on, Herr Mendelssohn realized his persevering son was as far from entering business as he had been at the beginning. He took him to a watering-place on the Baltic during the summer, doubtless to make the boy shake off his time-wasting endeavors in a round of pleasures. Felix had his first glimpse of the open sea stretching glisteningly, mysteriously away, and guessed its offer of adven-

ture and fame to the daring. There was a silent, mystic calm, a *Meeresstille* hovering over the water, that stirred the imagination. Its rougher aspect frightened him. He described his impressions in a letter to Fanny: "Sometimes it lies as smooth as a mirror, without waves, breakers or noise; sometimes it is so wild and furious that I dare not go in." He liked to think of the sea as a world of music on which he had embarked, with Bach and Mozart and Beethoven as his guiding stars, pointing the course to his future symphonies and operas. Some day, he promised himself, he would write an overture depicting the expansive sea in her tamed silence and thunderous grandeur.

Copies of Jean Paul were handed him. He fell into the melancholy moods they evoked and saw himself as the hero of each sentimental novel. "To die a little early, but only for a short time." The ineffable dreamstuff of adolescence crying for the tears of frustration even where all is clear sailing!

Herr Mendelssohn was abashed. Had it worked? He listened to the wind band of the place one afternoon, dully at first, but with growing attentiveness. The overture they played was stirring and delightful, plentifully interspersed with trumpet tantaras. Herr Mendelssohn was decidedly pleased with it. "Who wrote this fine piece?" he asked the leader, when it was concluded.

"Your gifted son, Excellency," the man replied. "He wrote it this morning."

"Music and Perversity," growled the banker, moving away. "I could listen to that piece in my dying hour."

Returned to home, Felix ordered every composition of Beethoven's as fast as it was published. The great Titan's last years significantly coincided with his own period of growing maturity, and he longed to go to Vienna, to stand in the hallowed presence and humbly offer his quantum of silent respect. Perhaps the Master would deign to look at his sheaf of modest pieces and say a few kindly words of encouragement. He could not believe the stories of gruffness and frenetic irritability that swept into Berlin. Berlin table-talk had to be taken with a grain of salt. Beethoven would welcome him as a brother, as a son, for between kindred spirits there was a mystic bond indissoluble by time and distance. He avidly memorized every sonata and symphony that

bore the sanctified name. Timidly he approached his father on the feasibility of a pilgrimage to Vienna.

It was ill-timed. "Nonsense," Herr Mendelssohn roared in a passion. "Your taste is execrable. The man is a lunatic who writes meaningless stuff."

"Is this 'meaningless stuff'?" Felix sat down to the piano and commenced the heaven-storming *Sonata in B flat.*

"Hallucinations," the father responded with growing rancor. "Stop it."

Felix became defiant, switched stubbornly to the Allegretto of the *Seventh Symphony.* While he played the somberly marching introduction, he spoke as in a bitter incantation: "They condemn him for the hectic manner of setting down his music, a piece here, a piece in the middle, a piece at the end. Why should he not? The thing is complete in his mind, unified and flowing. Yet the final result of blossoming, personal, living beauty is ignored because the mechanics are not those prescribed by Professor Paidogogus. See," here he came to the glowing C major theme, "see how it grows from a bud to a flower? They say he knows little of melody, less of counterpoint. Listen to this fugato in the strings. No counterpoint? . . . Meaningless stuff? . . ."

But his father was not listening. On the subject of Beethoven he could be an unloosed demon. He walked to the door in a towering rage, and ordered Felix out of the room.

The defender of the embattled Beethoven went to his little study, pale, shaken and bemused. It was not the first tussle they had had on the matter. All had ended the same way. Nor was it to be the last. He was unconscious of his father's powerful domination of him, and yielded placidly enough to every direction. But when Genius was attacked, Truth was attacked, and that he could not bear. Each time he had innocently returned to a discussion of Beethoven's music, hoping to finally win his father over, a scene was sure to follow. That, however, did not mean that Beethoven was no genius. Beethoven was undervalued, had many enemies. The brilliantly cantakerous Weber had turned from scornful contempt for the Master's music to worshipful adoration. Weber himself had enemies without number, and that, despite his overwhelming popularity and the passionate Weber *cultus* that

had sprung up around him. Every composer had enemies. Perhaps he too would some day have them: jealous, vaunting dyspeptics who minimized one's efforts before they were made, and refused to listen to them afterward. Reverently, he took a newly arrived score from his neatly kept cupboard, and lost himself in musing.

At the next Sunday musicale, Spohr turned up. Felix anxiously inquired his opinion of Beethoven. The famous Kappelmeister had come to Berlin to supervise the production of his opera *Jessonda,* and was consequently solely immersed in himself. Some folk had set him up as the superior of the composer of *Fidelio,* and the humorless man took them seriously. He had not much to hand Beethoven, nor any other composer, save Spohr. "Beethoven," he pontificated, "has no esthetic culture, no sense of beauty."

Felix was shocked. "There can be no arrogance among priests!" he gasped. But he soon learned that there could be arrogance among peacocks and composers.

A far different man was the pianist, Ignaz Moscheles. He had just come from Vienna on his way to Paris and London. He eulogized Beethoven's talent and played his music superbly. Nor was he sparing of praise in other quarters. Felix and he became enthusiastic friends, and "the prince of pianists," as Frau Mendelssohn called him, came to the house almost daily. Moscheles wrote in his diary: "...a family such as I have never known before. The parents gave me the impression of people of the highest cultivation. They are very far from being over-proud of their children; indeed, they are in anxiety about Felix's future, whether his gifts are lasting, and will lead to a solid, permanent future, or whether he may not suddenly collapse, like so many other gifted children."

Leah conceived the happy idea of taking advantage of Moscheles's stay in Berlin by requesting him to give Felix the benefit of his instruction. This Moscheles was at first reluctant to do. "He has no need of lessons," he said; "if he wishes to take a hint from me as to anything new to him, he can easily do so." But the kindly man was at length prevailed upon, and taught Felix every other day. After the first lesson, he again wrote in his journal: "I am quite aware that I am sitting next to a master, not a pupil."

The post-diligence lumbered clumsily along the Canal de l'Ourcq. The steaming horses snorted fatigue, and with their hoofs beat a counter-rhythm to the monotonous crunching of heavy wheels. Periodically the driver uttered a rough curse and let his whip sing out as one of the tired animals fumbled a step that caused the cumbersome vehicle to lurch drunkenly.

From his vantage point in the *blanquette* the conductor peered into the interior at the two silent, Semitic-looking individuals from Germany, one a youth and the other a mature man. In the morning when they had entered his coach at the border town of Montmédy, his predecessor had cautioned him to be extremely solicitous of these two charges who disdained the more exclusive coupé, an example of practicality not unappreciated by this simple soul. "He is a big banker from Berlin, Herr Mendelssohn," his *confrère* tipped him off, "and that is his son with him."

They were heard arguing in the early afternoon, the father's tones rising to strident vehemence, and the son pleading weakly. Then silence. The father withdrew irritably into a corner, shutting his eyes in pretended sleep, opening them only to glower when the wheels struck a rut in the road. A book lay open in the boy's lap. He gazed dreamily out of the window, absent-mindedly humming a tune in falsetto.

Dusk, with the imperceptible suddenness of winter, dropped her palliative cloak on the countryside and sent the rustic laborers in the fields slowly to their huts. The roads became more deserted and gloomy, and on the canal tiny boats quietly dropped their sails and tied up in little fleets. A thin drizzle drove obliquely before the blasty March wind, and the travelers burrowed shiveringly into their great-coats.

The boy started impulsively, "I'm sorry, Father. I'll try not to annoy you again."

"Very well, Felix," Herr Mendelssohn visibly pulled himself together. "Let us not quarrel on our entrance into Paris. Tante Jette would be grieved to see us so, after we've come all this distance to fetch her home. Look, we have passed the Barrière de Pantin."

The horses put on a final spurt.

Of late, huge financial transactions, that strained every fiber

of his intense person, had left Abraham Mendelssohn worn and irritable. Rothschild's tremendous speculations and loans were causing business to become thoroughly disproportionate and inflated. The bubbles were bursting alarmingly all around. Goldschmidt in London had failed with many millions, and the great Leipzig house of Reichenbach had tottered, bringing others in its wake. It was not pleasant to envision friends committing suicide or sent to prison in disgrace. Although Mendelssohn's own losses were comparatively small, it required a clear head and steady nerves to stay above water. Then, too, he had invested a huge sum in the purchase of the immense Reck'sche Palace, and another small fortune in making it habitable. The house on the Neue Promenade had outlived its usefulness, and had become inadequate for the purposes of entertainment and representation of a man of his wealth. Even now the workmen's hammers, raised in reconstructing the imposing place, seemed to pound relentlessly into his brain. "Have I made an inopportune step? Will some unforeseen circumstance tear it away from me before it is even ready for occupancy?" Little, piercing pains inflamed his eyes and cut his temper short. The hitherto robust physique was beginning to answer to the angry demands of outraged nerves. He made a great effort to subdue the violent inner clamor and awkwardly patted his son's hand. Felix was the source of most of his happiness and pride. He could not be long angry with him.

"Obedience," the distracted banker held his forefinger up playfully.

"But still I cannot understand," Felix immediately forgot his promise, "why you hate Beethoven so, and rate Cherubini above him. Surely the Viennese is the greater master. Why, his symphonies alone . . ."

Herr Mendelssohn passed a displeased look to his son. "Your endless Beethoven," he exploded, "is nothing but a bore and an impostor, and his compositions rank gibberish. Although it would have been much less trouble to take you to Vienna, I choose to bring you here to be adjudged by a great contrapuntist, a man who knows his business and writes music an intelligent person can listen to. And mind, what Cherubini says of you, shall be finally so!"

Judgment of Paris

VIII

THE accession of the Duc d'Artois as Charles X brought small relief to a harassed land. Ministerial incapacity supplanted the White Terror. Discontent was general and intellectual life was at an ebb. Talleyrand's brilliant stratagems at the Congress of Vienna did not prevent France from being deprived of many of her possessions by the Second Peace of Paris and she was now compelled to indemnify Europe handsomely for Napoleon's spoliative epidemics. The country was recovering slowly, and for distraction the populace feverishly welcomed the inane. One pot-boiler succeeded another at the theater, and on the stage of the Opéra the piffling trifles of Catel, Isouard and Auber, with Rossini as their king, were applauded to the echo. Of Handel and Beethoven and Bach's greatest works the Paris of 1825 scarcely heard mention.

Felix came into this atmosphere, at first with curiosity, then with amazement and disgust. It could not enter his earnest mind that the current superficialities were the serious fare of the *salons*. Even the German musicians, who had ensconced themselves in the French capital, turned their best inspirations into catchpenny phrases and gathered both the plaudits and coin of the light-minded public. Young Mendelssohn's sense of propriety was shocked, his expectations shattered. His first visit to Paris had led him to believe Mme. Bigot's interest in the classics was universal, not the isolated instance it actually was. He had

pictured with Fanny visions of a musician's Paradise where learning and sincerity did not go unrewarded. But after a few days his disillusionment was complete. Mme. Bigot had passed on to a realm more appreciative of the masters she played so enchantingly. To him this was the most grievous blow of all. He was inconsolable that never again could he see the beautiful white hands lovingly caress the keys, or hear the gentle criticisms in her sad, low-pitched voice. Indeed, more than once, he regretted having left Berlin altogether. He turned petulantly to his father, "Paris is in a terrible state," he cried. "It is torture to one's ears to remain. Let us go home at once."

Herr Mendelssohn looked at him with a distant, understanding smile. "That is not possible yet, my son," he replied. "Aunt Henrietta cannot leave until her charge's marriage with the Duc de Praslin has been consummated. Besides," he arched his eyebrows imperiously, "we have not yet seen our friend, Cherubini. We shall beard him at the home of Mme. Bigot's mother, old Mme. Kiené."

"Cherubini," the youth scoffed; "an extinct volcano all covered with ashes, but extinct nevertheless."

"You will change your mind. The man is at the apex of his career despite his advanced years. The fire is not yet out. You have become very captious, Felix. Paris, it seems, has produced in you a tendency to minimize virtues and exaggerate defects. All is not as bad as you say."

"Was not Auber's *Leocadie* miserable? Should not a pupil of Cherubini, a gray-haired man, and the darling of the public, at best, know how to orchestrate? The published scores of Haydn and Mozart ought to make that task simple. But what do we hear? In the whole opera there are perhaps only three numbers in which the piccolo does not play the principal part. This little instrument serves to illustrate the fury of the brother, the pain of the lover, the joy of the peasant girl. In short, the whole opera might have been written for two piccolos and a Jew's harp *ad libitum!*"

"Your nerves are overwrought. It is a charming little work." To prevent the inevitable scene, the banker changed to a less

controversial subject. "Tante Jette tells me Hummel is in Paris," he said with well-simulated nonchalance. "He has been traveling a great deal. It will calm you to see him. Do go."

"Hummel amid all this *frou-frou?*" The boy, too, was anxious to avoid the pitfalls of argument. "What luck, I say," he cried.

The next morning Felix called on Hummel at his hotel. The great *improvisateur* was on leave of absence from Weimar after a Russian tour, and was receiving friends in a tiny drawing room. The prolifically dull Onslow and Boucher, an eccentric violinist who traded on his Napoleonic profile, were just on the point of leaving. Felix had so altered since the last time they had met that Hummel failed to recognize him. The violinist, posing with his hand in his bosom, murmured dreamily, "Is it not young Mendelssohn?"

"Mendelssohn? Mendelssohn?" Hummel started up like a maniac, ran distractedly about the room, bellowed and wept and made an enthusiastic eulogy to Onslow. "Never shall I forget," he fairly screamed, "how this lad played before Goethe and the entire Weimar court. We were all electrified and sat immovable for almost a dozen hours. *Quel imagination! Quelle memoire! Fabuleux!* How you have grown, my child. Ach! of course, it is four years. Every one grows. Yes. Yes. Why not? Is your dear father here?"

"I left him at our hotel, L'Etoile—Rue Caumartin."

"We must call on him immediately. Adieu, Messieurs," Hummel shouted excitedly over his shoulder, and ran, hatless, into the street with Felix in hot pursuit.

Herr Mendelssohn had gone out. But Hummel raised such an uproar in the hostelry that people anxiously emerged from their rooms thinking fire had enveloped the premises. The delirious man seemed dumbfounded, as if Herr Mendelssohn had performed a miracle in absenting himself—especially when he, Hummel, had seen fit to call. When this startling fact filtered through his consciousness, he took his leave of Felix, returned in a twinkling, followed him upstairs, and squeezed him powerfully between his huge paws. Felix was exasperated and pleased with this bearish behavior but there was no breath left in him for a leave-taking.

From the foot of the stairs, Hummel called out in a voice fit to wake the dead: "I will see you often, Herr Felix; I will see you often."

The next day he came back with four porters and, in a great commotion, installed his wife's piano, taking home Felix's worn-out instrument in its place. Herr Mendelssohn could not have guessed that Hummel would be so effective a tonic. After he had gone, Felix writhed with laughter until the tears flowed in rivulets.

That evening the Mendelssohns made their first appearance at Mme. Kiené's. A new sextet by Kalkbrenner was already started, the handsome, foppish composer playing the piano part with elegant fluency. After the first movement, he turned mincingly to another pianist, Herz, a youth but a few years older than Felix, and said with a sweet smile that concealed his irony, "Play for me, and I promise to give you ten *sous*." But Herz, already flaunting a full, black beard, stroked it and answered goodhumoredly: "*Non*, that would not be agreeable to the audience." Kalkbrenner sardonically begged his pardon.

The long, unoriginal work over, Felix and his father were introduced to the assemblage of famous musicians. Pierre Rode, no longer playing in public, sat quietly in a corner, his great, dark eyes lighting up a sad, friendly face. Reicha and the Chevalier Neukomm sat near-by. Those who had just rendered the sextet came forward to shake the hand of the young composer from Germany, not without an intermingling of aloofness and condescension.

Felix acknowleged them frigidly. When it came to performing or composing, these dandified purveyors of treacle need not condescend to him. He could show them what cratsmanship and form were! Under his arm rested his best work, a pianoforte quartet in *B minor* which he planned dedicating to Goethe. Pressed to play, he quickly gave out the parts.

When he sat down to the piano, a murmur ran through the room. But it was not for him. All eyes turned toward the door. Cherubini, gray and somewhat stooped, entered, sniffing disdainfully from right to left until his march halted before a window at the other end of the room. From this vantage point he surveyed

the guests with a blasé, magistral air, secretly imbibing keen enjoyment from the general feeling of intimidation his terrifying presence had effected. This old man was the idol and despair of Paris, *Directeur* of the *Conservatoire* and the Royal Chapel. He had late in life come into success, and now allowed his long stored up bitterness to express itself in biting sarcasm and irascibility. His intolerance spared no one, and he advised many an aspiring composer to take up preaching or wood-sawing. He struck terror into the hearts of his best pupils who, emerging from the classroom, vaunted his scorching contempt as though it were highest praise. He was a man of great intelligence, talent, and impressive personality. His quick eye saw that he had delayed the performance by his arrival. Nodding to the young stranger at the piano, he grunted for him to begin.

Baillot, the reputed unparalleled chamber musician, played the violin part. He began in a listless, uninterested manner, but before many bars had passed, caught fire from the composer and played the rest of the movement and the Adagio with spirit and feeling. The Scherzo captured his fancy, for he went off at an unrestrained clip, the others tumbling after him.

Felix felt himself dragged along by runaway horses. He struggled to hold them back, but finally yielded to avert greater confusion. "It is useless to rein in excited Frenchmen," he muttered. Madder and madder they swept him along, ever faster and louder. Particularly at one passage near the end, where the subject recurs against the beat, Baillot scraped away in tempestuous fashion, furious with himself for having repeatedly made the same error. At its conclusion, he said to Felix, *"Encore une fois ce morceau."* Again it was played, only more madly than the first time. The last movement was attacked with so much frenzy that Felix was frightened by his own composition. He was alarmed by the impression it must make on the distinguished listeners. How he longed for the steady, thoroughgoing Rietz back in Berlin! When the quartet was gratefully over, Baillot insisted on embracing him. Then, to the consternation of everybody, Cherubini came forward, smiling in the most pleased manner, a sight he rarely treated the Parisians to. *"Ce garçon est riche,"* he said, *"il fera bien, il fait même déjà bien, mais il dépense trop de son argent,*

il met trop d'étoffe dans son habit. Jelui parlerai, alors il fera bien."

Herr Mendelssohn could not have desired a more explicit opinion of his son's talent. He was at last convinced that Felix could hold his own amongst the best, though he was by no means certain the adoption of music as a career would bring him the most happiness. The old man's enthusiasm touched him deeply. He spoke warmly in praise of the Italian's own works. But Cherubini merely shrugged his shoulders indifferently, and hummed part of the music he had just praised.

All this to-do impressed Felix but little. He had been accustomed ere this to the close proximity of overshadowing figures like Goethe, Spohr, Weber and Moscheles, and the *enfant terrible* of the *conservatoire* did not now overawe him. An inborn *trotzigkeit* and natural self-confidence made him eye the old man coolly and appraisingly, as if making a comparison with himself, and youthfully he felt himself to be the superior. Despite his father's prejudice, he held fast to his adoration of Beethoven. Nor could a little sensational praise, condescendingly given, swerve him in this loyalty.

No shadow of these thoughts communicated themselves to the unbrooked Cherubini. In parting he cackled over his shoulder: "Bring me another piece to my house, boy."

Felix accepted the invitation farcically. He buried himself in composition for a few days, and then came to Cherubini with the score of a *Kyrie à 5 voce* and *"grandissimo"* orchestra in which he cleverly parodied the style of the master himself!

. . . . . .

Felix's caustic accounts of conditions in Paris fell on unsympathetic ears at home. Fanny and his mother refused to believe them. They persisted in sending him rapturous letters describing a glowing Paris which he could not, or would not, find. Each communication from Berlin sent him into a frenzy of irritation until, unable to contain himself any longer, he answered with a degree of violence and asperity quite unexpected: "Your last letter made me furious, and I resolved to scold you a bit; nor will I let you off, although Time, that kind divinity, may have softened my temper and poured some balm into the wounds inflicted on

you by my fiery wrath. You talk of prejudice and prepossession, about being morose and grumbling, and about the 'land with milk and honey,' as you call this city. Do consider a little. Are you in Paris, or am I? Now I really ought to know better than you! Is it my way to let my judgment of music be influenced by prejudice? But suppose it were, is Rode prejudiced when he says to me: *'C'est ici une dégringolade musicale?'* Is Herz prejudiced when he says: 'Here the public can only understand and enjoy variations?' And are 10,000 others prejudiced who abuse Paris? It is you, you alone, who are so prepossessed, that you believe more in the reality of the lovely image of Paris as an El Dorado, conceived in your own mind, than that of my impartial accounts. Come and hear the *soirées* (which, by the way, you have confounded with *salons, soirées* being concerts for money, and *salons* parties) hear the music in the Chapel Royal, and then form your opinion and scold me, but not now, when you are prepossessed and completely blinded by prejudice!!!"

A few days later, the agony came to an end. It was mid-May and splendid weather. The wheels of the carriage departing from Paris with Felix, his father, and Aunt Henrietta made the best music he had heard in months. "Now we should stop off at Goethe's to get this poisonous taste out of our mouths," Felix cried joyously. Aunt Henrietta was delighted. "Oh! to be near that divine man before I die," she gushed. Herr Mendelssohn, thinking of the lordly palace he was soon to inhabit, could not gainsay them. . . .

Leipziger Strasse No. 3

Pat, pat, and here is a marvelous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our tiring house; And we will do it in action, as we shall do it before the duke.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

IX

TRAVEL and the Creative Process.... New environment. Changing scenes. Fresh stimuli of movement, color, sounds, people.... Fomentation of lurking, nascent thoughts whirled to focal points.... Growth! Such was the effect of his Paris holiday on Felix Mendelssohn. He came back to Berlin metamorphosed into a young man full of self-possession and a charming worldly air. Myriad strange lights shone from the dark, smoldering eyes, hinting at a dream-world peopled by fantastic and delightful subjects. For lengthy periods of time he closeted himself in his minute study, stirred to composition with new and increased vigor. A great accumulation of musical ideas was hotly surging upward within him, struggling to become articulate and free of the confining boundaries of the mind's alembic. With great elation, he gave himself up to this torrential flow, and feverishly transferred completed works to paper. It seemed as if some unconquerable force held him in a firm vice, spinning, spinning him dizzily about, sweeping up to a fine crescendo of creative power while all volition left the inert body.

Part of this consuming passion for composition spread to the friends, touched as by an incendiary's torch. Coming to see him in the evening, they would wait until the indefatigable composer emerged from his room, pen in hand, his mind still deeply absorbed in the latest work. Or daring to brave the sanctum sanctorum of

Melody and Harmony, the more courageous of the inner circle tapped a familiar signal on the door, and were admitted with cheery unconcern. But the work continued. Felix remained at the writing-table, gayly chattering away, while his visitor, sitting on a stool near by, could watch with fascination the neat groups of notes falling unerringly from the feverish pen in luminous exposition. The exhibition of amazing fluency was invariably disastrous to the onlooker. Going home, he would simulate the lightning speed across paper, only to become inextricably lost after a few moments in a labyrinth of tortured and fatuous fancy.

One of this privileged inner circle was the Hanoverian attaché, Karl Klingemann. The argumentative friendship between his father, an outspoken freethinker, and Abraham Mendelssohn was solidified in a warm, enduring intimacy between the sons. Karl had a dilettantish flair for literature easily adaptable to Felix's prankish moods. When a select swimming club was formed, the young diplomatist wrote the words for nonsensical songs which Felix set to music, furnishing material for endless, comical by-play as they swished about in the water. Karl's ambition expanded with the size of his poems. He had now managed to complete a libretto in two acts, on the Camacho Wedding episode in *Don Quixote*. It was hopeless in form and plot, and, with Teutonic bluntness, transformed the cracked knight's high-flown pomposity into dead earnest. To a composer such a book was an invitation to certain failure. But Felix, to whom the musicalization of a menu could have been equally possible, took to it unconditionally.

Camacho was completed in short order, a performance taking place in the house in August. Devrient's immediate presentiments as to its future were mirrored in the desultory, listless fashion in which he sang his part. His own libretto after Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered* had been rejected by Felix and his tutor, Heyse, as "too grave a subject," and the choice of what he perceived to be a less worthy effort, made the wound of disappointment all the deeper. But Klingemann was in ecstasy. He had never dreamed that a work of his would be set by a real composer or sung by real opera singers. Too, he had finally superseded the waggish Dr. Caspar, and that nonplussed young man was forced to offer his congratulations, albeit with polite frigidity. But success at a

house party does not inevitably foretell a similar fate in public trial.

A new arrival in the family, coming at the end of summer, transcended all else in importance for the time being.

. . . . . .

The "new arrival" was none other than Leipziger Strasse No. 3. Months spent in modernizing the cluster of buildings which belonged to the manorial property had come to an end, and rejoicingly the Mendelssohns took possession. Transformed, it was an estate suitable for a reigning prince. Indeed, the seven-acre park, stretching straight back from the commodious front structure or winter residence, hinged on the gardens of Prince Albrecht and had originally been part of Frederick the Great's hunting preserve. It offered a quiet, idyllic retreat wholly unexpected within the confines of the city, although the location near the Potsdam Gate was then regarded as the *Ultima Thule* of Berlin. Splendid old yews lined the delightful shaded paths and promenades and lilacs in luxuriant fullness gave the scene a purplish tint. With its tremulous bird-sounds, the wooded privacy of the garden had the semblance of a hidden forest, an Arden where one

> . . . exempt from public haunt,
> Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

The many high-vaulted rooms of the main house were spacious and stately and grouped into apartments. One was especially notable. It was larger than the rest, giving on the court, and by an imposing arrangement of arches, led into the contiguous suite. Leah chose it for her sitting-room, and as chatelaine declared it ideal for family and holiday festivities. The banking offices were set up in a court building, while an upper story, Felix was delighted to find, became the home of the Hanoverian Legation, bringing Klingemann to live under the same roof.

More intimate and enchanting, however, was the single story garden-house. It stood amid a group of picturesque huts, directly back of the pleasance of the high winter home. This proved an effective screen for deadening the noises of the street, and one

was immediately plunged into the bucolic stillness of a rural wood. Most prepossessing of its many features was a tastefully fresco-painted ballroom capable of seating several hundred guests. On balmy days it was convertible into an open portico by removing the glass wall on the garden side, leaving an entrance spaced off by Grecian pillars. As a hall for the Sunday matinées it was irresistible.

Leipziger Strasse No. 3 was like a tree with many branches, a many-sided person. It did not so much house the Medelssohns as become a living member of the family. Felix could sit in his study and, from the window, view the fairy loveliness of the surrounding terrain. The verdant fragrance set his young heart dreaming. A closed world of elves, dryads, and pixies held him by skeins of poetic rapture, and life took on the dizzying lyricism of a lark's song. Goethe's "Walpurgis-Night Dream" from "Faust" put his thoughts into words:

> Train of clouds and flow'ring mist
> Illuminate the sky.
> Reeds and leaves by wind are kist—
> Then all must quickly fly.

He felt the need of clothing this gossamer lightness of beauty in his own manner. Enthralled, he busied himself at a score which would epitomize its capricious, nymphean spirit. The *Scherzo* more than succeeded. Fanny watched the progress of the work with bated breath. To her he confided his plan: "The whole piece is to be played staccato and pianissimo, the tremulandos coming in now and then, the trills passing away with the quickness of lightning; everything new and strange, and at the same time most ingratiating and pleasing. One feels so near the world of spirits, carried away in the air, half-inclined to catch up a broom-stick and follow the aërial procession. At the end the first violin takes a flight with feather-like lightness—'Then all must quickly fly.' "

It was the *Octett* for strings. The violinst Rietz, dreamy, shy of company, and ailing, came closest to it in character. Felix overwhelmed him by presenting it as a birthday gift. The fairies cast their spell of good fortune upon it. Of all his works, this was the

exordium of the true Mendelssohnian discourse; the first to hold its ground against time, and claim for his high flow of genius that fulgurant speck called Immortality. What other composer would not have gladly changed places with him? He knew no days of want or embittering frustrations that tried both soul and body of Schubert, of Mozart, of Beethoven. For him there were no poignant interludes that might have weighted with melancholy his soaring inspirations. As Goethe said: "The boy was born on a lucky day."

. . . . . .

The following spring he entered the University of Berlin. His tutor, Dr. Heyse, had been called there as professor, and it was considered advisable that Felix should round out his education under the notable faculty assembled at the great institution. Instead of the usual entrance essay, he astonished the examiners by submitting a metrical translation in German of the limpid and immaculate verses of Terence's "Maid of Andros." It was highly praised as a skillful and sympathetic bit of work, being the first rendering in German of the Latin's original meters. His great love of travel brought him keen enjoyment of the geography classes under the illustrious Ritter, but for the life of him, he could never be made to understand what bearing the pole-star had in setting a course. Mathematics was also one of his stumbling-blocks. He had never shown any special predilection for the subject, and his pathetic attempts to master the intricacies of geometry and trigonometry often threatened to disrupt the decorum of the classroom.

Hegel, the propounder of absolute idealism, was then giving lectures on music. The drift of his preachments would have given solace to the ultra-modernists of the future. Said he: "There is no real music now; we have advanced, but we are not near the right thing by a long way."

A Midsummer Night's Dream

X

AT seventeen, being lionized is a blissful but dangerous pastime. The hero-worship of one's elders, more heady than that of youth, effects a self-consciousness that must be preserved with dignity. But when mature admirers are willing to enter into one's spirit of fun, the situation is somewhat relieved. Young Mendelssohn was fortunate in this respect. Staid men, several times his age and famous in their own right, men like Alexander von Humboldt, Hegel, Ludwig Robert, Zelter, the theologian Schleiermacher and many others laid their cares and learning aside on entering Leipziger Strasse No. 3. If any there were who hung back on the border-line of gravity the puckishly seductive garden converted them in a twinkling. One went to the celebrated Rahel Varnhagen's for serious discussion. There were to be found the great *literati* of the day, Achim von Arnim, Brentano, Tieck and many lesser lights. Young Heine, in Berlin for a space, unbridled and savage and full of the revolutionary blasphemies of his latest work, was on view there, too, sending the faint-hearted to their corners in silent terror. But for music and wit, the Mendelssohn *salon* ranked first in importance.

At first the many friends balked at traveling the greater distance to the Potsdam Gate. But if the effort was greater the reward was more so, and soon the new house rang out with the familiar laughter. A year had taught the Mendelssohns to exploit all the possibilities of their palatial home. One of the huts was

fitted up as a gymnasium for Felix. Another was occupied by a delightful old lady and her two beautiful nieces. Lila was blonde and romantic, her elder sister, Clare, being a spirited brunette. They were of the Mendelssohn children's age. Among the notables of this year were the publisher, Schlesinger, and Carl Maria von Weber, a genius whose eyes blazed brilliantly with intellect and the wasting disease that was to kill him within a few months.

An ingenious idea was the establishment of a paper called in summer "Garden Times," in winter "Tea and Snow Times." It was born of Felix's friendship for Adolph Marx, the editor of a musical gazette. Marx was Felix's senior by ten years, and had recently forsaken a legal career for one of music. He was ungainly in appearance and, far worse for Herr Mendelssohn's taste, loudly extolled the deaf Beethoven as an Olympian model. The banker frowned on this alliance with his son. No good could come of such a friendship, he predicted. Marx was extremely voluble, and talked for hours on his favorite subject so that Herr Mendelssohn almost choked with rage. If he had upheld a genius like Cherubini, one might overlook his domineering manner, he thought bitterly. But Beethoven! That was influencing the boy for evil! He tried to discourage Marx from visiting the house, but Felix and the womenfolk, victims of the young journalist's adroit flattery, were under his spell, and praise of the "impostor" was heard almost daily in Leipziger Strasse. The "Garden Times" flourished whimsically under the joint-editorship of Felix and Marx; and to facilitate impromptu contributions of gay nonsense from the distinguished guests, pen and paper were conveniently, temptingly placed on a garden table.

That summer, singularly glorious in weather, feet barely grazed the garden ground.

. . . . . .

Ensconced on a swing beneath one of the great yews, Felix, in his warm, lisping, slightly-nasal voice, read Shakespeare to a swarm of gay young romantics lying on the grass before him. Shakespeare had just become available in German through the translations of Schlegel and Tieck, and the young people hailed this fresh material with as much enthusiasm as they vented on

Jean Paul. The tragedies and comedies were gone through with equal fervor. Sometimes Fanny, Rebecca, Klingemann and the charming garden tenants would enact the parts, and the plays would proceed with alternating sobriety and giggles.

Pretending to be unaware that the enamored Lila was tickling his ankle with a blade of grass, Felix read from Henry IV:

> Good-morrow, sweet Hal. What says
> Monsieur Remorse? What says Sir John Sack-and-Sugar?
> Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul,
> That thou soldest him on Good Friday last
> For a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's...

Here the reader left off with a guffaw, the tingling sensation proving too much for his continued composure. Lila looked up in mock surprise, and the others rolled over on the grass in unrestrained merriment. Putting the book aside with histrionic impressiveness, Felix pulled Lila up from her squatting position.

"This comes from permitting infants to associate with middle-aged people," he admonished, seizing her ear. "Have you no respect for my gray hairs, my position, for art?"

"Please, sir, your reverence," Lila answered, simulating a frightened child's voice, and squirming to get free of his grasp, "I am but a country lass. My mother..."

"Never mind your mother or your great-aunt. You have trifled with matters of moment, and the penalty for this is dire indeed."

The friends acted up to the situation. Lila wrung her hands in exaggerated despair.

"Liege King," Fanny interceded haughtily, "this child is unversed in the ways of civilization. If she has erred, the blame is mine."

"She must to the dungeon for life," Klingemann cried, pulling out his kerchief and weeping into it noisily. "So young, so young...." His grief was inconsolable.

"'Twas an evil hour I was born in," came tragically from Lila. With a catlike gesture, she clutched Felix's hair with both hands, though still held firmly by the ear. Their hot faces came close together and, yielding to a sudden impulse, Felix quickly kissed the girl's parted lips.

The others blushingly looked away. It was rumored in the garden that Felix and Lila were in love, but despite the telltale glances eloquent of their plight, they believed themselves wholly unsuspected. Both were experiencing their first childish passion together, an affair springing more from curiosity and the enchantment of the garden than actual sentiment.

They released each other lingeringly. Regaining his self-possession, Felix shook a reproving finger at the excited girl.

With a loud whoop, Adolph Marx opportunely came into the garden at this moment. The crowd hailed his entrance as a welcome interruption.

"Whom have you ripped up the back now?" they shouted in chorus.

"Is there no other composer but Beethoven?"

"Is it right so to abuse the power of the press?"

"These editors!"

Marx bore the chaffing good-naturedly, and, with self-conscious gallantry, blew kisses to the girls. "How fares the 'Garden Times,' co-editor?" he called out to Felix.

"I haven't seen it to-day," was the reply. "Let's take a look." Together they strolled over to the table where ink and pen were laid out, Klingemann mischievously following at their heels.

"Ah-ha," Marx seized the topmost sheet. "This is rare news." He read aloud:

Galileo must have suffered from astigmatism.
CARL F. ZELTER.

From recent observations the moon seems to be made of green cheese.
ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT.

Other things than the moon are obviously compounded from the same material.
HEINRICH HEINE.

"That's Heine for you," Felix laughed. "Just let him write the last line. Here is something of my own that I have not yet entered."

Marx's editorial eye glanced over the proffered page:

If the artist gravely writes,
To sleep it will beguile.
If the artist gaily writes,
It is a vulgar style.
If the artist writes at length,
How sad his hearers' lot!
If the artist briefly writes,
No man will care one jot.
If an artist simply writes,
A fool he's said to be.
If an artist deeply writes,
He's mad, 'tis plain to see.
In whatsoever way he writes,
He can't please every man.
Therefore, let an artist write,
How he likes and can.

"Poetry and yet true," the critic murmured.

"It might have been aimed at you," said Klingemann, with a wink.

"Editors are accustomed to every kind of censure," Marx replied importantly.

. . . . . .

A game of boccia under the yews was suggested, and the party broke up in smaller groups. Lila kept her luminous blue eyes fixed on Felix with steady unconsciousness, and though she went off with Klingemann and Fanny to sit on a bench, continually glanced back at Felix as he stood earnestly talking with Marx. The strange emotion aroused in her by this high-spirited youth of seventeen left her alternately melancholy and giddy. In spite of being a few months older than Felix he treated her as if she were a child. Especially was he fond of teasing her, and murmuring, "Lorelei," the pet-name he bestowed on her for the golden hair that adorned her comely head. At such times, her eyes would dilate with anger, while the sun, glistening spitefully on her golden tresses, made her look like a real Lorelei, indeed. But when he desisted, she became vexed, not knowing herself why.

For his part, Felix treated the whole matter lightly. Through half-shut eyes he merely allowed himself to stare at the beautiful girl for a few seconds' amusement. Music was too all-absorbing

to permit even the initial trembling of the heart to become a disturbing element in his routine. Nor did the many others, some twice his age, who made love to him outrageously, cause him much anguish. He liked their attentions and admiration but, like a well-beloved, was casual and indifferent to all.

He was speaking to Marx of Shakespeare. "There is no doubt," he said deeply impressed, "that Germany will receive a fresh impetus from these masterpieces. Think of the gay hodgepodge of the Athenian comedy, the 'Midsummer Night's Dream!' It gets into one's bones! Most of the lines are sheer music. Listen to this reminiscence of Hippolyta:

> I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
> When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
> With hounds of Sparta; never did I hear
> Such gallant chiding; for, besides, the groves,
> The skies, the fountains, every region near
> Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
> So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

"Then the plight of the lovers, the confusion-strewing fairies, and the simple folk's attempt at play-acting! That was a character, that Bottom." He burst into laughter at recollection of the weaver's conversion into an ass. "How well the bassoon would personify his braying! Adolph," he added soberly after a moment, "I have started an overture to this play!"

"An overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream?*" Marx perked up his ears. "What an idea! Do show it to me, Felix."

In Felix's little workroom, the new composition was lying uppermost on the table. Marx pursed his lips. For a long time he studied the unfinished score in silence while the composer stood by, anxiously awaiting the verdict.

"Amazing, Felix," finally broke from the critic. "But let me suggest that you proceed about this somewhat differently. Instead of a work that will present an impression of the play, why not an overture that programs the play? I think it will then hang together with finer unity, and produce a far greater effect."

Felix saw the logic of this advice but, expecting the composition to be accepted without any reservations, was plainly ruffled.

"Don't be too easily satisfied," Marx reassured, perceiving he had offered his advise too bluntly. "It is small trouble to a genius to transform an excellent work into a masterpiece."

But Felix's thoughts were already far away. The awkward counselor watched him with a quizzical expression.

. . . . . .

In a few weeks the portion of the overture Felix had shown Marx was rewritten and completed. It was dated August 6, 1826, and like his other compositions of the past six years, bore the puzzling initials L. v. g. G., known only to himself. It astonished every one. Even Marx, who could condemn the sky for being too blue, was immensely pleased, and prided himself on his "share" in it. An arrangement was made for piano duet, and frequently the elated composer played it with his aide-de-camp, Fanny. Despite this unsatisfactory garb, with all the subtle symphonic tints missing, the work glowed with a poetic, humorous beauty and Shakespearean charm that surpassed the elf-touched *Octett*. As an orchestral piece it was bewitching. His childhood's visions of mythical, far-off places, of gracious queens and courtiers in scenes of romantic extravagance and loveliness, evoked by passing ships on the Spree as he played at make-believe with his brother and sisters, had come to life. It released the fancy immediately. At the beginning, a few wind-blown notes, gentle as the zephyrs of a sirocco-laden night, magically sounded the open sesame of a deep-buried fairyland. Minuscule, legendary folk, with the lightness of butterflies, mischievously scurried through the wood on tiptoe, to

> . . . seek some dew-drops here,
> And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

And jealous Oberon, sending Puck forth to find the potent flower of enchantment (called by maidens "love-in-idleness") "where the bolt of Cupid fell."

> . . . I saw—but thou couldst not—
> Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
> Cupid all arm'd; a certain aim he took
> At a fair vestal, throned by the west;

> And loos'd his love shaft smartly from his bow,
> As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
> But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
> Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon;
> And the imperial votaress passed on,
> In maiden meditation, fancy-free.

The realistic braying of Bottom on the bassoon added confusion to the proceedings, and Oberon's repeated song, strewing blessings through the Palace of Theseus, now sung with distant stillness, returned the overture to the brink of the spirit-infested wood. From there the same wind-blown notes heard at the beginning ushered back the world of reality, and the dream was over!

The success of the *Midsummer Night's Dream Overture* in the garden hall was instantaneous. The guests rubbed their dazzled eyes to make sure that they, too, were not transported. But glancing about them in the garden, with the ancient, gloomy yews nodding assent, they were not certain.

From Stettin came a flattering invitation to conduct the new composition. Felix, in most inclement weather, journeyed there to repeat its overwhelming success.

For Zelter, this piece had a significant bearing. Long left behind and merely able to produce pompous throat-scrapings as vague guidance, his lessons to Felix were dropped as superfluous. Disgruntled, he went about everywhere proclaiming that whatever Felix knew was owing to him. But Marx, opposing everybody in his porcupine's way, dropped a worthy quill anent this boast. "The old man has seen the fish swim," he said, "and imagines he has taught it how!"

A Debacle

XI

CAMACHO'S WEDDING had been in the hands of Spontini a twelvemonth. The hard-bitten Italian, a much betitled figure and *General Musik-direktor* of the Royal Opera, had pleaded for time to peruse the score. But delay, as every one who understood Spontini and his highly-publicized wiles knew, was the initial step in his method of discouraging or completely shelving a new work. It was said by some that his stout determination to prevent novelties from reaching the boards was motivated by jealousy and greed; but others of the growing number who opposed his hated directorship averred that it was due to his inability to read a score fluently. Only Mozart's *Don Juan,* which he knew thoroughly, and very few other German operas would he permit production under his disputatious administration. As favorite of King Frederick William III, he insisted that the bulk of the repertoire be made up of his own grandiose and spectacular works. Frederick William, it seemed, was almost the only power who favored the equivocal director—and that Spontini deemed sufficient. As a result, no musician in Berlin was so completely *persona non grata* with every party as was the hapless Italian.

Like his compatriot, Cherubini, and like all Italians since the precedent of the gifted Lulli, Spontini had gone to Paris to make his fortune. Through years of unmitigated poverty, subsisting meagerly on the slim income from a few vocal pupils, the persevering man wrote his unproduced operas until he caught the

imperial eye of Napoleon. From then on his rise was sensational. Fed by a rapid pen, his successes followed one another in quick order and, hitherto ignored and unknown, he became in a short time the most fêted and revered man in Paris. On a visit to the French capital the Prussian King succumbed to *La Vestale,* and entreated its composer to take up his position at Berlin. Negotiations continued intermittently for some years, until Spontini at at last declared himself willing to quit the scene of his triumphs.

But tales of his irascibility had preceded him to Berlin, and the *intendant* of the Opera, Count Bruhl, hastened to Paris to discover what manner of man was chosen to be his co-worker. Spontini showed the noble *entrepreneur* small deference, and, alarmed, Bruhl wrote back: "He is grasping and indolent, ill-natured, treacherous and spiteful." Despite these protestations, the Italian received his appointment with a handsome salary and benefit, agreeing to compose two new works each year. But subordinate himself to the *intendant?* He would sooner die!

On coming to Berlin, Spontini's inspirations ceased suddenly. He quarreled with the singers, was rude and uncivil to Bruhl, overworked the orchestra, and proved refractory with every one concerned. His contract he disregarded as though it had never existed and in a few months the unwarlike name of Gasparo Pacifico Spontini became a maleficent challenge. Bruhl appealed to the king. Spontini appealed to the king. Each tried to abrogate and supersede the power of the other, and His Majesty, now favoring one, now another, innocently threw fuel on the flames. Together they made a fine quibbling team pulling in opposite directions.

When Weber, fiercely championed by Count Bruhl, finally had his works mounted, the *General Musick-direktor* found his preëminence as an operatic composer dwindling. Weber's nationalistic pieces were hailed as the fountain-head of a new school of German opera, and Spontini's rehashed works were greeted with derision. The absence of a Constitution had turned the stage into a political arena, and a naturalized Frenchman acting as a despot was repugnant to the anti-French public. The press raised a cry, and Zelter swelled the chorus with his raucous voice. "Spontini," said he, "always reminds me of a Gold-King flinging his gold

Joseph Muller Collection

A Group of Berlin Musicians

Top Row: Rungenhagen, Spontini, and Mendelssohn
Bottom Row: Wollank, Klein, and Zelter

at the people and breaking their heads with it." Almost the only one to stand by the stormy Italian was the espouser of unpopular causes—Herr Adolph Marx.

Yet the devil was not as black as he was painted. One who left his entire fortune to the destitute could not have been wholly devoid of the finer sensibilities. Spontini worked no one harder than himself, and was the first to create a pension fund for his opera musicians. But under fire of the hearty haters of Berlin, he became a madman and, in reprisal, tried to thwart all who attacked him. To this number, the hard-pressed man believed the influential Mendelssohns belonged. And he was hardly wrong. On one of the several occasions he had paid friendly visits to Felix's family he had found himself surrounded, as in a wasp's nest, by Zelter, Rellstab, Bruhl and Marx, who had latterly deserted him. Felix played a long, unfamiliar work without book. When Spontini ignorantly inquired what it was, Zelter replied with lashing contempt: "It is Beethoven's Ninth Symphony! Any good musician knows that." His embarrassment was extreme. Seeking to placate them, he attempted an answer in German, a language he was hopelessly incapable of learning. *"Glauben-vous, signori,"* he said with hysterical befuddlement, *"que je nicht connaisse pas mio Beethoven?"* This sally was greeted with boisterous ridicule, and the sensitive Italian left the house embittered.

. . . . . .

After receiving *Camacho,* Bruhl demanded of his director that the parts be given out for rehearsal. Spontini begged for time. This, that and another detail had come up that demanded his prior attention. Bruhl rapped again. Spontini countered that he was studying the score. After another delay, the *intendant,* prompted by Frau Mendelssohn's anxiety to hear a public performance of her son's work, extracted a promise of the die-hard that the matter would be taken up soon. "Soon" meant another interval of months, but before Felix's departure for Stettin, Spontini summoned him for a conference.

With proud bearing and smiling mien, Stadtrath Mendelssohn accompanied Felix to the spiteful composer's home which by an odd coincidence had at one time belonged to him. "There will

be no more delays," he told himself, "and Leah shall at last have the happiness of seeing our boy's work acted at the Royal Opera. That will make her proud." As he mounted the steps of his former dwelling his mind could not but reflect on the great distance his fortune had encompassed since last he had entered it. His satisfaction with himself increased momentarily, and at Spontini's door he stood flushed with pleasure.

The old Italian was gracious and effusive in his greeting. But when talk turned on the purpose of their visit he grew grave and evasive. To Herr Mendelssohn's consternation, he called Felix to the window. Pointing to the French Reformed Church, which faced directly opposite, he said: *"Mon ami, il vous faute des idées grande comme cette coupole."* These words, innocent in themselves, and gently uttered, were construed as overweening condescension to a boy of seventeen. The banker was scandalized. In a towering rage, he caught up his hat and, pulling Felix by the arm, stormed out of the apartment.

Had it been possible at that moment to hold aside the year-weighted curtains that veil the future, only the boy would not have shown surprise that Spontini's mouth-filling title of *General Musik-direktor* of the Berlin Royal Opera would one day fall to him.

. . . . . .

Official pressure tightened. The oft-delayed work was at last put into rehearsal. Further mishaps, real or pretended, threw an air of agitation over the preparations that presaged an unfortunate *dénouement.* Blum, who sang *Don Quixote,* fell ill with jaundice, and was ordered by his physician to cease all activities. It became a problem whether to suspend the proceedings for a month or six weeks until he was restored to health, or try some one else in the part. But the nervousness and impatience of the rest of the company bore upon the sick man and, heroically, he promised to continue.

Devrient had even less faith in *Camacho's* worth than when he had first sung it in the composer's home. As the rehearsals progressed his fears became certainties. Taking Felix and his father aside, he expostulated with them on the misdirected humor

of the piece. "Cervantes," he said, "everywhere places the grotesqueness of antiquated chivalry in the strongest light. No actor would think of characterizing the knight of rueful countenance as a veritable hero, only as the vainglorious boaster that he really is."

But the Mendelssohns, *père et fils,* remained adamant. At the eleventh hour another complication arose. The chorus-master strode upon the stage and frantically announced that his singers could not be ready by the opening night! Herr Mendelssohn, taken in by the unscrupulous man's pretended alarm, generously opened his purse and offered an honorarium that worked like magic.

On April 29, 1827, the first performance of *Camacho's Wedding* took place. Felix had wisely chosen the chamber theater, rather than the large Opera house, as more suitable to the intimate character of the work, and to this place repaired the many friends and adorers. The piece moved stiffly and unconvincingly through its two acts, and the loyal followers forced themselves to vehement applause. But a *chef d'œuvre* it was not.

Felix realized this more than any one. Sitting apart and listening critically, he tried to reach a zone of cool appraisal and detachment. Two years had elapsed since he had written it, and he no longer felt the work to be his own. He compared it with the rich, abundant material that had followed, and his heart sank. If disavowal of authorship were possible at that moment, he would have gladly stood on his seat and shouted: "This mediocre, lumbering piece is not mine, could not be mine. It does not bear my stamp. Some one else, some one I knew distantly, remotely, has passed it off for mine." But it was too late. Why had he not felt that before? Why had he not listened to Devrient? Others, he now recalled, had also condemned the work with their polite enthusiasm. He could hear the loyal applause beating, dutifully, indulgently. It lacked the spontaneity that had greeted the *Overture,* the *Octett,* the other chamber works. His friends! How he wished they had not come! It was humiliating. A *succes d'estime.* The resounding palms seemed to slap his face with patronizing debasement. Something rose in his throat and the room suddenly became stiflingly close. He could bear it no longer. Before the final curtain, he got up and fled from the theater.

At the conclusion, the composer was called for. But nowhere could he be found. The bewildered house kept calling: "Mendelssohn! Felix! Felix!" After a few minutes of awkward silence, Devrient, who surmised what had happened, returned to the stage and was forced into a graceful apology for his friend's absence.

. . . . . .

Felix wandered through the streets aimlessly and with growing agitation. He passed his hands before his eyes several times, as if trying to efface the disagreeable impression. But it clung, tenaciously, like the taste of ashes in his mouth. People would say things behind his back. Gazettes would ridicule him. The criticisms would be merciless. And that he could not bear the thought of. He could think of nothing but the humiliation. His first public trial—and a *débâcle!* He forgot now that he had written divinely since. But so would the critics. One's public efforts were considered representative. He even began to doubt that he had any talent at all. Wearily and in a high fever, he came home, he knew not how, and crept up to bed.

Deep sleep was his only salvation. Sweet and delicious, like the nectar of oblivion, it came whenever he summoned. But in the morning he rose just as dispirited as before. Dark patches encircled his puffed eyes and from them shone a febrile glitter. He was moody and silent in the presence of the family. The change from his usual playful good-humor was inexplicable to them. The polite demonstration of the night before had flattered their partial judgment of his genius. They did not even suspect what he clearly saw, what gnawed at him like a canker. He tried to smile. But the upturned corners of his mouth curled bitterly.

After breakfast he slouched off to his study. There the papers were brought him. His suspicions were confirmed. One after another he read and reread them with palpitating heart. With pitying condescension, one critic remarked that "for a rich man's son, it was a fair endeavor." Another fumed at the power and influence which made officialdom shut its eyes to such "half-baked stuff." A third—*Saphir's Schnellpost*—was the most contemptuous of

all. "This has in no way enhanced the greatly overrated reputation of Herr Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. Let him return seriously to his studies, and think of composition as a serious profession." In it he could detect the hand of a talented music student who had often frequented the house.

The journal dropped from his hands. He was morbidly sensitive to criticism from all but a few devoted friends. Even then it was at the risk of strained relationship. The hurt of it was that he agreed with the cruel condemnation of this outstripped work. But had they not gone too far in condemning his talent entirely? Had he not proven that he could write well, excellently well? He felt this was scurvy treatment from a friend who knew his real ability as a composer. His teeth gritted with indignation. His temperature rose. He felt himself humiliated, he who had never known anything but praise and kindly direction. Humiliated.... The world seemed black and empty.... He wanted to flee from himself. Berlin became repugnant all at once. Friends!... Bah, it was seldom that enemies crucified you; friends were more interested! He paced the room with mounting fever and searchingly took inventory of his gifts. Was he truly, as they said, such a dilettante, a sheltered mediocrity? Was even *Camacho* worthy of such revilement? Thunderously, he told himself, No! The *Midsummer Night's Dream Overture* refuted everything they had had to say. He loved music more than anything in life, as some men loved horses, books, opium, women. Parts of the *Midsummer Night's Dream Overture* filtered into his mind. It took him off to that rapturous spirit-world that always lived with him. Compared with the dream-life of such hidden beauty, the barking of dogs was beneath notice. Did they think he could be intimidated? Despite a disastrous maiden voyage he was resolved to be a composer and, that, one of the greatest.

The foredoomed death of a young friend at this time greatly added to the nervous strain he was undergoing. He became despondent. At the bedside of the departing one he sat down and wrote a sad dirge. It closed in major to signify release of the spirit. How he wished his own could follow it! The year, with his university classes, composition, preparation of *Camacho* and

the many other demands made on him, had subjected his emotions to arduous extremes. His parents, seeing him on the verge of illness or collapse, sent him to the estate of a friend at Sakrow.

A month later, his fundamentally happy and energetic disposition reasserted itself miraculously. *Camacho* had faded into an ugly dream. But in a charming song, subsequently drafted into one of his quartets, he reminisced resignedly over the regretted past: *"Ist es wahr?"*

. . . . . .

With his host's son, Rietz and another young man, he ventured on a tour of the Hartz Mountains. The progeny of an exclusive banker and with more than a tendency to haughtiness himself, he surprised every one by the easy familiarity with which he fell into the rough life. Their quarters were lowly inns; their sleeping partners carriers, peasants, tramps; their luxurious beds (when fortunate enough to obtain them) bare benches!

"We were conducted up a narrow staircase to our rooms, all the four walls of which are garnished with benches. In a corner stands mine host's bed, in which none of us will sleep, perhaps from generosity; in another corner are three gigantic piles of dough for bread and cake. The landlady makes us swear by our beards not to touch them. (We have not shaved since Berlin, and Magnus is wonderful.) At the door hangs a hog's bladder, *summa summarum,* a perfect drawing room."

Village lasses were drawn to the windows to see the young dudes, pilgrim-staff in hand, marching jauntily through the streets with an escort of ragged, yelping urchins at their heels. Comic mishaps attended them all the way. Setting out to ascend the Brocken one bright afternoon, the guide drank their health at every halt, led them in a circle until night descended and the heavens opened with torrents of rain. At the end they found themselves in a deep forest, half an hour from the starting point and an hour and a half from the summit! But it was all part of the jolly holiday.

The simple existence was temporarily abandoned for hotel life at Baden-Baden. Surrounded by distinguished people, Felix was tempted by the grand piano and a charming Frenchwoman

who had taken possession of it. "I live here somewhat after the fashion of the late Tantalus, a mass of ideas are in my head, which I long to play to myself." The Frenchwoman was gently persuaded to preëmpt her perch at the instrument in favor of the young traveler. An impromptu concert was arranged. But its success was under a cloud of abuse from the *entrepreneur* of the gaming tables. "Many people," he shrieked, "have been enticed away from the roulette. And that is against my contract." Next day, the piano was removed. The enraged man tore his hair wildly when a second instrument was discovered and put to use in another room. A fine party was soon under way, and Felix extemporized exhaustlessly. "Some old ladies shed tears of melancholy, and Heydemann comforted and touched them in turns, saying much of the tears of melancholy and melancholy of tears. Magnus preferred talking to the young ladies, and I listened to the wise words which Benjamin Constant—kept to himself; for he did not speak the whole evening."

The tour resumed, another stop was made at Frankfort. The director of the Caecilia Society insisted on the young wayfarers staying at his beautiful home overlooking the Main. Special invitations were issued in Felix's honor, as on his previous visit, and he played arrangements of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* and a quartet still unwritten.

He called on Hiller in shiny top hat and smart attire, a dandy of dandies. He had so far forgotten the vexations of *Camacho* that he was able to burlesque whole dialogues between the principals involved in it. Mimicking Spontini's conducting, he seized his cane like a club and buried his nose in an invisible score, all the while shouting and stamping with his feet.

Hiller decided to accompany the party as far as Bingen, but the laughter and viands proved too irresistible. He remained until they got out at Horchheim, and had his own little adventures trying to reach home on a flattened purse.

In October, his companions having been called back to Berlin, Felix was still at Horchheim, his uncle Joseph's estate. A letter to the family, explaining the postponement of his homeward journey, revealed the true purport of the trip: "Pardon, my dear parents, that to-day again you receive a letter instead of myself.

I shall stay away a few days longer, but then to compensate for the delay, I shall see all the beautiful things and gather all the useful and agreeable experiences I could but dream of. In your last letter, dear mother, you say that 'when traveling one ought to see all that is worth seeing,' and you, dear father, write that 'I should make the best use of my senses and good luck.'

"I have made use of my senses to find everything here delightful and charming, and will make use of my good luck to enjoy all the good gifts it offers me.

"... Last night I was about to start, when of a sudden the clouds left the hills, the mist fell, the moon rose, and the news arrived that on the right bank of the Rhine, down the whole way from Horchheim to Ehrenbreitstein, the vintage would begin. And now Uncle Joseph interfered. He gave me a glowing description of all the beauties and pleasures of a vintage. Would I stay and cheer him and Aunty, he would himself take me back to Berlin. Really, you must pardon me, it is all too beautiful!"

The St. Mathew Passion— An Actor and a Jew

XII

HE returned from his travels bronzed by the sun, and with that peculiar moist sparkle of the eyes which always indicated a buoyant mood. But underneath his seeming joviality remained a livid wound, the shock to personal pride. Klingemann, who had unwittingly precipitated the whole humiliating adventure, had been transferred to London, thus escaping the triumphant glances of the malevolent. But for Felix the task was far more difficult. He settled down to ponder his puzzling position. Should he take flight, too, and be done with the finger-pointing his harassed nerves led him to expect on all sides, or should he plant his standard firmly in the ground and answer insolence with contumely? His high-strung nature multiplied the shame of what he termed his "sin," and life abroad seemed eminently desirable. He would go to London and, side by side with Klingemann, expiate the disgrace. After a few days, this romantically appealing plan showed its shortcomings. In a little while he would be eligible for his year of compulsory military service. Flight under this double cloud of suspicion would mark him as traitor to both art and country. No, after reflection, he saw that he could not do that. The imputation of cowardice negatived all the sweetness of exiled martyrdom, and he would make of himself an example of how not to act under trying circumstances. He resolved to remain and brave the unknown dangers.

His fears were greatly exaggerated. Few people spoke of

Camacho as a failure; most spoke of it not at all. Only the opera musicians, who for some reason took exception to his superior talents, position and manners were uncivil. They resented his directions in conducting and openly mocked the well-known lisp and the manner in which he half-closed his eyes. With them he quarreled bitterly at times, and struck off many from his lists for the Sunday concerts. These occurrences made him regret that he had remained after all. His plan seemed in need of another shuffle. The dislike for Berlin, always a viable thing, made him think of retirement!

Retirement at eighteen, when surrounded by exuberant friends, can be, at best, but a schoolboy's pose. But Mendelssohn, piqued, could carry things to extremes. He determined on writing for the church. The wave in favor of the Roman Catholic Emancipation movement, nurtured in Ireland and carrying its repercussions across the Channel to the continent, made this a judicious decision.

Between classes at the University, he found pen and paper waiting for him at the home of a charming unnamed lady who lived near-by. There, while nibbling on delicious cakes, he quickly wrote down the music accumulating in his mind during dull lectures. It was an ingenious arrangement, one that only a time-thrifty Mendelssohn could devise. He came home with his neatly-copied lectures under one arm, and the scores of his ecclesiastical compositions under the other.

The walk to Leipziger Strasse was the most diverting part of the day's activities. Usually he was accompanied by two divinity students, Droysen and Schubring, young men of his own age, who looked to him as their natural leader. Droysen dexterously improvised jingles as they tramped home in carefree student fashion, but Felix frequently interrupted with questions on Catholicism. His mind seemed to dwell on the subject even when, halting for a game of billiards in an out-of-the-way *stube*, the talk around them was less saintly.

Droysen was astonished by such questions from his friend who, though not steadily churchgoing, was, nevertheless, a Protestant. He nudged Schubring, "I'm afraid Felix is going to turn," he said worriedly. "One hears of many new converts each day.

Can we do nothing to prevent him?" Schubring puffed on his student-pipe thoughtfully. "Perhaps we can find a way," he answered slowly.

Schubring, in the interest of Protestantism, found a way, simple but clever. One day he took Felix aside. "Bach," he said complainingly, "has always seemed to me like a dry mathematical exercise; arid wastes of lengthy fugues and canons and other such obscure contrapuntal formulæ."

"Bach dry? Mathematical?" Mendelssohn drew himself up indignantly. One who slighted the Master, slighted him. "Why, you cannot very well know Bach, if you say so."

"I am willing to learn."

"Then learn you shall, and that with love."

That was Schubring's way. Mendelssohn had walked so unsuspectingly into the trap, that he was frightened by its success. He told Droysen: "If Felix has any tendency towards Catholicism, his love for the music of Bach, the Arch-Protestant, will check it instantly."

They watched cautiously. Within a fortnight Felix had arranged for a choir of sixteen voices, the original size of Bach's choir, to come to the house on Saturday evenings. They rehearsed the *St. Mathew Passion* with great thoroughness, and Felix, who had long known the work by heart, directed. Thereafter very little was heard of Roman Catholicism, but a great deal more was to be heard of Bach.

. . . . . .

In the midst of his so-called retirement, Felix was surprised to find himself popular with the academicians. A tercentenary festival in honor of Dürer was being planned by the Berlin Academy of Fine Arts. Its director, the great sculptor, Schadow, broached the subject of a cantata, the words of which had already been written. Felix was not enchanted with the idea. Commissioned works circumscribed the muse, and usually mild milk-and-water stuff resulted. He would have declined the offer but for the prodding of his father. "You cannot lightly cast aside such an honor," he remonstrated with him. "It is too great a privilege. The eyes of the nation will be fixed upon you."

He yielded in this, as in almost everything, to his father's wish. Six weeks were left to compose the fifteen numbers of the piece: choruses, soli, recitatives, accompaniment, all to last an hour and a quarter. The music displeased him, and he vowed to burn it up directly the performance was over. But as the chorus of the Sing Akademie constantly improved in rehearsal, he took heart. At the gala celebration, it was more than splendidly received. Fanny enthused over the success, and shrewdly noted the effect it had in changing her brother's attitude toward the outside world.

"I do not recall ever passing more agreeable hours," she wrote a friend. "The solemnity was finished by three o'clock, and at four a dinner for about two hundred persons, mostly artists, scholars, and high government officials, was served. We were guests of Schadow, who presided at the table. Felix was honored and courted by people of distinction, known and unknown. Toward the end of the meal, Zelter and Schadow took him by the hand, and the latter, in a little speech, solemnly proclaimed him an honored member of the Artists' Association, and presented the diploma. At the same time, his health was proposed and spiritedly cheered all around. Yesterday, the whole day was taken up by visits of congratulation. What rejoices me most is that he himself is so pleased, and shows himself more susceptible than hitherto, of the honors he received. I assure you he is more excellent and more amiable from day to day; and this is not sisterly affection, but an impartial judgment."

With the Dürer Festival, Felix was, for the time being, reconciled to Berlin. The summons to enter the army did not come, and there was general rejoicing at Leipziger Strasse. But it vexed Felix that the adventures of soldiering were to be denied him. An expert horseman, he pictured himself surveying the field on his mount, commanding countless troops to vanquish the imaginary enemy. Vigorous life had a strange fascination for one so sensitive to a harsh word. But the thought of marching in the cold made him satisfied with his lot. Proficient as he was in all forms of sports, ideal weather for ice-skating kept him indoors shivering as though with ague. "A soldier I would be..." he hummed, laughing at himself, and returned to his composing.

He began to feel restless. The old desire to travel flamed up with renewed vigor. Now he could absent himself from Berlin without arousing the most gossiping tongue as to his motives. The thought pleased him that he had remained and conquered. But Klingemann and Moscheles were in London, writing fascinating letters of English life. They beseeched him to come over for a visit. Too, Sir George Smart, an English musician, had spent some days with the family, and had promised an enthusiastic reception, should he come to England. "As one of the directors of the London Philharmonic," the Englishman said warmly, excited to admiration, "I assure you, your *début* will be made under the most proper auspices."

Every son of parents in easy circumstances made the grand tour before settling down to the serious business of life. Why not he? His father was surprisingly amenable to the idea. "Traveling will do you good," the banker said. "It will be an opportunity to make your talents known in different lands, and give you the independence you sadly need."

Felix smiled indulgently. "The old independence come to life again. Shall I never be rid of it?"

It was agreed that a year should elapse before the journey started. He bided his time by reading the "Wander Years of Wilhelm Meister," so piquantly described in Goethe's masterpiece. From "Wilhelm Meister" he turned to Goethe's poem, "Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage." The words seemed to have an especial, intimate meaning for him. Among his note-books he found a few sketches, written four years before when marveling at his first sight of the sea. "Sometimes it lies as smooth as a mirror . . . sometimes it is so wild and furious. . . ."

He had long thought of portraying these two moods in an overture, of holding the mirror up to nature, so to speak. He could not keep himself from the task, for, besides writing a composition, it gave the anticipatory thrill of embarking on his travels. Fanny was certain that it would be a great piece.

The whole winter, keyed up with the prospect of his approaching journey, he wrote with undiminishing energy. For Fanny's album, as a birthday present, he wrote a new *genre* of piano piece, the first of a long and popular series. He called it *Songs*

Without Words. For the Sing Akademie, he completed an *Antiphona et Responsorium* for four choruses. Choral pieces gave him the feeling of storming heaven with angels' voices, sprightly and uplifting. His early experiences in concerted singing under Zelter now proved of inestimable value.

Klingemann was consumed with curiosity concerning his friend's frenetic activities. He appealed to Fanny, still the devoted confidante and mentor. She gave him an exulting account. "I have no doubt," she wrote, "that with every new work he makes an advance in clearness and depth. His ideas take, more and more, a fixed direction, and he steadily advances towards the aim he has set himself, and of which he is clearly conscious. I do not know how to define this aim, perhaps because an idea in art cannot altogether be well expressed in words—otherwise poetry would be the only art—perhaps, also, because I can only watch his progress with loving eyes, and not on the wings of thought lead the way and foresee his aim. He has full command over all his talents, and, day by day, enlarges his domain, ruling like a general over all the means of development art can offer."

. . . . . .

During all this time, the Saturday night practices of the select Bach choir had gone steadily forward. The group was proudly conscious of crusading on behalf of a nearly-forgotten composer, and their enjoyment in performing the *Passion* weekly was extreme. The idea spread like wild fire, and in less than a year there was a distinct Bach revival. Schelble, at Frankfort, keeping abreast of Mendelssohn's doings, gave part of the great *B minor Mass* to an enthusiastic audience. The Zurich publisher, Nägeli, began to prepare it for publication, knowing full well that he should lose heavily thereby. Schlesinger was bringing out the *Passion*, and called for subscriptions. Even Spontini, lumbering half a century behind the rest of the world, caught the spark, and produced the second half of the Mass, though squaring his conscience by balancing it with Beethoven's. "The movement is general, the same wind is rustling in all the branches, there is no shutting one's ears to it. The old antiquated phœnix is only wait-

"Die Familie Mendelssohn," Sebastian Hensel

Wilhelm Hensel

Self-portrait

ing for his funeral pyre, and will not be long finding it, for the time is at hand, and we shall live to see great things."

Only Zelter refused to commit himself. Claiming to know the pulse of Berlin likes and dislikes, he thought the movement a temporary flurry that would be completely obliterated by one evening devoted exclusively to Bach. "A few pieces, perhaps, but an entire concert—Never!" he pontificated.

But Eduard Devrient was not of this opinion. A shining luminary at the opera, he could yet sing the part of Christ superbly. He now ardently longed to portray this difficult rôle in public, and spent sleepless nights trying to devise a scheme to bring this about. His thoughts all terminated the same way. "Only with Mendelssohn can this be accomplished." He set off for Leipziger Strasse to sound his friend out. Felix, backed by his family and Marx, thought the idea preposterous and, when pressed, offered to play it on a rattle and a penny-trumpet. "Among ourselves, Eduard," he spoke seriously, for a moment, "it has been a divine privilege, but who am I to budge Berlin out of its time-honored rut? I have no official position here. It would be far too presumptuous on my part."

At the height of all this Bach agitation, Wilhelm Hensel returned to Berlin. The painter's long-planned conquest of Fanny (more correctly, her mother) had survived his five-years' exile in Italy and the dutiful but weary correspondence with Frau Mendelssohn. He could no longer be put off. Obstinate, he set himself the difficult task of conquering the unsympathetic coterie. But he was totally unmusical. He watched the musical goings-on in the house with all the jealousy of a lover, and felt himself quite outside the circle. Felix, sensing the danger of losing his cherished colleague, gave him small encouragement. But Hensel set to work on his portraits, as of old. While the young people played and sang, he sketched them in flattering poses, and made himself a prized recorder of their events. In a few months, his independence assured by the king's patronage, his engagement to Fanny was announced. At the end of January, 1829, the fête was celebrated.

Devrient, with shrewd intuition, saw this happy climax as

an opportunity to bring his plans for the public restoration of Bach to a successful conclusion. Early one morning, bristling with excitement, he called at the Mendelssohn home. He inquired for Felix. The young composer was still deeply rapt in slumber, but his brother, Paul, volunteered to wake him. Together they entered the bedroom. "There is no use calling to him," Paul smiled; "his is the sleep of the dead. The operation is performed thus." Seizing the inert form under the arms, he pulled Felix up into a sitting position and shook brusquely. "Wake up, Felix, it is eight o'clock," he shouted into his ear. "Wake up!" The eyelids fluttered dreamily, and the slumberer murmured incoherently, "Oh! leave off.... I always said so... it's all nonsense." But Paul continued to shake until he was satisfied that Felix was awakened. Then he let him fall back on the pillow. After another interval, Felix opened his eyes wide.

"Why, Ed-e-uard," he stretched the name affectionately, "where do you come from?"

"I have something very important to say. Are you really awake?"

"I suppose so."

Paul led the impatient caller into the adjoining study, where Felix's breakfast was already neatly laid out on the white writing-table. Coffee bubbled pleasantly on a little stove. In a trice, Felix joined them, and sat down to his sizable meal with apparent relish.

Devrient cleared his throat importantly. "Just continue eating," he said, "and don't interrupt too often while I talk."

Felix appraised the singer mischievously. "Cotton market flat to-day?" he countered.

"None of your jokes, Herr Komponist. I came to inform you that during the night, I determined the *Passion* shall have a public performance in the course of the next few months. And that before your proposed trip to England!"

"Ha! And who is going to conduct, O royal singer?"

"You!"

"The deuce I am! My share in it will be..."

"I know. A solo on a rattle. But I am very serious now. I've worked out a plan."

"Upon my word, the man has become solemn. Do let us hear."

"Felix, through our Saturday night rehearsals of the *Passion,* we have come to the conclusion that it is the greatest and most awe-inspiring of all German musical works. It, therefore, devolves upon us, in conscience bound, to restore it to the world for the public's edification."

Felix ruminated silently, cup in air.

"No living man but you," Devrient continued, finding his quarry falling into a vulnerable mood, "no living man but you can succeed in the task, and for this reason it is your duty to undertake it."

"If I were certain of carrying it through," Felix caught fire, "I would!"

"You need have no apprehensions about organizing the affair yourself. Both Zelter and the Sing Akademie owe me some return for my many years' coöperation at their concerts. I shall now ask for my reward. Zelter must give the use of the hall for the concert, and persuade the society to sing in the choruses."

"They cannot refuse you that."

"Now, if you do not spurn me as a partner, the success of the venture is assured. You shall be the sole musical director; I, the business manager and the 'Christ.' By devoting the proceeds to some worthy charity, even the cavilers must acquiesce."

Felix looked thoughtful. "What pleases me most about this undertaking, Eduard," he said deliberately, "is that we are to do it together. But—Zelter will never give his assent. Of that I am certain. He has never been able to bring about a performance of the work and, naturally, believes it cannot be done."

"If he demurs, I shall appeal directly to the Sing Akademie."

"No, no, I will not sanction anything in opposition to old Zelter. That is out of the question."

"It won't come to that," Devrient said stoutly. "Then it is agreed?"

"Yes,"

Arm in arm, the elated conspirators marched into the dining-room where the rest of the family were seated at table. The scheme was disclosed breathlessly. Ardor carried the day.

"What a memorial you shall leave behind, my son," Frau

Mendelssohn beamed. Fanny was ecstatic, and clung to her brother, tenderly.

"*Ja, aber Zelter . . . ?*" the elder Mendelssohn expressed his doubts.

"We will take care of Zelter!" they shouted.

. . . . . .

No time was lost in seeking out Zelter in his rooms on the ground-floor of the Academy. At the very threshold, Felix quailed. "If he becomes abusive, I shall leave," he said frightenedly. "I cannot squabble with him."

"He is sure to be abusive," the budding impresario replied, "but I shall take the squabbling in hand myself."

Almost hidden beneath a heavy cloud of smoke, the old lion sat at his ancient instrument with its double row of keys, churchwarden in his mouth. "Na!" he clucked his tongue kindly. "Two such fine young men at this early hour. What can they want with old Zelter?" He rose heavily, and led the now quaking self-appointed Committee for the Restoration of Bach to a corner where there were chairs and a sofa.

Devrient began his carefully rehearsed speech immediately. He touched on the enthusiasm of the young choristers for Bach, gracefully acknowledging their debt to Zelter himself, who gave them their first intimation of the Master's greatness! "We have further studied the *Passion* under Mendelssohn," he gathered courage as he went along, "and now feel impelled to present it publicly. With your permission, we wish to ask the coöperation of the Academy."

"Under present-day conditions," Zelter snorted, "this is no small matter." With bellowed emphasis, he dilated on the difficulties to be encountered, and declared the prospects quite hopeless. "Do you realize that if Bach's *Passions* contained no overwhelming obstacles, all four of them would have been given ere this?" He became excited and paced the room.

Felix pulled at Devrient's sleeve, signaling that nothing more could be done. But the singer was not to be put down. He brought out new arguments and repeated old ones, each of which Zelter

greeted with outspoken abuse. The tugs at the sleeve became more insistent. Finally Felix retreated to the door.

"That one should have the patience to listen to this rubbish!" the opinionated old man exploded. "Be assured that far more important individuals have had to renounce this idea. Do you then think that *zwei rotznasen* will be able to succeed?"

Felix looked pale and wounded, and already turned the handle of the door.

Devrient dismissed the volcanic derision with a laugh, and recommenced his onslaughts. "Young blood can surmount all obstacles," he concluded. "The honor will be as much yours as ours if your two pupils succeed."

At last, wearied by the singer's unflagging arguments, Zelter relented. "Well, I will put in a good word for you at the proper time," he growled. "Good luck to you."

In the hall the two conquerors danced for joy.

"We have won!" Devrient crowed.

"But listen," Felix said admiringly, "do you know that you are a regular rascal, an arch-Jesuit?"

"Anything you like for the honor of Sebastian Bach!" was the exultant rejoinder.

The officers of the Academy declined giving the hall on a percentage basis. It was stipulated that in lieu of this, fifty thaler should be paid for the rental. A fact which they later had cause to regret. The choir was transferred from Leipziger Strasse to the hall itself, and from sixteen reached the total of four hundred in a few weeks. The enthusiasm exceeded their wildest dreams. After the first advertisement all of the tickets were quickly sold, and a thousand more clamored in vain for the privilege of attending.

The soloists, singers from the opera, were invited to contribute their services. Felix and Devrient, dressed alike in blue jackets, white waistcoats, and black trousers, called on them for this purpose. Only the fashionable yellow chamois gloves were wanting to complete the elegant attire. Devrient had purchased a pair for himself, but Felix's pocket money having run out, he stared wistfully at the other's acquisition. They were so tempting and necessary! On the eve of immortalizing himself by giving one

of the most epoch-making performances in musical history, Felix Mendelssohn borrowed a thaler from his business partner so that he might indulge himself in a sartorial trifle! But the impulsive act only secured for the surprised Devrient a scolding from Felix's mother. "One ought not to assist young people in their extravagances," she said disapprovingly.

Felix's head was in the clouds. Impressed by the gorgeous Bach uniform, Mendelssohn's dignified bowing and Devrient's mellifluous persuasion, the soloists could not but cordially consent. The pair strutted through the streets of Berlin like two peacocks, enchanted with their dazzling appearance. They spoke of the strange coincidence of the *Passion* reappearing, as closely as they could figure, a hundred years after its last possible performance.

"To think," said Felix, jubilantly, stopping abruptly in the middle of the Opern Platz, "to think that it should be an actor and a Jew that give back to the people this greatest of Christian works!"

It was the only time that Devrient heard from his lips any reference to his Jewish origin.

The performance took place on March 11, 1829, and was followed by a second, on Bach's birthday, March 21. Fanny loyally lent her support by singing in the chorus. She took full measure of the memorable event.

"We were the first in the orchestra. As soon as the doors were opened, the people who had long been waiting outside, rushed into the hall, which was quite full in less than a quarter of an hour. I sat at the corner, where I could see Felix very well, and had gathered the strongest alto voices around me. The choruses were sung with a fire, a striking power, and also with a touching delicacy and softness the like of which I have never heard before, except at the second concert, when they surpassed themselves.

"The room . . . had all the air of a church; the deepest quiet and most solemn devotion permeated the whole, only now and then, involuntary utterances of intense emotion were heard. What is so often erroneously maintained of similar undertakings truly and fully applies to this one, that a peculiar spirit and general higher interest pervaded the concert, that everybody did his duty

to the utmost of his powers, and many did more. Rietz, for instance, who, with the help of his brother and brother-in-law, had undertaken to copy the parts of all the different instruments, refused all pay for himself and the other two. Most singers declined accepting the tickets offered to them, or else paid for them so that for the first concert only six free tickets were issued (of which Spontini had two) and for the second, none at all.

"Even before the first concert, the many who had not been able to obtain admission raised a loud cry for a repetition, and the industrial schools petitioned to subscribe. But this time, Spontini was on the alert, and—with the greatest amiability—tried to prevent a second performance. Felix and Devrient, however, took the straightest course, and procured an order from the Crown Prince, who from the beginning had taken a lively interest in the enterprise, and so the concert was repeated on Bach's birthday."

Thus Felix Mendelssohn made his gesture of restitution, a final, imperishable one, to the Berliners for the failure of *Camacho's Wedding*.

London Successes

XIII

BY the capricious irony of circumstance, the gentle undulations of the *Calm Sea* and *Prosperous Voyage Overture,* were strictly confined to musical depicture. Mendelssohn's first sea voyage left him insensible with fainting fits for almost the entire trip. He lay on deck brooding and staring at the billowing sea with sick eyes. Interminable fog, storms and engine trouble put him in a rage with his overture and himself. It was not until three days after putting out from Hamburg that the little steamer haltingly crept up the Thames, between green meadows and smoky towns, to the great spectacle of London. Depressing, weighing loneliness, his constant companion, sped away as on magical wings when he spied the jolly face of Klingemann smiling broadly on the dock. He teetered dizzily off the gang-plank, glad to be rid of the pestilential vessel, and threw himself into the arms of his friend.

Two years had elapsed since they had seen each other, and the reunion was marked by the old warmth of unrestrained affection. They besieged one another with innumerable questions, both often speaking at the same time, and laughing breathlessly at their impatience and excitement, scarcely giving heed to the incoherent replies.

"I say, Felix," Klingemann gasped, as he saw the customs examiner scrutinizing huge quantities of manuscripts taken from the arrival's portmanteau, "you will flood all England with your music."

"That wouldn't displease me." After a moment, during which a look of annoyance passed over his drawn face, Felix added, "No matter how difficult, that would be simpler than inundating dear Berlin."

"Come now, you have no cause to complain. Fanny wrote me how you rocked Berlin to its foundations with the *Passion,*" Klingemann said placatingly. "I say, I always knew you had it in you."

"At the expense of becoming anathema to the musicians," was the murmured reply.

"The path of the great is never strewn with roses. Now, no unpleasant reminiscences.... But really, I never saw so much music at one time!"

Infected with the other's exuberance, Mendelssohn became more genial. "Yes," he said, "it is quite a bit. Moscheles insisted that I bring my cantata *Hora Est* and the *Dream Overture.* So I was generous, and brought a great deal more. But I have also almost as many letters of introduction!"

"The thoughtful Herr Stadtrath. Always an eye to nicety of detail, eh, Felix? Moscheles has followed his directions. He has retained very comfortable rooms for you with a simple German family. Your future landlord, Mr. Heinke, was the very man sent to fetch the doctor before Weber died. Sir George Smart, with whom he was then residing, lived but a few doors from the corner, where Heinke's is—103 Great Portland Street."

"Poor Weber! How well I recall his wasted appearance before he left for England. He jestingly told some one that he was 'going to London to die'—a wit even unto death. He came to our house often, and sometimes played us entire numbers from his still unfinished *Oberon,* singing in a tired, thread-like voice, that even then was capable of moments of wildest passion. *Oberon* killed him. But he was a fatalist! A few years, or a few months, what did it matter?... Fortunate was Smart to have had such a man die in his house.... Do you know his last waltz—*Invitation to the Dance?* A little drama of gallantry, the gallantry of love. I play it often. The lover reminds me of Weber himself—so tender and considerate of his wife."

A tear gathered in the speaker's eye. He turned away to stare

mechanically at the official, now carefully replacing the precious manuscripts.

Klingemann had listened thoughtfully while his friend reminisced in a voice charged with quivering emotion. "He is overfatigued, poor lad," he mused. "But how like him to give vent to his feelings, no matter how inappropriate the surroundings." Aloud, he said, partly from anxiety, partly from the desire to lighten the conversation, "Heinke you will find a plain but excellent man. No gloom about him. He will make himself scarce. Happily, he does not ply his trade of iron-monger too close to home or you should hear no end of tinkering. But Madame Heinke, ah, there's a lady you will warm to. A real *hausfrau,* amiably fat and fussily neat. Quite a reputation as a cook." With a sidelong glance: "I understand she is *au fait* at making bread and butter pudding and *baumkuchen.* Did I hear you say something?"

"Those are my favorites, as you well know. Moscheles needn't look further. But just at the present moment, famished though I am, I feel I shan't be able to touch a thing."

"Your rooms won't be ready until late afternoon. You will do better to come to my place first."

The customs ordeal over, they entered a cab. Klingemann shouted to the driver, "Bury Street, St. James, and hurry." To Felix he added *sotto voce:* "A phlegmatic lot, these English cabbies. They must be made to feel one's house is enveloped in flames before they will coax their 'Doff-ney' out of a walk."

A dank fog hung over the glistening streets. The horse felt his way cautiously along the wet cobbles, nosing the mist as a frightened charger sniffs the smoke and fire of battle. Mendelssohn's initial, jolting impression of London overwhelmed him with the city's opaqueness, the populous, twisting streets all converging, seemingly, at one corner. Of the buildings, he saw nothing but the ground floors, the upper stories being completely cut off by the thick, curling vapors.

"A single-storied country," he cried, amused. "A population of black boots, manned by great dodging umbrellas, but surefooted as sleep-walkers. A queer kingdom, this England, Karl!"

"Fascinating. At any moment the fog may lift, and then you

will see, not stumps of buildings and men, but quaint, century-old structures with curious eaves, unlike those of other lands; wonderful cathedrals teeming with history, complacent, pot-bellied John Bulls and fair English damsels with fresh, laughing eyes. Those English girls, Felix. Beauties!"

The vehicle halted at Bury Street. The chattering occupants emerged, sending the surprised driver off with a shilling in excess of his tariff. Felix flung himself on Klingemann's bed, determined to secure a few minutes' repose. But the vertigo which had left him on debarking, returned violently. He rose instantly, and asked for paper and quill. "Father and Rebecca accompanied me to Hamburg," he said, by way of explanation, "and are remaining there until word of my arrival reaches them."

"But you have not yet eaten," his host interrupted. "Can you not delay the letter an hour?"

"No, that I can't," Felix replied dutifully. "They are waiting anxiously, and an hour may delay the message by a day."

He sat down to a broad table, and gave a graphic account of his experiences at sea, recollections kept vivid by his present nausea: "My ideas are still incoherent... and I only write this letter to inform you of my safe passage. I will at once write to Berlin, as a post by Rotterdam gets there in four days. I must also go to my lodgings (for here I am still sitting in Klingemann's room). I must find Moscheles, who expects me; I must eat some dinner, not having done so for three days. (Oh, I am so wretched!) I must be shaved, in short, I must be made to look human again."

The letter sealed, he went out with Klingemann to post it, stepping into a near-by coffee-house for refreshment. His appetite became ravenous. While a hearty meal was being prepared, he took up the inevitable *Times*. Turning immediately to the theatrical notes, in true Berlin fashion, he discovered that the first reappearance of Maria Malibran was announced for that very night. Despite fatigue and proffered advice, he decided to go. The piping dinner was consumed with dispatch, and made eloquent amends for the three days' starvation diet on board. "I never knew I could eat so much," he laughed to the young diplomat watching him devour dish after dish.

Back in Bury Street, Klingemann supervised the costume for

entry into the genteel world. "Full dress, black cravat, and gray stockings," he decreed. All were found but the indispensable hose. Karl generously lent his, pleading a state function as excuse for not joining his friend.

In a cab, Mendelssohn set off hurriedly for Great Portland Street, made a cursory examination of his cozy apartment and found it immensely to his taste. Mrs. Heinke was astonished by her lodger's formal elegance on his first call, but his friendly manner quickly reassured her. Taking a key from her plump, calloused hand, he left in a twinkling, this time for King's Theater, where the Italian opera season held forth.

A half guinea procured him a seat in the pit, and still early, he entered. The large house was royally furnished in deep red. Great ladies, resplendent in plumed headdresses and flashing jewels, peeped gracefully through the crimson curtains of the boxes. Heavy odors of rich perfumes and pomades floated about the theater in clashing clouds. All the gentlemen, stolid Englishmen with fresh-trimmed whiskers, the young foreigner noted curiously, sat by themselves in the pit.

The piece was Rossini's *Otello,* which the beautiful Malibran sang with great audacity and realism. With hands and feet, the audience loudly applauded her every movement. They made much of the rest of the cast as well, although Mendelssohn thought Levasseur "a beer-bass," and the tenor "semi-beer."

Malibran completely charmed him. Her seductively sinuous figure was carried with exquisite grace, and her voice, a deep contralto with a soprano range, was rich and moving. It was, perhaps, more the dark, haunting timbre of the lower register and the sapphire brilliance of the soprano than the perfect control and opulence of her tones that electrified her audiences. To-night, she coquetted sweetly with her adoring public, captivating old and young alike with clever embellishments of her own invention. Taking the harp, *a la Pasta,* she sang a whole scene to her own accompaniment, an enchanting stage-Cecilia, heightening her phrases sometimes immoderately, carried away by her own ardent Spanish impulses.

Mendelssohn, sensitive to purity and delicacy of style, thought she exaggerated at times. But the slightly jarring effect

occasionally produced would soon be offset by some vaguely floating passage that returned him to ecstasy. His heart throbbed with sudden wildness, as he thought of the possibility of being loved by such a madcap. But the idea of an *affaire* with an actress, was as far-fetched as it was improper! "Imagine Father receiving the news that his son is pursued by the divine Malibran," he chuckled, little dreaming that his words would one day have more than their mere rhetorical significance.

It was almost one o'clock by the time Desdemona was screamingly dispatched. He had to hold firmly to his seat, for the giddy sensation, recurring intermittently, made the house swing to and fro. Just as the ballet from *Sonnambula* was commencing, he left, and never did a strange bed seem so inviting as that on his first night in England.

In the morning, he drowsily opened his eyes to find Ignaz Moscheles sitting at his bedside, tugging at the coverlet. Moscheles had made an enviable place for himself in London, and knew everybody of importance. For over an hour, he pointed out to the new-comer the best manner of procedure. After Mrs. Heinke's excellent breakfast, served to Felix in bed, they drove off to call on publishers and instrument makers, for the purpose of introduction.

Everywhere, Moscheles made a rapt eulogy of his *protégé's* gifts, and everywhere the impression made by the distinguished pianist's words was potent in its effect. Ideas were exchanged about the latest compositions and methods of piano manufacture in England and on the continent. Addresses were taken. The firm of Clementi promised to send a piano in addition to the one already at Great Portland Street. One house even pledged itself to forward a dumb keyboard for silent practice!

. . . . . .

The letters of introduction opened a world of splendor he had hitherto only dreamed of. Each day there were dinners, balls and river parties of a Watteau-like charm. Mendelssohn was asked everywhere. His manners were pleasing, he played divinely and brought a breath from the world of art without its crass commercialism. Women of all ages were smitten by his romantic

appearance, and the most commonplace remark from him was the signal for a flurry of sighs and ejaculations of wonder. Masculine admiration, the test of drawing-room success, was no less intense. Distinguished middle-aged men pressed forward to be near him. Two of them were once overheard in a heated debate, trying to settle the question: "Did he sneeze before he said that, or did he say that and then sneeze afterwards?" London took him to its heart as it was rarely known to have done before. His table was littered with noble invitations, and for a month he lost himself in a giddy whirl of social pleasures. The brilliant atmosphere of the *haute monde,* with its polished wit and cordiality, found him completely at ease. He felt he had known it all his life—a fairy tale that had waited for him to grow up. The spell was blissful, the fever intoxicating. Never had he seen such splendid houses, such rare paintings, such enchanting women.

The Prussian Embassy was his second home. He dined in state with von Bülow, and there received the bulk of his flattering invitations. A ball at Devonshire House was the climax of the season. His hackney entered the glittering file of carriages that extended all along Piccadilly, between crowds of cheering workmen and their families. Excitement drove him from his coach, and he walked the short distance to the house, with exulting heart and springy steps—one of the privileged! The Duke was affability itself. He rubbed elbows with Wellington and Peel—whispered names that struck him with awe. At the entrance to the ballroom, the magnificence of an Arabian Night's entertainment greeted his dazzled eyes. A gigantic wreath of roses, suspended by invisible wires, appeared to float in the air. Illuminated by a circle of a thousand lights, it gave the eerie illusion of a burning bush. Van Dycks covered the silken walls, and before these, on an estrade, sat the handsome dowagers decked in flashing jewels, watching their charming daughters waltz by in the arms of fair-haired exquisites. Mendelssohn eyed them with a connoisseur's discrimination, and sighed. Unseen by any acquaintances, he wandered to the picture gallery, where he reveled in the Titians and Corregios; to the library, with its rare books on shelves and tables; and finally to the conservatory, where the cool, fragrant air cleared his throbbing head.

At the Marquis of Lansdowne's fête, a few nights later, a similar treat awaited him. Deeply impressed, he wrote to Berlin: "A thousand details I will some day tell you, when I come home. I shall never forget them. That such a magnificence could really exist in our time, I had not believed. These are not parties—they are festivals and celebrations!"

The good folk at Leipziger Strasse were bewildered. They thought society had charmed him into forsaking music entirely. A letter in his father's close script, sternly reminded him of the purpose of his visit. But it was only a phase of his driving curiosity that drew him feverishly to every cup excitement had to offer.

The reminder was unnecessary; his music was far from neglected. It was never too late to play the piano. Often, coming home late from a party, he would sit down to one of his instruments and play away, oblivious to the slumbering neighborhood. There were never complaints against these impromptu early morning musicales—the Britishers slept too well. Rather, during the day, it was he who had cause to complain. Invariably, just as he would sit down to his practicing, the Marylebone Band, a tatterdemalion crew of itinerant musicians, marched down the street to the booming of their most cherished possession—an immense drum. The din drove him into an agony of annoyance. With hands clasped over ears, he would shout to Mrs. Heinke's son: "Henry, send them away. Here is a shilling; but get rid of them. No encores!" The Maryleboners were shrewd enough to come often. But not every day. A bag-pipe performer alternated with them regularly. The house where an unfailing bright shilling could be extorted was plainly marked.

The Moscheleses were exceptionally kind and attentive. He frequently went to their comfortable house in Chester Place to dine and play *à quatre main* with his host. The best English musicians were to be encountered there. Soon he made the acquaintance of Attwood, Horsley, and old Cramer. Along with Sir George Smart, they were directors of the Philharmonic Society. They were anxious to secure him for their concerts. His playing fired them with an enthusiasm that made them hail him as the successor to Weber. "Why, bless me," one of them cried, "an authentic genius come to town. We must have one of those fine

overtures at our society." It thrilled him to find these famous, elderly men, the favorites of royalty, sitting at his feet.

Every day, fascinated, he ventured out to lose himself in the maddening confusion of the city's bustle. "London is the grandest, most complicated monster on the face of the earth. Things roll and whirl around me and carry me along as in a vortex. Could you but once, turning to the right from my lodging, walk down Regent Street and see the bright, wide street with its arcades (alas! to-day it is enveloped in a thick fog), and the shops with letters as big as men, stage-coaches piled up with people, and a row of vehicles outrun by pedestrians, because in one place the smart carriages have obstructed the road. Here a horse prances to a house where a rider has friends. There you see men used as ambulating billboards, on which the most graceful achievements of accomplished cats are advertised. Then there are beggars, negroes, and those fat John Bulls with their slender, beautiful daughters hanging on either arm. Ah! those daughters! However, do not be alarmed, there's no danger in that quarter, neither in Hyde Park, so rich in ladies, where I drove about in fashionable style with Mme. Moscheles, nor in the concerts, nor in the opera. Only at the corners and crossings there is danger, and there, I sometimes say to myself softly, in a well-known voice, 'Take care lest you get run over.' Such a whirl, such a roar!"

Youth, a well-lined purse and a strange country. Fortunate trinity!

. . . . . .

He made his public bow to the Londoners in May. At the first rehearsal, besides the full orchestra, several hundred listeners, mostly ladies, were in attendance. It agitated him to be among so many strangers at one time. He decided to take a stroll in Regent Street to calm himself while a symphony of Mozart was being tried. When he came back to the hall, the orchestra was ready and waiting. He placed himself in the middle of the orchestra, and drew from his coat the baton which he had had specially made (the maker mistook him for an alderman and wanted to ornament it with a crown)! The *concertmeister* introduced him

to the musicians, and explained how the sections were seated, whereupon the players politely rose and exchanged bows with the young stranger. He thought that some were inclined to laugh a bit, because such a small fellow with a stick should take the place of their regular powdered and bewigged conductor.

Only Spohr, and a few others besides Mendelssohn, were exponents of the new style of conducting, called by its deriders "the elegant school." It gave greater significance to the director's gestures, and caused less confusion, since he no longer sat at a piano, nodding to the *concertmeister*, who, in turn, gave the beat to the players by vigorous example, or by standing up and leading with his bow. This divided authority often produced disastrous results, and reduced the conductor to a mere supernumerary.

The Royal Philharmonic players watched the young innovator with curiosity. They saw how eloquently his baton signaled the subtleties of nuance, color and rhythm, and the novelty grew on them. After each movement of his *C minor Symphony*, they stamped and beat upon the backs of their instruments with their bows, while the audience applauded whole-heartedly. It was one of the happiest moments of his life, "for a half hour had transformed all those strangers into friends and acquaintances."

But this demonstration was pale beside the success of the concert itself. Old John Cramer led him to the center of the stage, "like a young lady," and he was received with immense applause. The world of fashion sat alongside its humbler brethren, and demanded repetitions of each movement, which he was loth to give for fear of tiring them. But their greed for the handsome foreigner's music and graceful gestures was insatiable. They remained long after the finale, hoping for more, while he thanked the orchestra and shook hands all around.

More than the others, Fanny, "the Cantor," was delighted by his and Klingemann's accounts of the triumphs. Her hopes for Felix had always been of the highest, and the English public's confirmation of his genius gave her less surprise than satisfaction. She had seen him grow step by step, and no one knew better than she his still unplumbed gifts. Now he had come into his own, abroad, applauded by strangers and succeeding on his own merits.

Reading the fervid reviews in the *Times*, her rejoicing was tinged with regret that he should have been caused any pain in Berlin, among his own people. She felt his absence deeply, and found indescribable pleasure in knowing that Klingemann petted and spoiled him "to exactly the extent that I desire, and as I requested you to." So that he should not think himself neglected or forgotten by the family, she sent him love tokens and his adored Jean Paul's "Flegel Jahre," in which Hensel had drawn portraits of herself and Rebecca as a frontispiece.

"Ah, dear Klingemann, the more you feel and enjoy his presence and the life wherever he goes, the more you can understand how keenly we feel the void; and the more we beg you to write very often, for your letters are food to the hungry, and as it hurts us to hear those slighted whom we love, so we feel invigorated and happy at our beloved one's being fondly judged."

The series of conquests continued uninterruptedly. Five days after his *début* as composer and conductor, Mendelssohn made his initial appearance as pianist, surprising the audience by playing Weber's *Concertstück* from memory. Blasé to most musical feats, the usually unimpressed *Times* thought it worthy of emphasis that Mr. Mendelssohn played "with no music before him."

The concert was not without incident. Coming to the hall early to practice, he found the piano which Clementi had sent, locked. While the porter's boy hastened to Great Portland Street for the key, he fell into a reverie at an old gray instrument on which the fingers of bygone generations had played. Unaware to him, the hall filled gradually until the pealing of Big Ben sharply reminded him that the hour of the concert—two o'clock—had struck.

In the dressing room, he quickly put himself into *grande toilette:* long white trousers, black cravat, blue dress coat and a fashionable, gayly-colored waistcoat, quite the rage in London. "When I mounted the stage and found it quite filled with ladies, who had not been able to obtain seats in the hall, and when I saw the room fuller than it had ever been, so many ladies' bonnets, and the fearful heat, and the unknown instrument, a panic came

over me. And up to the moment when I went on, I felt exceedingly nervous, I think even feverish. But as the gay bonnets gave me a nice reception and applauded when I came in, as they were very attentive and quiet (which with this talkative public is a rare thing) and as I found the instrument very excellent and of a light touch, I lost all timidity, and became quite comfortable. It amused me to see the bonnets agitated at every little cadenza, which, to me and many critics, brought to mind the simile of the wind and the tulip-bed. I noticed that some ladies on the stage were very handsome, and that Sir George, on whom I cast a feeling glance, took a pinch of snuff.

"I was immensely pleased to find that the public here are good to me and like me, and that I owe a great many more acquaintances to my music than to my letters of introduction, which really were powerful and numerous enough—in short, I was very happy on Saturday. At the dinner party, to which I afterwards went, I became intoxicated, but only from the effect of two wondrously beautiful brown eyes, such as the world has never yet seen, or not often. The lady next to me had the said brown eyes, and their name is Louise, and their owner spoke English, and retired at dessert, whereupon I immediately drank a claret, as I had nothing more to see."

A strange request amused him greatly. The governor of Ceylon was in London at that time, arranging for an anniversary celebration of the island's freedom. Wishing to have a festival song written by the composer most prominent in the public eye, he appealed to Mendelssohn. It was the first financial offer he had yet received, but for the sake of his social position, he was forced to decline. But its absurdity struck him as too mad and droll, and kept him chuckling mirthfully for two whole days. He told the story for Rebecca's and Paul's benefit, and signed himself: "Composer to the Island of Ceylon."

. . . . . .

Klingemann urged him to rest, to join him on a tour of Scotland and Wales. "Two such men of the world as we," he argued, "should have no difficulty in interviewing Sir Walter Scott. Per-

haps the old gentleman will invite us to spend a fortnight on his estate."

"That would please Mother," Mendelssohn boyishly replied. "But I've pledged myself for two more concerts, and can't get away until the end of July. You, then, make the arrangements, for I know nothing of the country, and will only be a hindrance."

Appropriately enough, on Midsummer's Night, June 24, the *Midsummer Night's Dream Overture* was presented to the public, and Mendelssohn, "to the dismay of all musicians," played Beethoven's *Concerto in E flat.*

Attwood, who accompanied him to the hall, was particularly anxious about the score to the overture. After it had been played, Mendelssohn gave it into his hands for safekeeping. But the next day the old musician was mortified to discover that he had forgotten it in a hackney coach. Mendelssohn was hardly perturbed. He listened placidly to his distressed colleague's woeful account. "I'll write another copy," he said calmly. "Don't fret yourself." He sat down, and dashed off the score from beginning to end, which, on its completion, did not differ one jot from the orchestra parts.

Strangely, the original, which was long thought to have been destroyed, turned up almost a century later at the Royal Academy, of which Attwood had been a director!

With the final concert, the most sensational event of the season, Mendelssohn took his farewell of London. It was for the benefit of flood sufferers in Silesia, and was prompted by a letter from his Uncle Nathan, his father's younger brother. Felix remembered, when a little boy, Uncle Nathan had lent him eight groschen for the bellows-blower at Reinerz, and would not take it back, saying the organ-playing had given him eight groschen worth of pleasure, but some day, when he earned money by playing, he might give that amount to the poor. Zealously, he now went to work organizing a concert for the Silesians, succeeding in getting gratuitously, *honoris causa,* the services of the orchestra, Mme. Sontag, the Argyl Rooms and Moscheles, who played Felix's double concerto with him. Nobility accepted the patronage, boxes and ante-rooms were filled, and hundreds were turned away. Ladies peeped out from behind the double-basses, one sat on a kettle-drum, and

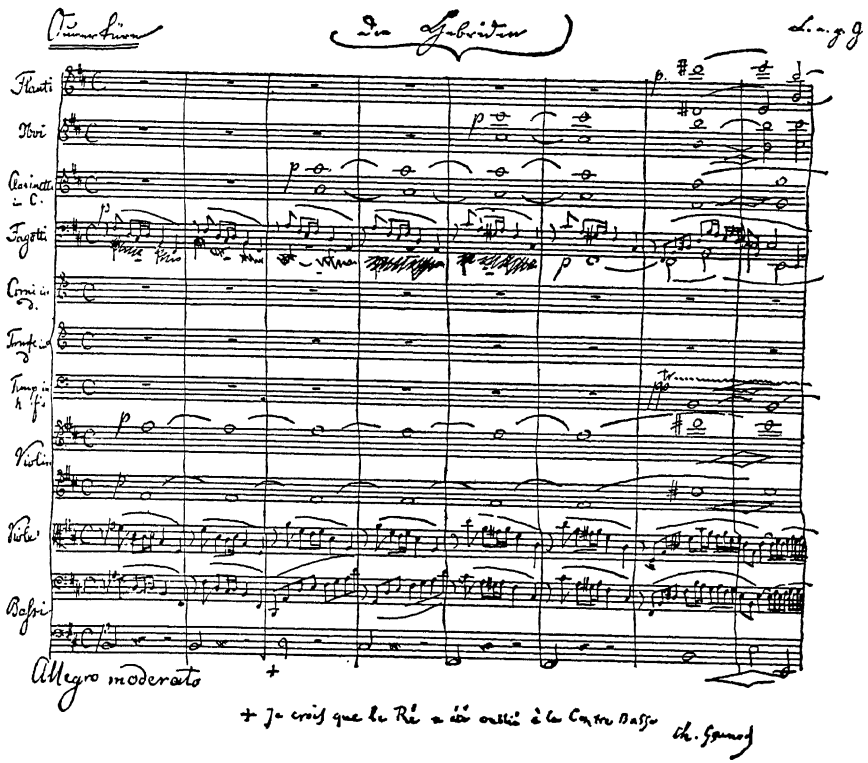
some, who had strayed between the bassoons and French horns, sent to ask him "whether they were likely to hear well!"

The eight groschen debt was paid off with interest, almost three hundred guineas being transmitted by the Prussian Ambassador. As for himself, seeking independence in his career, he had, thus far, made not a single farthing.

An Accident

XIV

THEY set off for Scotland in high feather. Klingemann, by virtue of his longer residence in England and superior knowledge of the language, was spokesman and director of the tour, while Mendelssohn, lugging easel and color-boxes, contented himself with the rôle of spectator and official painter. Together they wrote huge, graphic letters at each halting place, the painter commemorating the pause with a rapid sketch, to which the rhetor added an appropriate stanza.

The history-ridden country affected Mendelssohn profoundly. Arrived at Edinburgh, the first stage, he crossed the Scottish heather to Arthur's Seat, and beheld beneath him the bustle of the gray metropolis; on the other side, the plangorous, Ossianic sea-wildness of the water, immeasurably expansive and dotted with tiny white sails and delicately puffing smoke stacks, the foam-crested waves dashing headlong on craggy islands. "When God Himself takes to panorama painting, it turns out strangely beautiful," he wrote. In romantic evening twilight, he went to Holyrood Palace, where the hapless Mary Stuart had lived and loved. A little room with a winding staircase told the tragic tale. Up this way came Darnley's men to trap Rizzio in the queen's chamber, to drag him out and murder him in a dark corner three rooms off. The Chapel close by, overgrown with grass and ivy, lay desolate and open to the sky—a mute sermon on the swift flight of centuries, the puerility of ambition, of man's treachery to man.

Briefe von Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy an Ignaz und Charlotte Moscheles

First Page of the Original Score of Mendelssohn's Overture to the "Isles of Fingal," given to Moscheles

(On perusing it fifty years later, Gounod made the note appended)

Armed with a letter from one of Sir Walter Scott's most intimate friends, he drove the forty miles to Abbotsford with Klingemann. The author of "Guy Mannering," broken in health with the collapse of his publishing firm, was immersed in a new edition of the novels in a frantic attempt to repay his creditors. He gave them scant attention. Surrounded by his yelping dogs, he was on the point of leaving "the romance in stone." After a half hour's superficial conversation the gaping pilgrims were dismissed. The visit went down on the debit side of the ledger: "We were out of humor with great men, with ourselves, with the world, with everything. It was a bad day."

At Staffa, the painter deserted his canvas for music paper to record the overpowering impression of Fingal's Cave majestically rising out of the sea. Loftily pillared in basalt and of colossal size, it looked like the inside of a gigantic organ for the winds and tumultuous waves to play upon. On the very spot, he wrote the first twenty bars of what was later to be the famous overture of that name, and appended but two lines, for words failed him utterly.

Gratefully, they quitted the Highlands—all whisky, smoke and bad weather—and took refuge at Glasgow. For the first time since leaving Edinburgh, they stared at blue skies, lorded it at an excellent hotel and took their fill of palatable victuals. Amid the maddening noise of a great cotton mill, Mendelssohn's thoughts were of home: the gorgeous flowering garden, his beloved family and friends and a plan of Hensel's, relayed to him by the Cantor, for settling in Italy the following winter.

Since his return from the south Hensel had nurtured a scheme for founding a Prussian Academy at Rome, modeled after the French one. He hoped, with his influence at court, to be appointed its director. Visionary as this dream appeared, it evolved out of his long experience and residence in Italy where he saw all too plainly the privations of his artistic countrymen, reduced to making paltry drawings for publishers of books and pocket almanacs. Salomon-Bartholdy's patronage had created a higher outlet for these indigents, but his recent death had thrust them back into a penurious and aimless existence. Indelible impressions of his own early struggles had made Hensel sympathetic and anxious

to be of assistance to others. He thought now was the propitious time for creating an endowed institution at Rome. Favored by royal patronage, sublimation of the project did not seem beyond his reach.

Mendelssohn fused this extravaganza of the painter with plans of his own. After doing Wales, he would return to London in September for a few weeks before making his reappearance in Berlin in time for Fanny's wedding the following month. Then, resting leisurely, he would start out on the southern portion of his wanderings, and join the bridal pair in Rome. The idea was provocative. This accomplished, he could easily prevail upon the rest of the family to come to him at Easter time! They would all be reunited in Italy, and with them his happiness would be complete. He limned an elaborate picture in his mind's eye. Straighway he penned a tender note to Rebecca, the grave ally of his Greek studies, entering into a conspiracy to spring a *coup d'état* on the parents. With a precious sense of his position in the family, he wrote:

I, by the grace of God, F. M. B., Esquire, will persuade our parents to go to Italy next spring, and pay me a visit at Rome with you, about Easter. I will it, and I believe I shall succeed.... Father has long desired to see Italy, only he could not make up his mind to the troublesome journey, of which Mother is also afraid. Now, when I come home, I shall be the pet of the family, and be able, as you well know, to extort a lot of things. Mother, moreover, will be favorably inclined for Italy, when she knows part of her family is there, and I shall carry the final decision by storm (well knowing my ins and outs). Into the bargain, I am preparing a surprise for all of you, which is likely to gain much credit for me and support my entreaties. As it is still rather vague, I can, therefore, say no more about it, but it will come forth either on father's birthday (December 11), or on the silver wedding—day after Christmas. In my mind I have prepared everything, and it is my fondest desire.

Now, hear what you have got to do towards it:—absolutely nothing. Be silent about it all, as if I had never written to you. Rather change the conversation when it turns on Italy, and above all, do not allow Fanny and Hensel to petition father and mother about it. I will take them by surprise; that is the best chance of success. But try and find out the merits of Hensel's plan—say that I urge him strongly, in this letter.... A golden time we shall have, and a wreath of lovely days. For, come to Italy you will and shall, and then everything will be beau-

tiful. Good-by. Think of Italy. I am full of spirits; and strains of manifold music are humming in my head. To a happy meeting, then! And success to our hopes!

Your brother.

. . . . . .

The two travelers sped away from Glasgow atop the mail coach, past steaming heath and silent lakes, now careening madly along the edge of a ravine, now posting through picturesque towns, their umbrellas often scraping the roofs of houses. At Liverpool, they parted. The Scotch journey was over, and the joint-correspondence came to an abrupt end. Direct opposites by nature, one high-strung and impetuous, the other phlegmatic and yielding, their friendship was even more firmly cemented at the end of a month's hardy scouting of Highlands and Lowlands than at the start. The leave-taking was tearful. Loitering about the streets and exchange, the cemeteries and town hall, they came to the harbor where, aboard the American steamer, *Napoleon,* a fine Broadwood piano was discovered. While the wind mournfully hooted along the framework, the plaintive sound of sea chanteys from sailors on neighboring vessels floated through the open porthole. Homesickness overcame them, and Felix sentimentally played Fanny's *Easter Sonata,* a piece of which he had hitherto only spoken.

They separated at night. Klingemann mounted the London coach in a raging storm, and Mendelssohn returned to the empty room, so merry but a few moments before. The reaction was sharp. All at once, he became dissatisfied with everything. "Bad accommodations, exorbitant bills, my drawing a failure, and other such vexations."

The next day, waiting for his coach, he strolled over to the new Liverpool-Manchester railway line, where two tunnels aroused his curiosity. Conscious that the whole trip was designed to furnish him with new experiences, he obtained the inspector's permission to ride in a truck under the city to the harbor. The truck sped on at an ever-increasing clip, the cold became intense and the draught extinguished the lamps. It was a relief to tried nerves and chilled limbs when he emerged safely at the other end.

For the nonce, his interest in novelty waned perceptibly!

A week later, he was at Llangollen, in the heart of Wales. "Ten thousand devils take all nationality," he ranted. "Now I am in Wales, and, spare me! a harper sits in the hall of every reputed inn, playing incessantly so-called national melodies; that is to say, most infamous, vulgar, out-of-tune trash, with a hurdy-gurdy going at the same time. Scotch bagpipes, Swiss cow-horns, Welsh harps, all playing the Huntsmen's Chorus with hideously improvised variations—then their beautiful singing in the hall!—altogether, their music is beyond conception.... I am going mad, and must leave off writing till later."

The unceasing twanging harps and unabated storms nearly drove him from the country. At Bangor, he thought of escaping to Ireland. But the sight of green-faced passengers disembarking from overdue steamers made him change his mind. At once, he engaged a place in the coach for Coed Du, the country seat of John Taylor, a London acquaintance, and spent the most idyllic weeks of his trip. Taylor was a wealthy mine owner, who had been introduced to him by young Disraeli's Mrs. Austen. Mendelssohn adored the simple pastoral life, and for the first time since leaving Germany, found himself in the bosom of a family. There were sons, three comely daughters and the proverbially spiteful Irish spinster cousins so necessary for the background of an English story—"always whispering, and in short green dresses."

Wherever Mendelssohn went, people sketched; that seemed an inflexible law. The Taylors were no exception. As he was not adept at figures, the eldest Miss Taylor put them into his Scotch landscapes, and he showed the second, the prettiest, how to hold her fingers at the piano! There were gay expeditions to the mines, and every evening, dancing. He taught them to dance the fashionable gallopades, and took his turn with the others at playing quadrilles and waltzes. Each morning the girls brought lovely flowers for his lapel, and, but for the quaint archness of their speech, he might have believed himself back in the garden at home. He was requested to set a nosegay of carnations to music for Anne. Her sister, not to be outdone, came up with yellow harebells in her tresses, solemnly assuring him they were trumpets. "Can

you not introduce them into the orchestra?" she asked, wide-eyed. "The other day you said you were in need of new instruments for the orchestra. Are these not lovely?"

"Yes," he replied, in similar vein, "the fairies might play on such trumpets."

He wrote a piece for each, with many arpeggios to indicate the rising scents, and illuminated the manuscripts with flowered designs. Beside these bits, his head was full of serious music which could only be written in the solitude of his own room, away from people. Regretfully, the time had come for saying adieu. He drove off in the evening, looking back at the lights of the house glistening through the bushes, and sighed over a farewell glimpse of the meadows and wood, and the ingratiating brooklet which he had set to music.

. . . . . .

Herr Abraham Mendelssohn had long imagined the English a disputatious race of eccentrics, hard to please. The few Englishmen he had met, crotchety, hard-headed men of business and gout-sufferers like himself, readily substantiated this unfavorable impression. Of an appreciation for music, he conceded them little or nothing. "A nation that has not produced its own composers," he opined, "cannot be said to be musical." But when travelers, returning to Berlin, brought him excited reports of his son's brilliant successes, reports verified by highly gratifying reviews in newspapers and periodicals, he quickly altered his opinion. When he was further informed that London boasted the first orchestra in the world devoted solely to the performance of symphonic music and heard more music in a day than Berlin did in a week, he was astounded. The effect was cumulative. "Such musical people," he was now pleased to say, "must know whereof they speak. Their enthusiastic acceptance of Felix proves that."

He almost became sentimental. Permitting his son to plan a future in which music was to furnish the means for an independent livelihood had always been a struggle between duty and conscience with him. He felt, with a father's providential consideration, that the chosen profession could never yield the affluence which he had attained through business, nor could Felix do

without the little luxuries he had learned to depend on. He had tried threat and entreaty, artifice and compulsion, to little avail. His son's heart's-desire ever remained the same. "To be a composer, to live honorably and well," was all he asked. Since confirmation by others always strengthened belief in his own opinions, the aging banker had wished Felix to earn the commendation of all Berlin, and, gaining that, extended the sphere to foreign countries. Thus, he would allow himself to be overwhelmed and weaned away, as it were, from his better judgment. The day of complete conversion, perhaps, would never come, but the fresh English triumphs were eloquent arguments of persuasion.

In another month, Fanny would be married. The banns had already been read, and with Felix living abroad, he saw the closely-knit family disintegrating and scattered. His heart contracted with fear. He wrote his son an affectionate letter from Holland, whither he had gone on a business trip, asking Felix to join him. The idea of traveling alone to woo independence had somehow lost its savor, he hinted, and Felix would do better by accompanying him through the Netherlands, and then return to Berlin for a protracted stay before setting out again.

Felix was struck with the unwonted note of tenderness. He interpreted his father's change of heart as an indication that he would not be averse to bringing the family to Italy the following winter.

Returned to London, he continued hatching his plot with this fondest of hopes uppermost in mind. All faith centered on the favor-winning surprise that came into being in Glasgow. He now divulged it to his fellow-conspirator, Rebecca. The silver-wedding would be his field of battle, the moment when the parents would be most vulnerable. Then he would strike, aided by Hensel's great scheme—already seen as accomplished—and success perforce would be his.

With the delicious deviltry of an essentially childlike nature, he perfected the extensive arrangements for the anniversary. First, a committee (one of which existed for every whimsical purpose in that strange household) would have to be formed. Fanny, who had always been president and arch-intrigante of all these fantastic delegations, had shown in her last letters a pre-

occupation for a certain (!) family. This partiality was construed as a treasonable act, and the tyrant gleefully deposed her from office, without due parliamentary procedure. But the shameless measure was sure to bring an outcry from the others, and he permitted Fanny to remain in regular membership, enthroning Rebecca as the new leader. Droysen, the poetic divinity student, was elected an honorary member. Klingemann, from afar, would be correspondent and ambassador extraordinary without portfolio.

The committee appointed, he revealed plans for the entertainment itself. Three operettas would comprise the evening's fare. First, his *Soldier's Love,* written years before; then, a new piece which Fanny must compose to a book by her fiancé—"Hensel must write the words, pretty, airy, lovely throughout, very tender and beautiful," he ordered; and finally, a new idyl by himself, *Return from Abroad,* or *Son and Stranger,* to be enacted by a family cast. Hensel, who could not carry a tune, would have a part as well, the composer arranging to have him sing his lines on only one note! "The intervals may be filled up with ices and cakes, allegory, prologue and epilogue." Nothing was omitted. The refreshments would be unusually tempting!

. . . . . .

Instead of going back to Great Portland Street, he had decided to lodge with Klingemann whose society was always soothing to his nerves. Klingemann could aid him in his study of English; also collaborate on the new work. The decision was fortunate, for hardly more than a week after coming back to London the unforeseen occurred. A cabriolet in which he was riding, overturned and fell upon his leg, causing a painful injury to the knee. He was brought to his friend's flat, and put to bed. The swelling grew dangerously. The physicians held out small hope that he would be able to join his father in the tour of Holland, and, worse still, depart in time for his beloved "Cantor's" wedding.

He lay with his enormous knee bandaged, cautioned against getting out of bed. He fumed, and cursed a fate that intervened so awkwardly and so inopportunely to keep him away from her on that happiest of all occasions. But it was inevitable. Postponement was unthinkable! The banns had been read before the accident,

and withdrawing them until some time in the uncertain future would throw a portentous cloud over everything. Berlin table-talk could become zestful with such a juicy tidbit. He saw that the nuptials would have to be solemnized as planned, without him. Philosophically, he resigned himself to the stinging disappointment. Despite high fever, and painful blood-letting, during which he felt all his creative energy trickling drop by drop into the basin, he sat up, and penned a beautiful, felicitous letter, full of brotherly affection and blessings.

Klingemann was constantly at his side, humoring and consoling the patient. When his strength returned, they continued the writing of the anniversary opus, composer and librettist reversing their rôles for one song, Klingemann writing the music and Mendelssohn the words. But all the devotion of many friends could not dispel the alternating moods of melancholy and nostalgia which descended upon him during the tedious recuperation. His mind dwelt on the round tea-table at home, his father's Turkish slippers, the fine little organ in the music-room. He almost wept when he could no longer form a clear picture of the family circle and the numerous friends who gathered at the house on Sundays. To hasten the recovery, he had his traveling cloak and hat hung above the bed so that he could look at them wistfully and know that once they were donned, he would be in Berlin before they were drawn off.

Slowly, painfully, the time dragged into days mechanically calculated by long, thin rushlights placed in the room at twilight, when the fat servant girl brought in his dinner. Then he would look longingly for the dawn once again, so that the attentive friends might soon come to help him pass the day. Each brought the convalescent some favorite delicacy. From Norwood, Attwood's estate, a great hamper arrived, containing a large pheasant hidden beneath a mass of sweet-smelling flowers. Hawes, the musician, appeared with delicious grapes the size of plums, from century-old vines. Sir Lewis Moller, a famous gourmet, came to see him every day, and sent rare, toothsome puddings and jellies when he left. Most touching, was his former landlady's motherly attentions. She sent Mr. Heinke to Bury Street regularly with the

dishes she had observed he liked most—rusk, a toasted, sweetened bread to be dipped in milk; cakes, fish and German soup.

He impatiently awaited the healing of his leg. After Fanny's wedding had passed, he lapsed into a melancholic apathy. He lay on his sofa, staring at the ceiling, noting nothing but the leaden passage of time. Under other circumstances, such comfortable posture during an odd moment would have induced immediate and refreshing sleep. It alarmed him that this could now be done wide awake and content. For the teeming mind of a Mendelssohn, a half hour of idleness, of sitting quietly and thinking not at all, was sufficient to impair his sense of well-being, to tear his conscience with remorse. He dipped into old books of the eighteenth century —Kotzebue, Iffland, Schilling—and thought: "if I did but smoke a long pipe and had a nightcap on my head, I might well, with my crutches in the background, pass for a hearty old uncle taken with the gout."

His father, deeply concerned, was anxious to put aside the cares of pressing business to come to him. But Felix would not allow it. Instead he sent home letters more cheerful in tone.

Early in November, he went for his first drive. The leaves had disappeared from the trees, the picturesque hedges in by-streets were mere bundles of dry fagots; only here and there a few remaining patches of green grass could be seen. Autumn had descended on the city during the six weeks' confinement to his room, but, contrary to his expectations, he felt no sadness at the departed potency of summer. The day was of surpassing loveliness. With the consciousness of returning health, he basked in the invigorating sunshine, casting delighted glances at the busy, colorful shops, the red and brown chimney-pots of the squat houses, and the bustle of people all around. London had become very dear to him, and his thoughts were of the time when he must leave it and the many devoted friends he had made. That time was now not far distant. Taking account of his visit, he realized it had not been in vain.

A week later, at the invitation of Attwood, he went to Norwood. It was on the outskirts of London. Situated on a high hill, it was famous for its bracing air. Here the last odors of convales-

cence quickly disappeared, although he was still forced to use a cane in walking. His host's music cupboard stood in his room, and he rummaged through its contents to find interesting anthems and psalms of old English composers. Together with Klingemann and Attwood's sons and daughters, he startled the villagers by appearing in the midst of a quixotic procession, headed by a plump, milk-white donkey! But his greatest pleasure was in exhibiting portraits of his sisters, and listening to the ejaculations of surprise which greeted them. "Wilhelm could make his fortune here," he observed with an air of practicality that would have pleased his father.

The final fortnight in London turned into a lengthened farewell party. Every evening cronies assembled in his room, often not meeting until quite late. They reminisced over gay times enjoyed together, and discussed, with the sentimental impulses of youth, the probable reunions of the future. "When I came home at night, knowing that I should find them all sitting round the fireplace, I entered my room feeling singularly happy. Sometimes, one feels that some never-to-be-forgotten thing is just going to happen, and such a feeling I had often."

He crossed the Channel on the 29th of November, the white chalk cliffs of Dover appearing ever fainter and fainter, like the fluttering handkerchief of a beloved friend. He was on his way home!

Unknown to him, he was elected to honorary membership by the London Philharmonic Society on that very day.

"Return From Abroad"

XV

POSTING night and day, goaded by a consuming impatience to be with his family, he arrived in Berlin a few days later. The spreading, horizontal branches of the gloomy yews still retained their dark green foliage, but the scenes beneath them had changed. During his absence, Devrient, with his little family, had moved into one of the garden houses; on the other side of the ballroom, the newly married Hensels had taken up their abode. It seemed as if he had been away for years! Herr Mendelssohn had aged perceptibly. His eyesight, never very clear, was growing worse; his bright, imperious eyes had lost their luster.

The happiness of the children, however, was not to be dampened. Fanny, supremely content, sat long hours with her sewing in Hensel's improvised studio, watching him at his painting and color-mixing, an art which she thoroughly understood. But it was in Rebecca that he perceived the transition most of all. From a demure, studious girl, she had blossomed into the flushed, beauteous womanhood of early maturity, a period intensely alive to the charms of masculine society, of which her celebrated brother was undeniably the most graceful ornament!

The admiring circle gave vent to shouts of surprise when the wanderer stepped down from his conveyance with the aid of a stick—a thin figure, bewhiskered *à l'Anglaise,* and pale from much loss of blood. "An Englishman," they cried. "It is not our Felix, but an out and out Englishman!"

He kept up the pose jokingly, speaking nothing but English. Fingers were poked into his ribs to see if it were really Felix. Immediately the old, whimsical, childish attachments were set in gear.

The parents, as yet, knew nothing of the intended surprise. But it was not long before they found out. Felix's lameness prevented him from leaving the house as frequently as he desired, for the many preparations included rehearsals and supervision of lights and stage sets, all on the most minuscule scale. Too late, he turned over the mass of involved detail to Devrient—the news had already leaked out! But the holiday spirit that pervaded the arrangements hardly suffered thereby. He hobbled about the garden like an unhorsed but still active general, looking in at the Hensels for a few moments, then clattering off to Devrient's for brief but frequent conferences.

"Good-day, Leibgäber," he one morning addressed the popular baritone in the idiom of their Jean Paul, while reaching for an enormous rice-cake waiting for him in its customary place. He all but gulped it down whole.

"Good-day, Siebenkäs," Devrient responded with mock gravity.

"Should we not address each other thus simply were we to meet in heaven, Leibgäber?"

"We should, Siebenkäs. Heaven will be a starry pantheon of rice-cake, I have no doubt."

"Un plaisir!"

"Mantius has just been here. He complained that his costume is much too large and . . ."

"I say, that won't do," from Felix, in English. "His small voice might get lost in it."

Devrient did not grasp the humor of the strange language.

"He is well cast as Hermann," he continued. "Only he might make the lapses in his disguise more marked to the aged couple."

"That reminds me. Rebecca shall play Lisbeth; Fanny is to be the overseer's wife. She is not strong enough to take the principal rôle. She already has too many other claims on her at present. I say, marriage plays havoc with people, eh, Leibgäber?"

A tiny wail from the adjoining room reached their ears. The friends burst out laughing. "That demonstrates the appositeness of your remark," Devrient chided.

Felix blushed and tried to conceal his giggling. "She must give you a great deal of *plaisir,*" he offered as reparation.

"Have the musicians been engaged?" Devrient asked delicately. He knew this was a ticklish subject, Felix having had many difficulties with the players before his departure for England. But the question was unavoidable. All managerial responsibilities had been vested in him. It was his duty to see that everything had been arranged for.

At mention of musicians, a look of displeasure crossed Felix's face. He tried in vain to suppress it. But his head began to rock slightly, swaying with the upper part of his body, and the old habit of shifting from foot to foot while excited, brought him intense pain. He exploded bitterly. "Ah! Eduard, when I think of the Berlin musicians, I overflow with gall and wormwood. They are miserable shams with their sentimentality and devotion to art. In England, music is treated as a business. It is measured, paid for, bargained over, and much is truly wanting. There, however calculating and greedy of gain they may be, they are always gentlemen; otherwise, they would not retain their place in good society. This is where our court musicians fail, and there lies the disparity. I have no intention of singing the praises of English musicians, but when they eat an apple-pie, at all events, they do not talk about the abstract nature of a pie, and of the affinities of its constituent crust and apple. They heartily eat it down. May the devil have his due!"

Despite the honest conviction which lay in back of this outburst, Devrient was struck by an incongruous note in the appearance of his friend. The pallor, the scraggly unaccustomed whiskers that surrounded the strongly Semitic face, the almost Biblical anathema, made him think of one of the prophets of old, reminding the pure in heart of their avowed mission. The singer's chin quivered, and his eyes dilated with humor.

"Felix," he said, as a thought occurred to him, "I shouldn't wear my heart out over such nonsense. Why can you not, like

the Venetian, keep a book of vengeance? In it you might enter a debtor and creditor account for offenses, and then dismiss the grievances from your mind. It is a healthy *katharsis.*"

Felix grew even paler. He trembled visibly as he hobbled closer to Devrient, who, only a moment ago, was his affinity, Leibgäber. "What do you mean by that?" he demanded indignantly. "Now, I want to know what you wish me to understand by this?" His attitude had suddenly become belligerent and haughty. When stirred to wrath, he could hardly justify what seemed like censure from even his closest friends.

Devrient was taken aback. He was amazed that his friend would turn on him so savagely. Tact was not the singer's strongest quality, but in his anxiety to deflect Felix's rage, he had heightened it. He stammered, was uncomfortable, and perspired hotly. "Come, Felix," he tried to mollify the youth, on whose bounty he lived at present. "I didn't think you would take my little joke amiss. We have never quarreled before. Let us not do so now. I only meant to divert your mind from unpleasant thoughts. The musicians here have deservedly earned your hatred. Why they should go out of their way to annoy you, is beyond me. Put it down to envy of your great gifts, your position, your ease, your boundless enthusiasm. Most emphatically, they are unjustified in their animadversions." Here he put his arm around Felix and embraced him gently. "You know that musicians thrive on intrigue, and that their worst nature appears inversely in ratio to the kindness shown them. But you have never found me wanting in loyalty. Eh, Siebenkäs?"

During the *apologia,* Felix calmed down perceptibly. He felt remorse at having suspected the motives of his devoted friend, a friend who had been associated with him from his earliest ventures and had proven his worth on innumerable occasions. "Ed-e-uard," he stretched the name in his Berlinese accent, when affectionately disposed, "Edeuard," was all he could say. Devrient knew the episode had completely blown over.

"There will be a general rehearsal in the drawing-room, this afternoon, at four," Felix said, shamefacedly, preparing to go. Then, turning on the threshold, a sudden access of amusement having come over him, he added, with a lift of the eyebrows: "No

one will be there to disturb us. No one but Rahel Varnhagen—the oracle on a tripod!"

. . . . . .

The eve of the *fête* arrived. Rehearsals had come to a satisfactory conclusion. All of the guests had been invited. But, one jarring note threatened the success of the celebration. At the eleventh hour, Devrient was notified to appear at the Crown Prince's for a private concert the following night, the 26th! Felix was upset by the news. It seemed to him another evidence of the Berliner's bad taste. It had been planned spitefully to mar the festivities, he told himself. Nothing could convince him that it was a coincidence.

Felix demanded that the baritone give up the court engagement, since the fête had been previously arranged, losing sight of the fact that royal functions were in line with the singer's duties. He quite lost his head. Not used to being thwarted in any of his ventures, the presentation of the operetta appeared to him the only important thing in the world. Devrient tried to console him with the promise to obtain release, if possible, before the end of the concert. If he did not succeed in this, he could, at any rate, depart from the castle in time for the operetta, after Fanny's piece should have run its course. Felix would not be consoled. His trepidations increased alarmingly. To the terror of the already nettled family, he rattled off incoherent English at a furious pace. Only the severe voice of his father was able to stop the wild avalanche of words. He was ordered to bed, and the deep sleep, that was always his ready and saving antidote, restored him, after twelve hours, to a saner outlook:

The deep swoon of sleep
Is but a vigil
O'er the soul gods keep.

In nocturnal flight
The mind seeks refill
For the morrow's light.

The *Liedertafel, Soldier's Love,* went off smoothly, delighting the many distinguished guests. After Fanny's little piece, to the great relief of Felix and his associates, Devrient came in, breath-

less, but smiling. At the last moment, Graf von Redern, the new opera *intendant,* had prevailed upon the Crown Prince to give the baritone leave that he might appear at the Mendelssohns' celebration.

Return from Abroad now took on added verve. It received a splendid performance. The delicacy of the melodies, their soft grace, humor, and poesy made quite an impression. The score struck the hearers with its fresh dramatic *elan.* The plot was quite simple:

"Hensel and Fanny are an aged couple. Hensel hates music and Fanny hates soldiers, their soldier-son turning these dislikes to lively account when he comes home disguised as a wandering musician. Every moment he forgets his disguise and shows himself in his real character. Then the father dislikes him because of his disguise, and the mother, because of his real character, though both cannot help feeling a real affection for him.

"The watchman, Devrient, profits by the confusion. He, too, is a stranger, and the old couple, expecting their son's return, mistake the watchman for him. Both secretly manage to surprise one another with this son's arrival on the following day, which is the old man's birthday and jubilee as village magistrate. The fellow is a clown, but they make every effort to love him and cut off the real son from any opportunity of courting Rebecca, the neighbor's daughter. They put forward the watchman, who, instead of the soldier, serenades her on his fiddle. In the morning, everything is happily explained."

Of course, Hensel, as was expected, failed in his effort to utter the single note of his part. The look of bewilderment on his face at the moment made every one rock with laughter, the composer, at the piano, guffawing with the noisiest.

A public presentation of the work was soon asked for. But Felix would not consent. "It has only personal significance," he said. "If only out of respect to my parents, I could not permit it." Even when Frau Mendelssohn herself insisted, he refused. The work was too intimate in character, he told her, and, because of the many individualizations, would be misinterpreted. "Furthermore," he explained, "the instrumentation is too thin for a theater."

Devrient held the same opinion, fearing the consequences of this delicate work following upon the ill-fated *Camacho*. Out of deference to Felix's wish, the work was never performed in public during his lifetime. Many years later, it enjoyed quite a vogue, and in England became famous as *Son and Stranger*.

. . . . . .

Dreams that frequently reach a pitch of high feverish accuracy and purpose too often remain but dreams. So it transpired with the "favor-winning" jubilee. Confidently approaching his mother on the Italian project, Felix expected ready acceptance and praise of his delightful plan. Instead, he met with a side of her nature he had learned to know too well in early childhood. She was cold, distant and adamant. "No!" she said with a finality that he would have done well to cultivate.

He was staggered, but appealed again and again.

"Do you think I could easily give up my garden, my many friends?" she replied with the strained tolerance used in answering a child who asks countless impossible questions.

"But all Italy is a garden," he cried, determined on gaining his point. "There you will have many times this."

"Impractical Felix," she laughed exasperatedly. "You have never earned money by your own labors, and cannot think of the great expense involved."

At mention of expense, he knew that further prosecution of the scheme was hopeless. The Mendelssohns had been trained to genuflect before this dangerous enemy. The sound of its tocsin produced automatic submission.

His father had entered the room. Catching the drift of the conversation, he became indignant. "I see, my son," he said pityingly, "that you have still to learn what self-reliance means. Independence (that dreaded word!) can only be gained by flying alone. Remember, an independent artist is the only kind worth being."

Felix hung his head, and tearfully walked from the room. He sought out Hensel. The painter had completely forgotten his lofty plan to found an Academy at Rome. When reminded of it, he replied airily: "Inexpedient at the present time."

Felix locked himself in his room, and burst into tears afresh.

The Anarchic Heine

XVI

THE winter was not slow in passing. While waiting for his leg to heal, he immersed himself in composition. A symphony, *The Reformation,* commemorating the tercentenary of the Augsburg Confessional, shaped itself in his head. Watching him write down the entire score, from top to bottom, in imitation of a gigantic mosaic, fitting in thousands of details, doubling of instruments, solos and rests, bar by bar, his friends were astonished. This was contrary to the usual horizontal method of first writing in the bass and filling in outstanding phrases here and there. The notes advanced upon the blank page in vertical formation, like a strange coptic regiment, with positive certainty and perfection, Too great a mental strain to continue for more than one movement, he lapsed into the orthodox manner of writing in the succeeding ones. But it had been sufficient to demonstrate to the admiring circle the thoroughness with which his mind elaborated on a subject.

The cold was almost insupportable that year. The house, peculiar in construction, and enormous, made heating a difficult and well-nigh vain problem. Leah's sitting-room, because of its great hearth, was fated to be the assembly hall of the ménage. Nightly the inhabitants of the icy garden houses were lured by its warmth, and, perhaps, as well, by the heat of the discussions which centered on the political ferment in Paris, primed to explode the following July. The women sewed or read aloud; Siebenkäs and Leibgäber played chess, when not making music; and Hensel

worked over the pencil portraits, which eventually filled many albums. On a huge chair near the fire, the Herr Stadtrath toasted his toes through the famous Turkish slippers, his tired, smarting eyes closed, in an effort to ward off the blindness that was advancing upon him.

Hensel's views were ultra-conservative. They often clashed with Felix's supposed liberalism, so that the composer, beside himself, shouted out now and again: "Have you no regard for your radical brother-in-law?"

"Mark my words," the painter, looking up from his drawings, would retort just as vehemently, "an anti-oligarchic government can only bring confusion and upheaval. Thousands will be innocently murdered as sacrifice to a mad cause."

"Pooh-pooh, Prussian Imperialism is speaking!"

Then would ensue an exchange of smoldering glances, until the subject invariably bobbed up again.

The anarchic Heine was back in Berlin for a space. This time he fled before every one, avoiding the very salons to which he used to flit seven years before. He was prey to the most abysmal dejection. A double grief—the death of his father and disappointment in failing to receive a professorship at Munich, for which he had transformed his bile into a sugar-wafer (not an unheroic task—his bile being what it was!)—brought his mind to an almost pathological condition. He worked feverishly on the third volume of his "Book of Travels," which was to be even more bitter and devastating than anything his venomous mind had yet contrived to devise, a book that was soon to hustle him out of Germany to save his very skin.

On the rare occasions when he dropped in at the Mendelssohn house, the circle would follow his nervous movements with the same fascination and disdain that one sees a murderer hanged. For a long while, he would not speak at all, permitting that strangely sardonic smile, already famous amongst his followers, to sit upon his handsome face, and twist it into an expression of unsurpassable contempt. His manners were in turn, coarse and exquisite, as if to show that he knew the difference but wanted you to feel his intention was to wound. No one liked him. When he finally spoke, starting in a slight, deliberately monotonous

voice that worked up to a crescendo of hissing, rasping hatred, Herr Mendelssohn threw up his hands in outraged respectability, and looked anxiously to his son.

Heine's poems and radical views were all that Felix could see to admire in the poet. As for the Byronic dress and manners, redolent of affectation, he detested them as thoroughly as Rahel's posturings. But Herr Mendelssohn's stolid "middle mean" pained his son as much as Heine's acting. "It is terrible to think one's father such a conservative," he frequently whispered to the unbridled free-thinker.

Then Heine, his old self again, would pull from his pocket a sheaf of papers, and read something lately written, from "The Baths of Lucca":

"The sun of freedom will warm the world with a more thrilling joy than that which comes from cold aristocratic stars. There will spring up a new race, begotten in the embraces of free choice, and not in the bed of compulsion or under the control of clerical tax-gatherers; and with free birth there will arise in mankind free thoughts and free feelings whereof we poor born slaves have no conception....

"But what is the great question of the age? It is Emancipation! Not merely the emancipation of the Irish, the Greeks, the Frankfort Jews, the West Indian Negroes and other oppressed races, but the emancipation of the whole world—which now tears itself loose from the leading-strings of the privileged class, the aristocracy."

While he read, the lyricist who must turn polemicist looked from the paper before him to the circle of unsympathetic faces. The more they squirmed before his onslaughts, the more his soul expanded and the fiercer became his attacks. Fanny wrinkled her nose; Rebecca laughed into her sewing; Herr Mendelssohn showed his coat-tails to the self-appointed poet of the masses; and Hensel bent closer over his work, his face livid with rage. Only Felix and Devrient thrilled to the passionate justice of the poet's fiery, ringing words.

One night, before he rose to go, Fanny maliciously poked Jean Paul into the conversation, knowing full well how it would provoke Heine. "Eh! What of Jean Paul?" he sneered, thinking

of the success of his own North Sea Poems. "Jean Paul never saw the ocean."

"He had no Uncle Solomon," Fanny replied bitingly.

The poet closed his blue eyes with that delicious languor that seizes one the instant before making a *retort juste,* when an opponent congratulates himself on not having left a single opening: "True," he answered, "he would have been a genius if he had—that is, if he had genius." And in a lowered voice, as if to himself: "You should know my Uncle. It was his niggardliness, not his generosity, that drove me to water."

He felt quite elated with his witty remarks. He stepped springily to the window to survey the sky overhung with innumerable silver lanterns. "Ah, Immortality," he sighed affectedly. "Who named thee? I recall another starlit night, such as this, when a great philosopher undeceived me about Paradise. Hegel still comes here to play cards, eh?" He caught himself from lapsing back into acrimony, grinned conceitedly, and continued in a sober voice: "Hegel, my teacher. We both stood at an open window. Being a young man of two and twenty, and having just eaten well and drunk my coffee, I spoke enthusiastically of the stars, and called them the dwelling-places of the blest. But the master muttered to himself: 'The stars! Hm! Hm! The stars are only a brilliant eruption on the firmament.' 'What?' I cried, 'then there is no blissful spot above, where virtue is rewarded after death?' But he only glared at me with his pale eyes, and answered sneeringly: 'So you want a bonus because you have supported your sick mother and refrained from poisoning your brother?' "

He sat down like a man bereft of his last ideal, staring impassively before him, unseeing and unthinking. For a moment, the true personality of the poet, sans jester's cap and bells, was exposed; the dreamer to whom the intoxication of illusion was the very breath of life. His blue eyes, blazing with flashes of lightning while he spoke, had now dulled. He brushed his forehead with expressive hands, white and dainty as a woman's, in an effort to appease the chronic headaches of which he complained. The hitherto unsympathetic audience went over to him wholeheartedly. "If he would only drop those affectations and high-

flown views," they thought, "he could be the most fascinating man in the world."

But the vizor of the leering, derisive mask had only been raised for a moment, and as "the tearful trifler" stirred, it suddenly fell, shielding the sensitive, lucid eyes from the tortured sight of a chaotic world. "Hegel!" he laughed bitterly, "his obscurantism is all pose and purpose. How else can you explain his friendship for Michael Beer, Meyerbeer's brother, a ninny, a popinjay, an imbecile who thinks he writes poetry, yet whose noblest act was to squander several thousand marks on walking sticks in a single day? I tell you, it flattered Hegel that this coxcomb was unable to understand his discourse!"

The air in the room suddenly became charged with the former antagonism. The listeners stiffened perceptibly.

"I shall be hounded out of the country," the poet hissed, indulging in the pariah's bitter delight of self-torture. "The Fatherland well deserves to lose a Heine; a poet of whom other poets will some day sing!"

After noting the scandalized effect his outburst had produced on the highly-proper Mendelssohn household, he began to whistle an impertinent ditty, sung by his fair companions of the *bordellos*.

He took leave amid outraged silence. No hands were offered him, nor was he bidden to come again. Felix, with confused feelings, watched him depart. The jaunty shoulders seemed to sag, and the whistling sounded hollow and thin as his melancholy seized him again. A strange bond of kinship, an unnamed but unmistakable tie seemed to exist between these two, so different in background and outlook. Yet the young composer dimly sensed that the bond between geniuses must be one of aloofness as well as of understanding, as if each must defend his own little entity; a feeling he was to know again when Schumann came into his life, a few years later.

Just as Mendelssohn found Berlin antipathetic to him, so Heine found all of Germany a wasp's nest, a stifling, choking land of suppressed freedom. To such an one, exile, voluntary or forced, is the only course open. Genius, "like some paradox not yet true," often finds its own cradle a foreign, alien thing. Home, city or country may provoke the profoundest loneliness and nostalgia, pervad-

ing the very being, for some unknown land, for some place the restless spirit seeks as its native setting. Is it that genius itself is the alien thing, the mysterious visitor that makes of the mortal frame housing it a "land of discontent"? Or is its fiber so perversely woven that surcease must be found in other, richer soil? The savor of the unaccustomed has always elicited racy exaltation, and by the logic of unrelated truths, genius is rarely found living, happy and acclaimed, in the place which gave it birth.

Felix Mendelssohn, who exchanged letters with countless mediocre poets from afar in the hope of discovering a worthy opera book, and who put his every friend on the alert to find him one, let Heine go without suspecting that in him was the greatest of possible collaborators life was to dangle before his eyes. O, the irremediable tragedy of lost opportunity! What a libretto the creator of "Romancero" and "Buch der Lieder" might have fashioned! And what a masterpiece of operatic perfection this lyric poet and this lyric musician might have created between them! But the Mendelssohns were too proud and fastidious about the "proper" contacts to encourage an alliance between Felix and the strange, unleashed Heine—and the world lost a jewel thereby! Disdaining to pluck a gem at his side, Mendelssohn, like so many other seekers after perfection, was fated henceforth to pursue distant, ephemeral promises that yielded him nothing. The words of another poet, Hölty, disgruntled by the rejection of a manuscript, were to be prophetic, if a trifle askew: "Mendelssohn will never find a subject that contents him; he is much too acute."

So Heine and Mendelssohn met and parted, each going his own way, empty-handed, to live a parallel of extremes.

Goethe Revisited–
"The Spring of 1775"

XVII

THE University of Berlin had long been casting about for a musician whose eminence equaled that of the bigwigs of its imposing faculty. It wished to create a Chair of Music. For several years, Adolph Marx had managed to keep a loosely-bound class skimming above water as *privat dozent;* but his department was never likely to become more than humdrum and routine. The great institution was anxious to strengthen this weak link by securing a composer of reputation, to whom countless students would flock hysterically, as to its other oracles. An age that could boast a plethora of philosophers had to admit a dearth of musicians. Philosophers may be rated by the incomprehensibility of their dialectic, but musicians must await popular acclaim. Most of the musicians who had been accorded popular acclaim, had died waiting for it! The university, scrutinizing the scant horizon, found itself confronted with a task more difficult than it had believed at the outset. But when Felix Mendelssohn returned from London full of honors and lauded to the skies as the most exemplary living German musician, the directors thought their search had ended. "Here is a young man," said they, "who is the very one we have been looking for. He has genius, social standing, wealth and dignity."

In a body, they called on the man singled out for the high honor which they were willing to confer. They laid their plan before him. But their dismay was great when this only hope, this

youth of twenty-one with comical side-whiskers, placed himself out of reach. Mendelssohn refused point-blank. He was deep in composition, and his dream-filled eyes stared past the august committee, untouched by their presence. Absorbed, he listened to their pleas and reasoning, but politely stood his ground, wishing they would soon go.

"I am not uncognizant of the distinction you are offering me," he replied to them. "Your faculty is indeed illustrious, but I should not add to its glamor, for my heart is not in teaching. It is a task I have always avoided as unsympathetic to my nature. Besides, I shall shortly leave for Italy, and must, therefore, decline the professorship."

The directors appeared crestfallen, and expressed their disappointment. They tried flattery. "There is no other man of your qualifications available." "We must give up the idea altogether."

"That shouldn't be necessary," Mendelssohn smiled meaningly. "The proper person is closer at hand than you suspect!"

Their hopes rose suddenly. Was he hinting that he would yield?

"Who is this person?" they asked, all smiles.

"Marx!"

"Marx! Why—"

"Yes, gentlemen, Marx. He is a musician whose gifts I highly regard. As editor, he has done much to raise the level of music appreciation in Berlin. You cannot be unaware of that. His operas have won a small but fair success, and he is preëminently cut out for teaching."

"Yes, but he has done nothing with the class he already has."

"If I may say, gentlemen, that is the fault of the university. Marx has been kept in a humble position. Make him professor, and the change will come over night."

The committee reflected for a few moments, then decided to ponder the counter-proposal a fortnight.

Felix went to his parents, and related the incident of the morning. "I could not conscientiously accept," he told them. "I know you would not expect me to undertake so uncongenial a task."

"I agree with you, heartily, my son," his mother averred.

"You should have no time for composing. And that must always come first."

"A tempting offer," Herr Mendelssohn groused; "one that might have been looked into more thoroughly. It is a position of distinction; and pays a modest salary. It would go a long way toward assuring you an independent income. I should have counseled you to accept. Can you not learn to think in practical terms?"

Felix looked uncomfortably to his mother. But she remained silent.

"Did you decline definitely?" the banker continued, his voice rising angrily. "Had you no compromise to offer them?"

"Ye-es."

"And that?"

"Marx!"

"Marx?" The echo was choleric. "Of all people, that pompous wind-bag! His dominance of you remains as great as ever. Your artistic conscience! Your trusting guide who can wind you around his little finger! Do you realize that you can never learn to stand on your own feet when you permit people to influence you in every step in life?"

Herr Mendelssohn smote his breast righteously, unconscious of the fact that his reason for wishing to remove Marx's domination of Felix was to safeguard his own.

His son stood pale-lipped but firm. "Marx knows nothing of this," he said doggedly. Further argument was useless. The thing was done. He had followed the honorable dictates of his heart, and he could do no more. To teach students of his own age, or older, the intricacies of theory and counterpoint would mean foregone misery. His lack of success in handling the musicians of Berlin had warned him of that. He had done the next best thing: recommended the man he thought most deserving. Though his father had frowned on the friendship with Marx for years, it had persisted. He saw no reason why he should desert his friend now.

An hour later, Herr Mendelssohn sought out Devrient. He implored him: "You have such influence with Felix, my friend, do try to free him of Marx. People of that kind, who talk so cleverly

and can do nothing (!) act perniciously on productive minds."

Devrient did not share these apprehensions with his host, but he tried to allay his fears. "Felix's approaching journey," he said, "will free him of this undesirable liaison, as you think it to be. Of that I am certain."

The Herr Stadtrath pressed his hand gratefully.

But neither could foresee that Marx, on learning the identity of his sponsor for the coveted professorship, would become even more attached to Felix, and accompany him part way on that very tour, out of gratitude!

. . . . . .

Spring came, and once more the roads were made passable. To the south, the land of Raphael and Tintoretto called, offering delicious and mysterious pleasures. And on the way, there were Goethe, Munich and Vienna!

His leg entirely healed, the continuation of Felix's wanderings could be put off no longer. He was to travel extensively for two years, make his name known in each country visited and decide on the most advantageous place to settle and continue his career. His parents had braced themselves for the possibility that Berlin might be eliminated by this process and his choice fall elsewhere. But the matter had long been debated and settled. The Berlin horizon revealed a bleak aspect, one that hinted at no position for a musician of Felix's distinguished talents to occupy, beyond the purely social, dilettantish niche so unsatisfactory to all of them. The successes of London had proven to them that his rightful due was more glorious than the friendly well-wishing of the admirers who came to their home. If his tour through Germany, Austria, Italy, Switzerland and France yielded nothing better, he could always return to what would wait for him at Berlin.

With no little aching of the heart, he made preparations to be parted from the warm comfort of his idolizing family for a long while. He looked about him for an excuse to tarry a bit further amid the sympathetic surroundings, even though it were in the city which he daily loathed more and more. But the day had been set for the end of March, and in this stoic family, a time once

appointed for an event and lightly put aside, bore the stigma of a deficiency in character. Even Rebecca's sudden illness with measles, the day before the scheduled departure, was not considered weighty enough to delay him an hour. He was kept from her presence to avoid contagion, and told it must make no difference in his traveling plans.

He was overwhelmed with despair and, with the grief of a lover, lamented that without taking leave of Rebecca, he could not start. He went to Devrient's hut at twilight to bid him farewell. A gentle rain fell compassionately, and the two friends crossed the court to walk up and down under the projecting eaves of the ballroom. Felix wept uncontrollably, the blinding tears mingling with the rain pelting on his face.

"I shall never see my sister again," he sobbed. "Who knows what may happen to her while I am gone? Who knows what may happen to me far away? We shall never meet again." His words sounded sinister and foreboding in the deepening gloom.

Devrient was unable to dispel his fears. He put his arm affectionately around Felix. They parted mutely. As he walked off, Felix muttered desperately, "I just cannot leave this way. I cannot leave knowing that Rebecca is sick."

The next morning, Devrient was on the point of going to the main house for a last hurried visit, when he received a note from Felix. It read: "The doctor gives me hope that I shall have the measles in a few days! So do not come to me, or, as Hensel says, *'noli me tangere.'* "

With the characteristic ingenuity and childlike mischief that only Felix could contrive, the day was finally saved for modern weakness of feeling—to the detriment of the harsher measures of the Greeks!

Even convalescence could be a merry romp for one with such a droll and imaginative turn. Friends, always ready to fall in with each puckish mood, were close by in the garden house. The hoped for measles became a reality, and Felix turned confinement with his adored Becky to gay account. It was more than compensation for leaving with a burdened heart. The two invalids thought up all manner of pranks between them, and Fanny was set to work as amanuensis, taking dictation through the keyhole

for Felix's fantastic epistles to all the members of the household.

After begging Devrient for a game of blocks and picture puzzles that he had given the singer's children several years before and, imploring him to send them by bearer in case they were lost (!), he wrote again:

Amongst my daily correspondents in England, Hungary, South America and Provence, why should I not count thee, O royal singer? Though thou be disguised in a thousand forms, yet, charmer, I know it is thou (from Goethe's "Divan" on which you now are probably sleeping); that is to say, I rejoice heartily at your success as Barber, Archangel and Saviour. Few people can boast of such progressiveness, and it has caused a Berlin eye to look askance at you, to-day, in the paper. I have no news to tell you, as my invention is at a standstill. But what is all that about Spring, in your letters? Does Spring consist of waterskins for the heavens and umbrellas for the earth, and are good fires and chattering teeth essential to it? I do not believe in Spring at all. In my condition, what is love, or art, or Spring? Love grows not bitter, my stomach, however, does; love ever flies back, so does my stomachache. I shall do like a revered personage, and hold by the practical, which, in my case, is miserable.

Till here, this letter is to be burnt, or torn up; what follows may remain alive, viz., how glorious is this wide world of God! I have been practicing Cramer's first study with hands crossed; I play the institution of the Supper from the Passion upon a dumb-flute. I loiter about idle, like any Kapellmeister. You ask when will come my Easter? Sunday, my dear fellow, or Monday; but if you think to start before me, you are strongly mistaken. We shall probably exit at different times together. I have nothing rational to say, so will finish, till to-morrow.

Yours,

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

Another equally preposterous letter, he signed, "Fireman, Driver, & Co."

. . . . . .

Until May, he loitered, by which time he was ready to make his second start on the grand tour. No longer able to find excuse for hanging back, he parted warmly from the family and friends, and with his father, left for Dessau, the original seat of the Mendelssohns.

They entered the deserted dwelling of Mendel Dessauer with

mingled emotions. Here the old scribe and teacher had lived in miserable poverty, harassed by debts and a growing family. Here his son, Moses, first learned to list the *aleph beth,* and spent his early, hunch-backed existence poring over religious and philosophical tracts, a mass of erudition and inspirational fire packed into his small misshapen body. The sing-song of old Mendel's pupils must have been paltry music to the ears of the haughty banker who could lend money to governments, and his proud son, the resuscitator of the *St. Mathew Passion,* as they conjured up images of a century before. But they presented no red-faced embarrassment. As they stood before the site of the old dilapidated and twisted synagogue, they reviewed the events that had strangely cut them off from the faith of their ancestors. Perhaps Felix, long inculcated in the Protestant religion, felt no surge of Jewish feeling at all, and merely gazed politely and dutifully upon these hallowed scenes. For him, it was rather in the nature of a pilgrimage the young Hellenes were accustomed to make to Delphi, invoking the blessing of the Oracle of Apollo, before setting out on a journey.

While the banker atavistically allowed his austere reserve to thaw under the impress of emotions more powerful than himself, Felix wandered away with Schubring who had lately returned to his native Dessau as a full-fledged pastor. In the church of St. Mary's, the atmosphere was more familiar and less depressing. The church was empty, but from the walls, the Reformation masterpieces of the two Cranachs, looked down upon them appealingly. Schubring bethought himself of the immense collections of paintings in the Ducal Palace, and obtained permission to view them. Gazing upon the Flemish and Italian masters, the latter of which he was soon to see in endless array, Felix's thoughts turned toward Rome.

In a few days, father and son parted, the older man to retrace his steps to Berlin, and Felix, to Leipzig, on his way to Weimar.

. . . . . .

Goethe seemed unchanged in appearance. The wide expanse of forehead was unwrinkled, the noble features firm, the step still elastic. But at the dinner table, he sat morose and silent, his aged

spirit weighing heavily upon him. From under bushy brows, he darted furtive and appraising glances at the newly arrived guest, whom he had not seen in five years. He refrained from joining in the general conversation, and crabbedly pushed away his food.

Mendelssohn sighed to think the brain that had conceived a Faust must inevitably sink into senility, that the heaven-storming Titan had at last submitted to a Stronger Will, and accepted the dotage of ordinary mortals without the fiery struggle expected of him. His daughter-in-law and her sister made every effort to rouse him from his lethargy, and chattered frivolously about their women's societies and the *Chaos,* a flippant sheet gotten out by the ladies of Weimar.

Almost at once, he became his former self again. With an unexpected twinkle, he chided them on their many charitable activities, and called upon Mendelssohn to aid him in the attack.

After the repast, he began in a voice of thunder:

Gute Kinder, hübsche Kinder,
Muss' immer lustig sein.
Tolles Volk . . . ,

looking like an old lion with his drowsy eyes.

This put him in a gay mood. He ordered prior arrangements for the evening suspended so that they might all take tea together and listen to Felix play. "It is strange that I hear no music for long intervals," he said wonderingly. "You must have made great progress since your last visit, but I know nothing about it."

As he used the formal *sie,* Felix begged him to address him as *du.*

"In that case," he answered humorously, "you will have to stay more than the two days you intended, as it will take me a long while to get used to it. You shall not lose much by remaining, and then you may dine with me whenever there is nothing better in the wind."

Felix stayed, and enjoyed to the full the poet's versatile personality. He came to the conclusion that "this was indeed the Goethe of whom people will one day say, that he was not one single individual, but consisted of several little 'Goethites.' "

Much time was spent in playing the masters in historical order, for the poet was still addicted to his chronological recitals. But of Beethoven, he desired to hear nothing. Felix would not let him off, and after every movement of a sonata or a symphony, he remarked grumblingly: "Too wild," "No repose," or "Incomprehensible."

Then would follow lengthy discussions on the tendency of young people to idleness and morbidity, Hegel's "Æsthetics," Walter Scott, the charming ladies in Weimar, and Schiller. Of Schiller, the old poet had many reminiscences. "Schiller understood what I never could do," Goethe mused, "namely, how to introduce matters of fact into his works. While he was still writing 'Tell,' he read Swiss history, and had maps and drawings and the like hanging up in his room. There was something terrific in his progress. If you had not seen him for a week, you found him quite changed, and did not know what to make of him for astonishment. He went forward unceasingly, till his forty-sixth year. And then came the end.

"He could have produced two tragedies every year. A hundred Carolins are not to be despised, and he needed them for himself and his wife, for he was in great want.... Oh! if I could but write a fourth volume of my life. But there's no getting at it, what with botany and meteorology, and all the other foolish things that no one will ever thank me for. It would be such a history of the year 1775, as no one else could know or write. How, at that time, the nobility began to feel itself rather eclipsed by the middle class, and had to make prodigious exertions not to be left behind. How Liberalism, Jacobinism and all other inventions of the evil one cropped up. How one began a new life here, working and producing, and occasionally at the right moment falling in love, and thereby disturbing one's peace of mind.... Then there was Schiller's first visit to Weimar, when he left it without being noticed by any one; and then came Jean Paul, but found the circle already closed. Yes, that time was like the spring, when everything is bursting into life, and one tree stands bare, while another is already in full leaf. So it was in 1775, the intellectual spring of Germany!"

These were conversations to cherish all one's life. When

Mendelssohn tried to thank him, he would say kindly: "It is mere chance. It all comes to light incidentally—called forth by your charming presence." One day he made his musical guest a present of a manuscript page of Faust, on which he wrote: "To my dear young friend, F. M. B., powerful, yet gentle ruler of the piano—a friendly souvenir of happy May days in 1830, J. W. von Goethe," and with it, three letters of introduction, an abundance of which Mendelssohn never traveled without.

Not every visitor could boast such flattering attentions and confidences from Goethe. Several years before, Heine had expressly passed through Weimar to kiss the poet's hand. A rhapsodic letter he sent to the old man before calling in person. "I, too, am a poet," he wrote with unwonted humility, "and three years ago I took the liberty of sending you my 'Poems,' a year and a half ago, my 'Tragedies,' together with a 'Lyrical Intermezzo.' I am ill, and three weeks ago I journeyed to the Harz Mountains for my health; and as I stood on the Brocken, I was seized with a desire to make a pilgrimage to Weimar, to pay my respects to Goethe. In the literal sense of the word, I have made a pilgrimage hither, that is, on foot and in rags, and now I await the granting of my prayer. . . ."

And when finally, Heine, "in rags," stood in the presence of the God of Weimar and of Germany, tongue-tied and stuttering about the "excellence of the plums between Jena and Weimar," Goethe dismissed him curtly, after a slight attempt at being friendly. So it had proven with many others. Even Schiller, living in the very same Weimar, had been ignored until but five years before his death. Felix could thus well afford to boast of the close intimacy bestowed upon him:

"He has several times lately invited people, which he rarely does now, so that most of the guests had not seen him for a long time. I then play a great deal, and he compliments me before all these people, with his *ganz stupend,* his favorite expression. Today, he has invited a number of Weimar beauties on my account, because he thinks I ought to enjoy the society of young people. . . . I am not, however, devoid of tact, for I contrived to have him asked yesterday whether I did not come too often. But he growled out to Ottilie, who put the question to him, that he 'must now

begin to speak to Felix in good earnest, for he has such clear ideas, that I hope to learn much from him.' I became twice as tall in my own estimation when Ottilie repeated this to me."

The life was gay and care-free. Goethe retired to his room regularly at nine o'clock, and dancing commenced immediately thereafter. The women arranged parties every night, delighted that their susceptible cavalier, so solemn by day, could charm away the gloomy solitude in which the world-weary poet wrapped himself. Time flew on swift wings of pleasure. Before he could tear himself away from the *heidenleben* of Weimar, the original two days had become two weeks. Goethe caused a large sketch to be made of the "gentle ruler of the piano," that he might place it in his gallery of notables. Only reluctantly was he permitted to leave. Ottilie truthfully assured him that visitors were more often persuaded to go than to stay!

Further Wanderings— An Opera Libretto

XVIII

HE continued his peregrinations with a light heart. The universe seemed especially ordered for this youth, ever with a song on his lips. Fêtes were given in his honor all along the route, as if a king were passing in state. At Munich, he could boast a retinue made up of a single retainer—Marx! The newly-created professor, intoxicated with the reflected glory shed upon him, exclaimed: "I accept all homage with the grandest air possible. 'Dear Herr von Marx,' or 'Your Excellency'—thus they address me on all sides. 'We will carry you on our hands. What can we do for you? If you would but consent to stay a little while.' The people have fixed upon the idea that my own departure must be the signal of Felix's.... They want to burn incense to me, that I may not rob them of their pet lamb. On my way home alone, I shall probably pass through Munich unnoticed!"

He passed from flirtation to flirtation, sipping the tender cup of chaste love with the gallantry of a Lothario. Chasseurs lined his doorstep, bearing flowers and burning notes from smitten girls of sixteen, entreating a few moments in the afternoon, or in the morning or at dinner. One, more fortunate than the rest, entered his own domain, and sent a garland of eight charming songs. Count Wittgenstein, a middle-aged man, joined the discreet ambassadors, and walked half an hour to convey a message from a languishing child, begging him to come at ten instead of half past!

He was lifted out of this island of *Lotophagi* upon which

he seemed to have disembarked, by the news that Fanny lay desperately ill in Berlin. She had been delivered of a seven-months' child, and for a while her life was despaired of. He wrote a touching letter, enclosing a new song without words, which was balm to her spirit. A few days later, he left Munich.

At Vienna, his thoughts took on a more sober hue. Outraged by the free and open customs of the day, he recoiled, and threatened to write sacred music as a sort of antidote. His indignation gave way to humility as he stood beside the grave of Franz Schubert, with Beethoven, whom the composer of the *Unfinished Symphony* had called for on his death-bed, lying scarcely a stone's throw away. "The grave is the end of all endeavor," he mused. "Genius must relinquish its labors to the world, and then crawl into a corner to die." He regretted that he had not been privileged to know these Olympians in life, as he would have, had it not been for his father. He envied Hiller, who had written him that he had been in Beethoven's room and had seen the great man in his Titanic struggle with Death. From a nearby bush he plucked a few flowers, and threw them reverently on the graves of his immortal preceptors, walking slowly from the cemetery, awed by the turn of his thoughts.

It was small wonder that he balked at the concert rooms aglitter with the showy trifles of Field and the elegant Kalkbrenner. In a moment of homesickness, he wrote Devrient: "When I sing anything out of the *Heimkehr* now, it sounds sadly like a remembrance of the past."

He made a side-trip to Pressburg, to witness the preparations preceding the coronation of Crown Prince Ferdinand. Amid the dense throng of wildly celebrating Magyars, his excitement rose to a feverish pitch. The peasants, with brick-red complexions, and the inevitable black mustachios, yelled as though they had been spitted. A fountain burst forth a continuous stream of red and white native *bor* for a thousand inflamed throats. Beating drums and martial music throbbed and blared all night, and tribes of gypsies danced in the street. He was beside himself with admiration at the extravagance and Oriental luxury of the spectacle. In the great Place of the Hospitallers, he stood with the howling mob, his hat flattened by the unseen hand of a zealous Hun,

listening to the oaths being administered by jewel-capped bishops. Nobles, on plunging, brilliantly caparisoned steeds, rode boldly down the hill, directly the ceremony was over, and deployed and halted in the spacious square, with all the gems and brilliant colors and the lofty golden miters of the bishops glistening in the sunshine like a thousand mirrors.

He went back to Vienna, exhausted but restored to his natural gayety. Summer had quickly passed, and he bestirred himself to move south. A baritone of the Karnthnerthor Theatre, with whom he had struck up an easy acquaintance, pressed a book of Luther songs on him as a parting gift so that he might help in the task of improving the Protestant service. As he went along, he composed a few now and then.

Autumn set in gloomily among the hills. The air grew cold, and traveling became more difficult and tiresome. With the prospect of beholding Italy in a few days, the dullness of Lilienfeld Convent was insupportable. Passing through Gratz, it was October before he arrived in Venice. Italy at last! The dream and goal for many years of his heart's desire. And what more beautiful sight than gliding into the City of Canals, with the Adriatic tugging sleepily at its feet, under cover of night?

> When the sallow crescent moon
> Lies on a bed of silver dust,
> Dipping in the cool lagoon....

For a hectic week, he gorged himself on the Giorgiones and Titians. He listened to the military band play snatches of sprightly music in the square before St. Mark's, and looked up at the gilded Moorish façades of the tottering palaces, with rapture. He leaned back deep into his gondola at night, imagining himself a Doge from a forgotten century. Delicate strains from plucked mandolins pursued the craft on the Grand Canal, and oarsmen, enveloped in the whispering darkness of the Venetian night, called mellifluously to one another. Occasionally one, indolently stirring the water, broke out in a rhapsodic *canzone,* as a coyote would bay at the moon. Mendelssohn listened to the words attentively. His illusions were shattered. Alas, the gondoliers no longer sang

the stanzas of Tasso! Venice, that lay like a widely-cut gem on a setting of tarnished gold, had betrayed him!

Through Bologna, Firenze, and the Appenines he strayed, inspecting the works of art like any Epicurean his food. Then impatience overcame him. In the greatest haste, he sped across Tuscany and the Umbrian Hills, cursing his *vetturino* for cheating and guiding him to the vilest inns where coarse food and worse beds awaited him.

On November 1st, he crossed the Ponte Nolle, and was in Rome—"the very day Goethe had arrived there, many years before," he proudly wrote home. Here he sat down for six months, renting a little apartment on the ground floor in the Piazzo di Spagna. His landlord was a retired French Army captain, a charming self-effacing ignoramus, who vaguely confused him with Beethoven. "I am his son," Mendelssohn told him, half-seriously. The old war-dog did not disbelieve him.

. . . . . .

He ordered his life with great regularity. His living-room boasted a fine Viennese grand piano, and until noon he composed and played every day. Then, delighting in exploring for himself, he wandered off, always in a different direction, alternating between St. Peter's, the Capitol, the Borghese Gallery, and the Vatican. His classical studies had kept fresh in his mind the glories of ancient Rome, and, a purist, he resented the intrusions of modernity. "It is a thought fraught with exaltation, that man is capable of producing creations, which, after a thousand and more years, can still inspire and thrill others." At Nissida, he recollected that Brutus had hid here after the assassination of Cæsar, and that Cicero had come to him to aid in the escape to Athens. But it was the handiwork of God, rather than man's feeble attempts to perpetuate himself, that struck him with awe. "The sea lay between the islands, and the rocks, covered with vegetation, bent over it then, just as they do now. These are the antiquities that interest me, and are much more suggestive than crumbling mason-work." The enduring monuments of the Master Sculptor were the only ones spared by the ravages of the greedy tourist, and for this he was grateful. "The outlines of the Alban

Hills remain unchanged. There they can scribble no names and compose no inscriptions."

A huge colony of expatriate German artists clustered around the museums. Mendelssohn, to whom the badge of a profession was an annoying advertisement, shunned them for their beards, their hats, their dogs, their reeking pipes. He wrote home wrathfully that they disfigured everything with their presence. His father detected in this comment a trait which he did not admire, and sent him a scathing letter in return. At once, Felix grew tactical. He knew his father's swift temper, his unbrooked position in the household. He pleaded with his sisters and Paul to be more forebearing, to yield to their father's wishes by allowing his views to predominate over their own. He gave them a little homily on tolerance, using the incident when he was sent out of the room for defending Beethoven, as an illustration. It had taught him that he could still speak the truth if he avoided what was odious. The plan worked, and for a while the letters were more serene in tone.

For compromise, he redoubled his visits to Friedrich Schadow, a solemn, ascetic man, who chose nothing but historical and religious subjects for his paintings. Years before, he had been a pillar among the Nazarites and, as one of that group, had contributed to the frescoes adorning the walls of Casa Bartholdy. The elder Schadow, his father, was no less eminent than his son, being a fine sculptor, and for several decades past, director of the Academy at Berlin. The painter was now in Rome on one of his periodic visits, and, a convert to Catholicism, his house was always filled with neophytes and members of the priesthood.

Frequently, Mendelssohn encountered there young Bendemann, a mere lad, though already a gifted painter, and like himself, a former Jew. They were often in each other's rooms, and derived mutual satisfaction in applying the microscope to the flaws of their native Berlin.

Another person to whom he was attracted in this curious throng of artistic and religious zealots, was the elderly abbot, Santini. Espying Mendelssohn in a corner, one evening, the priest introduced himself, saying: "I have been told that you are a musician. I, too, am a musician." He bent low. "I do not play, but

I love music." As Mendelssohn seemed unimpressed by this startling pronouncement, the *abbate* stepped closer to his ear, and whispered with a great air of mystery: "I am a collector!"

"What is it you collect, father?" Mendelssohn inquired politely.

"Rare music; old music. The oldest." Santini screwed up one eye, and studied the effect produced on the young German.

"Painters and sculptors come to Rome to study the first masterpieces of their art. Perhaps I, too, shall be fortunate and discover some of mine." His Italian not being rapid, Mendelssohn spoke in German and French.

The priest rubbed his hands and bowed again. *"Ars longa vita brevis,"* he murmured. They walked from the house. The *abbate* sighed: "I am fortunate that you are going my way. It would be unseemly for a priest to be seen alone late at night. We are fallen on light, frivolous days; the public is suspicious of evil."

Mendelssohn had thought their ambling was aimless. It now amused him that he, a youth of twenty-one, should act as duenna to a cleric of sixty!

Santini took this as a matter of course. He spoke of his precious manuscripts with a preoccupied air, as if his mind were dwelling with their early, unknown writers. "The service to-day has been defiled. It is no longer pure Gregorian. The rascally pupils of Palestrina put their meddling hands on it two centuries before we were thought of. And the Medicis, those powerful dabblers in art, government and religion, saw to it that this garbled claptrap (the word he used was far less polite) became official." He sighed noisily over the sullied beauty of the Roman Catholic service, and lifted his cassock to cross the street. "But my manuscripts," he gloated, lit up by an inner fire, "they are pure; yes, they are pure, just as they were approved by His Holiness Gregory I himself. I have also," here he lowered his voice to a faint whisper, "I have also parts of the original Ambrosian used in Milan, and I suspect there is still another, a third, bearing a strange Spanish or African influence."

They had come to the humble quarters of the old priest. The air was balmy. The sky was ridden with countless, refulgent stars keeping their ageless watch on the Eternal City. Santini stood on

his doorstep, bemused and silent. After a moment, he stretched out a bony, fleshless hand, *"Adio,* my young friend," he said sadly, "I am a musician in spite of my cloth, in spite of my ignorance. *Cucullus non facit monachum."*

This was the beginning of a friendship that lasted the six months of Mendelssohn's stay in Rome. Either he visited the priest in his mean abode, or Santini came to him, and was escorted back again. Each time the generous collector surprised him with another manuscript, dog-eared and yellowed with age. The music seemed dull and insipid, compared to the mature compositions his modern ears were attuned to. "The words are sacred and touching, but the music is insignificant, childish. It may be *canto fermo,* Gregorian, what-not, but that is of no consequence. Music was not then sufficiently developed to supply an appropriate setting. It is not like architecture, painting, poetry, which reached an early perfection. Music is only now advanced into its own." These were opinions for other friends, family, but not for a Santini, who would never have forgiven him.

With the red-haired, intractable Berlioz, his intercourse was less diplomatic, more stormy. The young Frenchman quibbled about everything, especially harmony and counterpoint, of which he was surprisingly ignorant. His conceit and joy mounted skyward, for it was 1830, the year he had won the *Prix De Rome,* the year of a more famous Revolution.

Rome had its lighter side that Mendelssohn could not overlook. He launched the potent letters of introduction, and in a few days, the mirror, in which he loved to study the reflection of his handsome, Oriental countenance, was almost completely covered with visiting cards and invitations. Eclectic to the core, he was pleased to become the pet of the Prussian Ambassador, just as he had been in London. He cut an elegant figure with his fine clothes, his gay waistcoats, his exquisite dancing. To unattached women, he was Don Juan incarnate, to married ladies, a balm. In a ballroom, he was the hub of the wheel of pleasure. There were Englishwomen, Frenchwomen, German women, but in this city of Italians, he found it difficult to meet native daughters!

In a cosmopolitan center like Rome, expatriation was the

fashion. The self-exiled sought the very things here which made them flee their own countries, and foregathered in tightly clannish knots with their compatriots. It was hardly worth while to pierce this cluster familiar to him at home. "In Italy the Italians" was his motto, and he set about to make a systematic attempt at ingratiating himself into their midst. He found it expedient to write to Berlin for introductions to Romans! A certain San Giovanni di Laterano he had become acquainted with. The daughters were very musical, but, alas, not pretty. These were not the people he wished to know. He wrote home for more letters.

While in Vienna, it was not unfitting that a Hungarian king should be crowned at near-by Pressburg. And while in Rome, a pope, who had only been in the Vatican a year, must die so that a Mendelssohn might witness history in the making.

The monotony of the mild, southern climate made him restless. Attempting to diagnose the native character, he belabored them in his long accounts to the family: "The fact is that the people are mentally enervated and apathetic. They have a religion but they do not believe in it. They have a pope and a government, but they turn them into ridicule. They can recall a brilliant heroic past, but they do not value it. It is thus no marvel that they do not delight in Art, for they are indifferent to all that is earnest. It is really revolting to see their unconcern about the death of the pope, and their unseemly merriment during the ceremonies. I myself saw the corpse lying in state, and the priests standing around, incessantly whispering and laughing. And at the very moment, when masses are being said for his soul, they are in the same church hammering away at the scaffolding of the catafalque."

Accustomed to the austerity of his own home, he expected the world to take its solemnities with bated breath. He had met the Italians *en masse,* and had found them wanting in depth. The Italians must not be Italians, the Parisians must not be Parisians, the Berliners must not be Berliners. They must be Supermen! His sensitive, artistic nature made him pursue the chimera of marble-cut perfection with growing intolerance. Herr Mendelssohn groaned before the fireplace. Why did this son of his, so genial in the bosom of his family, become so stiff and hypercritical

abroad? "The boy grows more exclusive hourly," he thundered. On top of this came a letter, describing Torlonia's first ball, and his admiration for an English beauty, of whom Thorwaldsen and Vernet, artists ever, enthused in anatomical terms. The banker could hold himself in check no longer. Sensing his own exclusiveness mirrored in his son, he rapped him for his haughtiness and time-wasting endeavors.

Felix was surprised that the Herr Stadtrath did not appreciate his highmindedness and lofty judgments, his fastidiously selected associates. He made an apologia of his position in high dudgeon. For a time, the strong band that held dominated and dominator firmly at either end, grew taut and trembling. The son was first to yield. He was careful to mention progress of the many compositions he had started, and by some strange perversity,—forgetful of the advice given to sisters and brother—repetitions of the *odiosa* which had brought forth his father's wrath.

. . . . . .

So the winter rounds out. Flirting, sketching, composing, letter-writing. Signorini begin to appear in the streets, selling nosegays of violets and anemones. Gregory XVI is installed. At the Capitol, the Jews go through a meaningless rigmarole of supplication to be allowed refuge in the city for another year. Holy week rolls by, the city empties, and thoughts of Naples take hold. The languorous sirocco, like a magic draught, whisks away ambition. But persistence wins out, and there is the Walpurgis Night music to Goethe's poem, a Scotch symphony, the beginning of an Italian cantata and more to show for a half year's residence in Rome.

In that delicious state between sleeping and waking, he drove in the flower-carpeted Pincio, a drowsy Lucullus in a garden, surveying his lordly province.

During Easter week, the time when he had once hoped to have his family with him, he went to the Sistine Chapel, and wrote down the entire service from memory—the only instance of such an amazing feat since Mozart, who as a lad of fourteen, had done the same thing. This phenomenal evidence of musical

genius did much to restore him into the good graces of his father, and for Professor Zelter's pedantic eye, he sent many pages of musical illustrations. It was the climax of his Roman holiday.

He left reluctantly. It was difficult to part from so many wonderful friends and scenes where he had almost taken root. Vernet painted his portrait. He took a fleeting glance at his Uncle Bartholdy's former home, and was off, soon to stand on the balcony of his window, gazing wistfully at Vesuvius and the Bay of Naples. Farther south he could not go, for his father had forbidden him to visit Sicily, "an insecure land of bandits and vendettas."

Madame Fodor, an excellent singer, forced into retirement by a mishap to her voice, took him to see Donizetti. The soldier-composer of *Lucia,* who could dash off an opera with its libretto in ten days or loaf through one in three weeks, was very polite. But their exchange of glances told them that each belonged to a different world.

Two months after his departure, he was back in Rome for a fortnight, to eat *gelato* in the cafés, and take a last farewell. Then the northbound journey commenced in earnest. At Milan, he delighted Mozart's elder son, Karl, with a rendition on the piano of his father's *Don Giovanni* and *Magic Flute Overtures* in his splendid orchestral style. He played for Beethoven's pupil, Baroness Ertmann, the *"liebe, werthe Dorothea Cäcelia"* of the letters. Her eyes filled with tears as she reminisced over the stormy friendship of her youth. "Wild? Impetuous? Ah, yes," she sighed. "But it was the wildness and fire of a volcano, the great forces of Nature herself, for in him a god sat. At my lessons, he would tear the music into bits, and stamp on it on the floor, but when my child died, it was his gentleness and tenderness that consoled me most. Ah, Ludwig, there have been few like you before, perhaps there shall never be another." She played a sonata of her beloved master. The admirable training was still apparent in the long-idle fingers. The twilight deepened. The bells of the twin-spired Cathedral tolled sympathetically. Mendelssohn left, profoundly touched.

. . . . . .

For months he had been seized with the overwhelming desire to write an opera. The desire ripened until he felt that, were a suitable libretto within reach, he might have produced a masterpiece. A "suitable libretto," alas, he was never fated to find, but his search was indefatigable, almost desperate. "Place the right libretto in my hand," he wrote Devrient, "and in two months the work shall be completed, for every day I feel more eager to write an opera. I think it may become something fresh and spirited, if I begin it now. . . . If you know a man capable of writing a book for an opera, for Heaven's sake, tell me his name. . . . I always fancy that the right man has not yet appeared, but what can I do to find him out?"

And again, from Lucerne, six weeks later, more pointed and direct:

"If you could succeed in not thinking of singers, decorations, and situations, but feel solely absorbed in representing men, nature, and life, I am convinced that you would yourself write the best libretto of any man living. For a person who is so familiar with the stage as you are, could not possibly write anything undramatic. . . ."

Yet, when Devrient had presented him with the excellent libretto of *Hans Heiling*, four years before, he had remained silent, influenced by Marx's coldness to the subject, and only regarded it with desire later, too late, after it had been successfully produced to Marschner's music.

. . . . . .

By a circuitous route through Switzerland, he arrived at Munich in October, on his way to Paris. Unchaperoned this time, the Bavarians caught him in a whirl of gayety more delicious than before. He was pressed into giving a public concert so that they might formally and openly worship him. With great rapidity, he "threw off" a concerto in G minor, and played it, preceded by a performance of the *Midsummer Night's Dream Overture*. He was in fine fettle, and extemporized brilliantly to a swelling billow of applause. Impressed with his charming creative gifts, the Munich Theatre commissioned him to compose an opera for it. The tribute enchanted him. But an opera first required a

libretto. He had been on the alert for a libretto for months, and had been unsuccessful in his search. Where was he to find one now? Where find some one capable of writing at all?

Perplexed by his problem, he made inquiries everywhere. At Düsseldorf, he was told, lived Karl Immermann, a reputable poet, and the very man for him. Heine had thought highly of Immermann, and the Munich authorities were quick to give their endorsement.

Hopefully, he set out for Düsseldorf to judge for himself. The poet, an austere, mystic, who wavered between the magistrate's bench and auctorial endeavors, impressed him favorably with his "Schwannritter" and "Merlin" upon which he was then at work. For several days he listened critically to the unworldly man as he read his improbable tales, and was convinced that he had at last found the only person worthy of collaborating with him in the high adventure. Shakespeare's "Tempest," long a favorite with both, was settled upon. Immermann promised the book for the following May. It was with a singing heart that he turned his face toward France....

Immorality

XIX

PARIS . . . In a dingy room in the Rue de Poissonière, a young Pole, Frédéric Chopin, sat at a piano, playing to a few friends. His frail, womanish hands tapped the keys languidly as he performed without pause several of his nocturnes, immature music faintly reminiscent of Field.

But not for this mild, unexciting stuff had the listeners climbed the four rickety flights of stairs and arrayed themselves against the walls and in the doorway of the tiny adjoining sitting-room, for the large instrument, a Pleyel, left them little choice. They knew when "Chopinetto" tired, as he easily did, he would soon get away again with a fresh start on one of his mazurkas, polonaises or warlike krakowiaks that stirred them to a frenzy of patriotic feeling. A Frenchman, a Hungarian and three Germans, they vibrated to the ringing, wide-broken chords of these nationalistic pieces as though they had been the anthems of their own homelands. Then, too, were they conscious of witnessing a new movement in art take form.

But now they sat unmoved, waiting while the sweetish music should be drawn off like top wine from a rare cask. They were musicians, a poet, and the editor of a bankrupt musical review. The poet was Heine, who had ensconced himself at Paris directly after the Revolution of July, like a cackling hen on a roost; the journalist Fétis, a small, middle-aged man with the nervous, furtive gestures of a sparrow; and the musicians, like their host,

youths still under twenty—Liszt, Hiller and Herman Franck, an aspiring German composer.

Only the saturnine Heine, a sneer on his handsome, sensuous mouth, looked on with disapproval as he waited. He was secretly alarmed that the new movement might crush the surge of the idealistic St. Simonians, who preached through Cousin: "The highest aim of art is to awaken in its own way the feelings of the infinite." "The feelings of the infinite are not bound on the north or south like a map," the poet grumbled to himself. "Nor are they German, French, African or Polish. Chopin's music may be new in form, but it is reactionary in spirit. The order of the present day is for dissolution of all national boundaries. Universality is the watchword, not Chauvinism."

Still he came whenever he thought there would be music, being its slave, and the darkling thought frequently crossed his mind that Chopin's idealization of the national would some day blaze its way across the entire civilized world. What if there was a sinister roll of drums heard occasionally? Beneath these wild, fascinating Slavic melodies there was often a rasping, acid irony —and that he could appreciate.

Even the fiery Liszt, with his beetle-brows and warts as numerous as his future illegitimate offspring, weighed this new music cautiously. Secretly, he too belonged to the St. Simonians, though outwardly professing nothing. But Chopin gave him forebodings of a power that stung and writhed within him like a thousand demons, later to be released in his own volcanic Magyar fantasies. With the rapture of the embryo emerging from its chrysalis, he awaited hopefully the exaltation of this highest empyrean.

A moment later, bringing the last nocturne to an end with a whispered pianissimo, the pale Frederic turned to his friends, drooping ostentatiously to show his exhaustion. But he was entreated to go on. Delighted, he swung into a polonaise.

After the playing had recommenced, Fetis excitedly whispered to Hiller standing next to him: "This is pianist's music, *mon ami.* There is soul in these melodies, fancy in these figures, and originality in everything." Valued praise, which the young player was sharp enough to hear, and compel Hiller to repeat to him afterward.

While "Chopinetto" wooed from the piano an enchanting cantilena, a tone some one termed the purest Ciceronian Latin, his delicately chiseled face hovered low over the keys. With the mighty crashing chords, pathological in their murkiness, the entire body became erect, the head was thrown back proudly and the eyes stared straight ahead. In tender moods, the fine, mobile lips hung open, the lower one protruding slightly; but in the rocking, rhythmic passages, they pressed furiously together, blanched and sometimes bleeding. The melancholy face had the exquisite sensitiveness of the artist and dreamer, one given to searching introspection and superstition; the high forehead was poetic and thoughtful, with the long, tawny hair falling from it in graceful locks.

Listening intently, Liszt thought, what he wrote later, without a trace of jealousy: "Here is an incomparable genius. He is akin to the angel and the fairy. More, he sets in motion the heroic string, which nowhere else vibrates with so much grandeur, passion and fresh energy." He sighed at the superlative creative talent of his friend, but was content that it was beautiful, even if it overshadowed his own.

Like a cavalry charge the long piece came to a thunderous conclusion. M. Fetis was first to come to himself. *"Merveilleux! Superbe!"* he cried excitedly. "It is transcendental. But what time must it be?" He drew his watch from his waistcoat, and started. *"Mon Dieu,* it is almost six. I am late. I must go." He dashed across the room, waved a hurried farewell to the now animated group, and turned back at the door, taking notebook and pencil from pocket. "M. Chopin," he asked in his official, reportorial voice, "when shall you give your first concert? It has been changed from the 25th of December, eh? Permit me to make a note of it."

"I have been unable to procure a singer for the event, Chopin replied in faultless French. "M. Rossini is willing to give me one from the Italian opera, but his assistant refuses because it may set a bad precedent. *Je suis desesperé. Je suis desesperé, m'sieu."* The speaker threw up his hands in a helpless gesture.

Fetis forgot his haste. "Have you applied to the Academie Royale?" he asked.

"Mais oui. There I am refused as well. M. Pleyel thinks it

would be better to make my *début* a month later. Already, I have been a few months in Paris, and no public concert. It is tragic."

"Yet despite that—have conquered," Liszt threw in impetuously.

Chopin smiled gratefully.

"At Fould's, the other night," offered Hiller, who, next to Franck, was the most balanced member of the coterie, "I heard that Felix Mendelssohn is expected hourly."

"Mendelssohn-Bartholdy?" came timidly from Chopin, his imperceptible eyebrows arching questioningly.

"The very same, Frederic. And an admirable talent he is."

"Comes from a reactionary, heavily Teutonic family; disgustingly rich," interjected Heine. He would have gone on and on, toying dexterously with his words, as if they were so many light, airy bubbles blown to the ceiling and allowed to circulate their iridescence through the room, finally to descend mincingly and be sent aloft once again with a juggler's last graceful fillip. But no smiles or encouragement greeted his sally, and the experimental globule collapsed on the floor at the outset. He was clearly piqued at the unexpected lack of response to his biting wit, and pretended to make an injured exit, but Franck restrained him.

"He made quite a stir in Munich. The aristocracy, the court. . . ." Chopin spoke tiredly, taking no notice of Heine's interruption. "We were there at the same time. Although each of us was known to the other, shyness prevented an actual meeting."

"You shall know him and love him," Hiller cried enthusiastically. "A bit exclusive with most; he does not hobnob with every one. But we shall find him congenial."

Heine opened his eyes wide in mock respect. "Does not hobnob with every one?" he echoed.

He was again ignored. Hiller continued: "Perhaps he can be persuaded to play at your concert in the six piano music. I shall ask him myself."

"Interesting; interesting, gentlemen," Fetis once more looked at his watch, and gasped: "I must be off. I have a long way to go. *Au 'voir*. . . ."

Before he could slip through the door, Chopin playfully

caught his arm and pulled him back. "M. Fetis," he said with pretended innocence, "do me the honor of leaving your address here so that I may keep you informed. . . ."

Fetis colored to his Adam's apple. An amused smile crept over the faces of the young men, for it was well known in Paris that the debts of *La Revue Musicale,* had caused M. Fetis to abandon his house in Paris. According to French law, a debtor could be arrested nowhere but in his own dwelling. Unwillingness to become acquainted with the inside of a prison made the journalist keep the whereabouts of his present abode a dark secret. Somewhere in one of the many suburbs that surrounded Paris, the hunted man hid nightly, but no one knew precisely where. Even his most intimate friends could not wrest this information from him.

"I am often at the Conservatoire with my pupils," he stuttered embarrassedly, and dashed away.

The others exchanged amazed glances, and burst into hysterical laughter.

"Even I couldn't have done better," Heine said, patting his host's shoulder.

The party broke up. Every one was ready to leave. Liszt clasped Chopin's slender hands in his own, and coaxed him to join them for the evening. "We shall have a grand time, Chopinetto. Leontine Fay will captivate you," he promised slyly, holding out the charming creature of the Gymnase Dramatique as bait.

But "Chopinetto" had already made other arrangements. "I am driving to the Hotel Lambert," he explained. "Many of my own countrymen will be there. . . . I am so homesick." His voice trailed off in a whisper. "But have you seen my handsome equipage?" He was at once a delighted child. Despite limited funds, which forced him to live in cheap, cramped quarters, he maintained a fine cabriolet and coachman to keep up appearances among the nobility. This ruse, adopted on the advice of a friend, succeeded in getting him twenty francs for a lesson, though he had been willing to accept far less.

"The Polish insurrections have swelled the population of Paris." Heine could not resist his little jab. "France has gone quite *Polonais.*"

"Germany has not failed to contribute her quota of distinguished visitors," Liszt, equally the master of parry and thrust, answered acridly.

The poet saw an opportunity to deflect the blow, and bowed with affected ceremony to the other two Germans. Franck and Hiller returned the bow frigidly, with a smart click of the heels. After this little exchange of sarcastic nonsense, all parties appeared satisfied to let the matter drop. To be a wit among artists is to be a wit in self-defense!

The departing visitors noisily filed from the room. They clattered down the creaking stairs, making quips over their shoulders, the last panted word, as usual, being left to Heine. It was decided to repair to Franck's room in the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin. Heine was lost on the way, but not before having borrowed a louis from Hiller! When the others glanced back, the "poet of the masses" was in the midst of a delighted conversation with a couple of *grisettes*.

In a high mood, the remaining three walked on. Everywhere shabby individuals with desperate countenances roamed the streets, croaking wildly about the new king, Louis Philippe, and his ministers, for it was hardly a year and a half after the terrible Three Days of July. The country lay panting, like a fallen wrestler with his opponent's knee mercilessly pinning him to the canvas. It was a time of fiery speeches and riots, critical times, indeed! Want and misery stalked abroad like twin specters, diseased and emaciated. Of the thin trickles of money in circulation, the starving populace saw nothing. They were desperate in their hunger and need, and formed tiny knots on street-corners in a spirit of flaming rebellion. But the wary gendarmerie dispersed them as soon as they formed.

The fashionable world moved on, too, but gayly and without a halt, to the tune of the latest vaudeville. *Jeune France*—Republicans and Napoleonists—wore red waistcoats as their badge, to distinguish them from their opponents, the Carlists, who wore green; and the St. Simonians, the politico-religious party, accoutered themselves in blue. The rabble looked on them menacingly and with scorn, shaking many a horny fist after the smartly turned out vehicles, to which the street urchins, their

bellies swollen with wind, added a shrill obbligato of obscene curses. But the aristocracy had become inured to unsettled conditions in France, and bent a calloused ear to the rumble of the mob.

The three musicians picked their way gingerly, making discreet observations among themselves, careful to avoid a rough encounter. The nervous undercurrent acted like a stimulant that roused their ambitions to a high pitch. They could not be depressed. What mattered a revolution more or less, when each desired to become a king? The realm of music could never fall! Fortunes were still being made, and they scanned the musical horizon hopefully for a throne....

. . . . . .

In the middle of December, Mendelssohn made his entry into Paris. Hiller met him at the diligence depot in the Rue J. J. Rousseau, and forthwith installed him in a small room close to his own. The cold was intense. He sat in his traveling coat, shivering frightfully. After a winter spent in the moderate climate of Rome, a northern December was too severe for one always complaining of the cold. Hiller assured him that other quarters were far less comfortable, and that he would soon become acclimated. There was no alternative but to remain and add layers of woolens as the temperature fell!

But he was far from downcast. Physical discomfort could not crush his sanguine feeling of satisfaction in anticipating a libretto from an almost professional poet. The book had been promised for May, and he had every reason to expect that it would be the perfect work he had dreamed of to rebuild his impaired reputation as an operatic composer. It was fortunate for him that he had gone to Düsseldorf. Immermann's quiet taste would permit no improper scene, no improper phrase or word to seep through to the public. He would even take Shakespeare's work and purge it of any inherent impurities, like a bowdlerizing musician going over an old score to free it of antique harmonies. The classical subject would please his parents immensely. It was Shakespeare. He had written them immediately of his good fortune, and buoyantly awaited their confirmation.

Passing the time until he should hear from Berlin conveyed

no problem. Hiller saw to that. Immediately he was at Chopin's. The Pole received him as a brother, and played to him at length, hanging on his every word of praise or criticism. Mendelssohn's attitude was slightly more reserved. Finding a fully developed composer where he had expected to meet an immature one put him on the defensive. He played in turn, his new concerto, parts of the *Reformation Symphony,* the *Dream Overture.* Chopin was deeply impressed. Then he improvised in his most brilliant, confident manner. It seemed as if he had entered a friendly joust with this frail, tired-looking youth, to determine which should be the leader of the clique. Their powers were so equally distributed that every trace of jealousy disappeared at once. More, they defended one another, as if they were tried companions. When Chopin divulged that he was considering Kalkbrenner's invitation to study with him, Mendelssohn was scandalized. "That *poseur,* that poppycock," he shouted, beside himself, "that charlatan dares to teach you! Why, he has everything to learn from you."

"My technique is faulty," Chopin said modestly. "My tone is not robust. He promises to make a brilliant player of me in three years."

"Rubbish, your tone is individual, and I've perceived no defects in your technique."

"Ah, if I could but share your opinion of myself. I've attended several of his classes as an auditor, and haven't found them wanting in interest."

But Mendelssohn's indignation could not be brushed away. "I recall his condescension to me on my last visit, his patronizing tone to Herz, his perpetual rodomontade, his offer to teach every one who came within range of him. The man is unbearable. It would be fun to humble him, the elegant pedagogue."

"Louis Philippe and Kalkbrenner, or rather Kalkbrenner and Louis Philippe," Hiller said, with mock awe, holding up crossed fingers. "Like that!"

Chopin laughed maliciously. "Nevertheless, a very democratic man," he said. "He delights to point out that the admiration of plebeians is no less welcome to him than that of kings. Have you ever heard him proudly tell the story of the fish-wife?"

The other two shook their heads. "No! Let's hear it!" they cried in unison. Being artists, they were always ready to tell or hear a *mot* at a colleague's expense.

"Well," Chopin started, "it appears that the great man was arranging a party for the cream of the aristocracy—the *ultra ne plus ultra*. Everything must be of the best, even better! He would not risk trusting his cook to do the marketing for this grandest of occasions, and went himself, stick, cylinder, gloves and all. At the fish stall, he selected a magnificent specimen and ordered it sent home. After giving the address, he added his name. 'Kalkbrenner,' he said lightly, not expecting that it would convey any special significance to this lowly woman. 'Kalkbrenner?' she repeated, startled and overcome. 'Kalkbrenner? The great Kalkbrenner who stirs my heart so with his divine playing?' He bowed in his most courtly manner. 'Your most humble servant, madame.' 'Sir,' she composed herself slowly and with visible effort, 'will you do me the great honor of accepting this fish as a token of my esteem?' The great man acquiesced, and permitted the good fish-wife to kiss his hand as an extra favor."

"How appropriate," Mendelssohn giggled.

"Now, let no man hereafter impugn the democratic feelings of Kalkbrenner," came from Hiller. "Let no one say that he consorts only with kings."

They adjourned to a little café in the Boulevard des Italiens. Liszt, Franck, and Osborne, a witty Irishman, were already there, waiting for them at a table on the edge of the terrace. They had made the newcomer's acquaintance shortly before, and the greetings were of an easy familiarity. Osborne gayly brandished a menu he had composed in musical terms, and kept them amused as schoolboys by ordering fabulous dishes from the bewildered waiter.

It was the fashionable hour for dandies to promenade the boulevards in search of amorous adventure and preen themselves before the more indolent, seated in front of restaurants and cafés. Occasionally, a passerby paused at the table of the hilarious group, and exchanged impudent pleasantries, in which each tried to outshine the other. The afternoon promised to yield a miniature harvest of terse witticisms, when Hiller excitedly nudged Men-

delssohn. "Look," he whispered. "Look to your right. Is that not a sight?"

"The opportunity of a lifetime," Mendelssohn gasped. "Kalkbrenner! The idol of himself—and of all knowing people." Hurriedly he drew the others into a whispered conference. "When he comes nearer, we will call out to him roughly, and then dance around him to make him ridiculous before everybody. He makes a fetish out of 'good breeding.' The shame will kill him. He will be miserable."

The artist approached leisurely, swinging his cane with a jaunty air, his handsome face wreathed in a smirk of self-adoration, as if to say: "Every one sees me. Every one knows Kalkbrenner. How good it is to be worshiped by the whole world. How good it is."

Without warning, a chorus of lusty shouts assailed his startled ears. "Oh, Kalkbrenner! I say there, Kalkbrenner! Oo-oo! Good old Kalkbrenner!"

The pianist stood stock still, surprise and mortification suffusing his face. He was shocked by the coarse greetings, and seemed undecided whether to turn back, or go ahead and ignore them as he passed. In a trice, the plotters bounded up, and surrounded the unhappy man. They patted him on the back and shoulders, noisily admired his cane and lace cuffs, and generally succeeded in making a spectacle of him before he took his leave with exasperated politeness.

"He will be grateful to all of us," Osborne said with Celtic innocence.

"The great teacher has himself just learned something," opined Mendelssohn, still convulsed with laughter.

Chopin stared after the retreating figure, now thoroughly vexed with himself for having participated in the horse-play. "There goes my piano sextet," he sighed, "and with him, half of the audience his name would attract."

"Fear not, Chopinetto," Franck observed. "Kalkbrenner would still insist on playing even if you threw him off the stage."

Franck's shrewd comment caused all the heads to nod in agreement. It dissipated any qualms they might have felt.

"Felix has consented to play, also," Hiller cried. "I asked him this morning."

Mendelssohn lispingly admitted this to be true, and the group was restored to its mood of high revelry. After a lengthy and elaborate dinner, they sauntered off to the usual nightly haunt, the Gymnase Dramatique, where their favorite, Leontine Fay, disported herself in the racy plays of Scribe. Mendelssohn balked at the improper situations that all Paris considered so delightful, and would have left in hot protest, but for the enchanting Fay and Taglioni, "who fluttered around herself, and was at once the butterfly and the flower."

The evenings passed swiftly. When they were bored with the "Gymnase," Mlle. Mars at the Théâtre Français charmed them anew with her incomparable warbling. Mendelssohn was smitten with the Mars and Taglioni. They became the two Graces to him, and he threatened: "If I ever find a third in my travels, I shall marry her!" But marriage was actually far from his thoughts. Women he never took seriously enough for that. Music was too absorbing, too prominent in his scheme of things to be subjugated to the silken rustle of petticoats. Women were charming, ah, yes, charming and delightful. No one was more susceptible to their coquetry, their innocent flirtations, their adoration, than he. But to be completely captivated by the One—that was different!

. . . . . .

The very air of Paris was infectious with the germ of politics. Wherever one went, the inevitable criticism or defense of Louis Philippe and his government was sure to be heard. On the streets, it was the *bourgeoisie,* at a ball, it was the deputies, and at the theater, it was the ministers who were attacked. It was impossible to escape becoming involved in this paramount of all subjects. Mendelssohn was surprised to find artists heatedly discussing politics. Young, and imbued with a passionate enthusiasm for justice, he viewed the political scene with increasing interest. The ideals of the St. Simonians were most closely identified with his own, and he threw in his lot with them whole-heartedly. When visiting the Chamber of Peers, he always sat among their number.

"Yesterday," he wrote Rebecca, "I saw the *milieu* in a light

gray coat, and with a noble air, in the first place on the ministerial bench. He was sharply attacked by M. Mauquin, who has a very long nose. Of course, you don't care for this, but . . . I must have a chat with you. In Italy, I was lazy; in Switzerland, a wild student; in Munich, a consumer of cheese and beer, and so in Paris, I must talk politics.

"The Chamber of Peers were engaged in pronouncing judgment on their own hereditary rights, and I saw M. Pasquier's wig. . . . Salverte also attacked the ministers, and during this time a little *emeute* took place on the Pont Neuf. I sat in the Chamber along with Franck, in the midst of the St. Simonians. How witty Dupin was. . . ."

Before many days were out, a stormy letter from his father, issued like a general's command from headquarters to an inexperienced lieutenant in the field, punctured his lofty mood. Herr Mendelssohn had no confidence in Immermann's ability to write an opera. The poet was an unworldly man and knew nothing of the public's taste. Moreover, he thought it the wiser course to secure a libretto from some French poet, have it translated into German, and compose the music for the Munich stage! The Frenchmen knew how to tickle the public's palate, for was not Paris the capital of the operatic world? A French libretto would succeed where a German work was foredoomed to failure, he reasoned, and to rely on this retiring Düsseldorfer was courting certain disaster.

Felix was quick to propitiate. The subject had become a neurotic obsession with him. At a distance, an Immermann filled him with more confidence than all of the French poets together. It was the man's very unworldliness that he found so intriguing. Perhaps the reason for this lay buried deeply somewhere in that sensitively organized mind, for he seemed to be more fascinated by the nebulous indefiniteness of things than to stand on the brink of reality. His answer revealed a prudish, immature twist in his character that developed steadily with his travels.

"Pray, pardon me for saying exactly what I think," he wrote. "To compose for the translation of a French libretto seems to me, for various reasons, impracticable, and I have an idea you are in favor of it, more on account of the success which it is likely to enjoy, than for its own intrinsic merit.

"None of the new libretti would, in my opinion, be attended with any success whatever, if brought out for the first time on a German stage. One of the distinctive characteristics of them all is precisely of a nature that I should resolutely oppose, although the taste of the present day may demand it, and I readily admit that it may, in general, be more prudent to go with the current than to struggle against it. I allude to that of immorality. In *Robert Le Diable* the nuns come one after the other to allure the hero of the piece, till at last, the abbess succeeds in doing so.... In another opera, a young girl divests herself of her garments, and sings a song to the effect that next day, at this time, she will be married. All this produces effect, but I have no music for such things. I consider it ignoble, so if the present epoch exacts this style and considers it indispensable, then I will write oratorios!...

"I went to Düsseldorf, as you know, expressly to consult with Immermann. I found him ready and willing, promising to send me the poem by the end of May, so I do not see how it is now possible to withdraw. I believe that I was acting quite to your satisfaction, when I made him my offer.... He has fixed on a subject which has been long in my thoughts, and which, if I am not mistaken, my mother wished to see made into an opera—I mean Shakespeare's 'Tempest.' I was particularly pleased with this, so I shall doubly regret it if you do not approve.

"I know you will forgive me for having told you my opinion unreservedly. You always permitted me to do so in conversation, (!) so I hope you will not put a wrong construction on what I have written, and I beg you will amend my views by communicating your own."

A fine waste of words for what was never to transpire. Though the promised libretto awaited him in Berlin when he returned in July, he found it "unsuitable" for operatic use without making many changes, changes that Immermann was reluctant to undertake. It was never heard of again.

But he was not quite finished with "The Tempest." As late as the last year of his life, it bobbed up again, this time in a libretto by Scribe, of which nothing more was written than a few billboard advertisements, composed by an unscrupulous manager to revive his theater, already on the verge of bankruptcy. Mendels-

sohn was falsely purported to have supplied the music, on the information that Scribe had offered the libretto to him. Scribe's adaptation actually existed, but it remained for Halévy to write the music.

. . . . . .

With a suddenness only possible in Paris, Mendelssohn found himself riding a wave of popularity. He cast himself into the vertiginous whirl of society, like a frenzied person trying to free himself of an hallucination. Invitations piled high on his table. ... *Le President du Conseil, Ministre de l'Interieur, Madame Perier prient l'honneur....* Fancy-dress balls. Habeneck, Schlesinger, Valentin-Leo. A public *soirée* at Baillot's. Women fought for the honor of entertaining him. Men repeated his remarks. Musicians elbowed each other into his presence, crowded his rooms in the morning. It was only left for him to compose before they arrived. An exacting pace, but one that made life thrilling.

It was all an adjunct to the avalanche of concerts that descended in the same manner. Ten days before Chopin's *début,* he cautiously wrote home that "a Pole" was giving a concert shortly, in which he was to play in a composition "along with Kalkbrenner, Hiller & Co." But he found himself unable to do so, although he was present to applaud unstintedly. Chopin's playing created a sensation, and never again was he reproached for want of technique.

Mendelssohn's triumphs began three weeks later. At the Conservatoire, Habeneck, who had trained the orchestra of professors to a high degree of excellence, gave the *Dream Overture.* At the first rehearsal, an amusing incident occurred. The drummer's place being discovered vacant, Mendelssohn sprang upon the stage and beat a roll as fine as any tambour of the Old Guard. The overture received a splendid performance, and he was delighted. A week later, he played at a benefit for the poor, and the following day, his *G minor Concerto,* at Erard's. In March, he made his appearance with the Conservatoire Orchestra in the first Paris performance of Beethoven's *G major Concerto. "Ce bon Mendelssohn,"* the Parisians exclaimed, *"Quel talent, quelle tete, quelle organisation!"*

Justly or no, he believed Kalkbrenner had tried to prevent this second concert at the Conservatoire. "... when he heard that the Queen was actually coming," he wrote to Berlin, "he did everything in his power to get me out of the way. Happily, all the other members of the Conservatoire, the all-powerful Habeneck in particular, are my friends, and so he singularly failed." In the delirium of concert fever, he noted that even his friends were envious of his successes, and were ready to tear him to pieces the moment he turned his back. But he had accepted that when he had chosen his career, and took it as a matter of course.

Every one was astonished by the many honors heaped upon him by the Conservatoire, so unsympathetic and severe with its own pupils. Even the old *burbero maestro,* Cherubini, its crotchety director, thawed out and looked benignly at the young German. Baillot played the *Octett* in his class, the *A minor Quartett* was given publicly, and all of the violin gamins were practicing their fingers off to play its andante, *Ist es Wahr?* A church joined in the procession of the faithful, and gave the *Octett* as part of a mass commemorating the death of Beethoven! Despite the incongruity of the music and the occasion, it passed off as sacred music —to the horror of the composer. *"Fliegenschnanz und Mückennas, verfluchte Dilettanten,"* he swore under his breath.

By this time, the publishers were besieging him on every side, demanding music for the piano and offering to pay for it. "By Heavens! I don't know whether I shall be able to withstand this, or write some kind of trio, for I hope you believe me to be superior to the temptation of a *potpourri.*" He was thinking also of publishing the *Dream Overture,* the quintet, octett, many songs with and without words. London, which had elected him an honorary member of the Philharmonic Society two years before, excitedly wrote for a new work for March, and would he be available to conduct? Vigneron offered to make a lithograph of him, but the temptation was cast aside by an old vow not to submit to this until he became a great man. "Though posterity will be deprived of a portrait, it will have an aburdity the less." He kept his head. He was modest. Only in opposition did he become violent.

There were disappointments, too, disappointments that threw

a melancholy cast over his activities. The *Reformation Symphony* proved ill-fated. After a few rehearsals, it was withdrawn as being "too academic, too fugato, and too unmelodious." He had placed great store by it, and the quiet manner in which the work was shelved was a shock in the midst of so many successes. Then, his devoted friend, Eduard Rietz, an immensely talented violinist, succumbed to tuberculosis of which he had long been a sufferer. News of his death reached Mendelssohn on his birthday, February 3rd. Between them had been a tender attachment for many years. When he learned that Rietz was no more, he was profoundly moved:

You will, I am sure, excuse my writing you only a few words today; it was but yesterday that I heard of my irreparable loss. Many hopes, and a pleasant, bright period of my life have departed with him, and I never again can feel so happy. I must now set about forming new plans, and building fresh castles in the air. The former ones are irrevocably gone, for he was interwoven with them all. I shall never be able to think of my boyhood days, nor of the ensuing ones, without connecting them with him, and I had hoped till now, that it might be the same for the future. I must endeavor to inure myself to this, but I can recall no one thing without being reminded of him.... He loved me too, and the knowledge that there was such a man in the world, one on whom you could repose, and who lived to love you, and whose wishes and aims were identical with your own—this is all over. It is the most severe blow I have ever received, and never can I forget him.

This was the celebration of my birthday. When I was listening to Baillot on Tuesday, and said to Hiller that I only knew one man who could play the music I loved for me. L— was standing beside me, and knew what had happened, but did not give me the letter. He broke it to me by degrees. Then I recalled previous anniversaries, and took a review of the past, as every one should, on his birthday. I remembered how, invariably, on this day, he arrived with some special gift which he had long thought of, and which was always as pleasing and agreeable and welcome as himself....

I beg you will tell me every particular about him, no matter how trifling. It will be a comfort to me to hear him once more. The *Octett* parts, so neatly copied by him, are lying before me at this moment, and remind me of him....A new chapter in my life has begun, but as yet it has no title....

For a time, he led a saner, quieter life. The shadow of Rietz's death caused him to shrink from society. Gradually, his old gayety

reasserted itself, and the incessant activities commenced again. But it was not for long. Soon came the news of Goethe's death on March 22nd. "Almost every letter that I receive from you now, announces some sad loss."

"You will see," he cried to Hiller, "Zelter will not long survive it." And it was so. In a few months Zelter followed the *alter Herr,* who, during a long friendship, "had given the old musician a corner of his heart, and a bead of his own shining immortality."

These were bitter events that became associated with the very name of Paris. "Not all the kindness I have received, nor the tumult and excitement, nor the life and gayety here, can efface this impression." An attack of the cholera held him to his bed. The dreaded scourge spread in epidemic throughout Paris. Thousands died. Activities were suspended. "Paris is the grave of all reputations," *Figaro* intoned ominously.... Mendelssohn shivered. His thoughts turned to London.

The world is strange, its people fickle. And nowhere more fickle than in Paris. Not for over ten years were Mendelssohn's compositions again performed at the Conservatoire, and not before thirty did they gain any sort of popularity. As for himself, he left Paris hurriedly, like one fleeing the tomb, never to return.

Visions

XX

IT was spring, the incomparable spring of England, with her tidy, picturesque countryside arrayed in decorously colored foliage. Lilacs and primroses burst their buds, sending a heavenly, inspiriting fragrance abroad. The sturdy, burgeoning oaks hung out their lanceolated leaves, like parasols, offering a discreet respite in the cool shade beneath them; while scarlet fuchsias wove paths of trailing fire through neatly hedged gardens. After two years of furious traveling and concert-giving, it was good to come back to this country, which had been the first to warm him to its heart. The symbolic floral reception reacted like a bracing tonic to his tired body. Health and strength, that were undermined by the attack of cholera in Paris, returned with thankful speed. Here he was safe, for a while at least, from the gray apparition that was stretching its fleshless claws across Europe. The English Channel, gratefully, stood between him and the mainland, and he sought refuge among his friends.

In Great Portland Street, "that smoky nest" that was his favorite residence, and which always made his heart swell to think of it, was waiting for him. Two months were all he could stay, but they became crowded with bristling action so soon as the old energy returned. Klingemann and Moscheles lived with him constantly. After the excitable, and not always straightforward, Parisian musicians, it was a relief to be with these two calm and frank souls. He relaxed completely, sending the nerve-destroy-

ing cautiousness scampering. In Paris, where the world seemed to converge for a post-graduate course in music, he had often been afraid to confide his plans to any one for fear the whole corps would gossip about them the next morning. But London was less tempestuous, and life assumed its cheerful tone once more.

At the Argyll Rooms, during a rehearsal, the musicians of the Philharmonic made a noisy demonstration when their honor member, fresh from new conquests in many lands, was espied in a box. "There is Mendelssohn," they shouted. "Welcome to him." And in gratitude, he clambered onto the stage, to tender his thanks, while a frenzied ovation of cheers and applause, lasting more than five minutes, rocked the ancient hall. This was more precious than any other distinction that might have come to him, for it showed the musicians were eager to have him back and loved him. But it was as nothing compared to his triumphs at the public appearances.

After the first performance of the *Hebrides Overture,* fruit of his visit to Fingal's Cave three years before, he was given a piece of plate, bearing a eulogistic inscription, and, in return, he presented the Society with the autograph score of the overture. More of his newest works were given on numerous other occasions. They were so splendidly received, that, touched, he sent a letter written in English to Sir George Smart, thanking the body "for the kindness and indulgence they have shown to me during my second visit in this country."

The young man, with the Elijah-like countenance and his equally inspired music, was an admired phenomenon to the stolid Britishers, who looked on genius with awe, and stood ready to give it its due meed of praise. With this public, that had become peculiarly his own, he began to feel like an accepted prophet, and they his worshipers.

After a few weeks, Attwood carried him off to his country home in Norwood. Everything was as before. The same room filled with music, the same carefree existence, the same courtly consideration. It was here he heard his prophecy come true. Zelter had fallen ill immediately after Goethe's death, and the next letter carried news of his having quickly passed away. One by one, they were dropping off, the old friends who could never be

replaced. Rietz, Aunt Henrietta, Goethe, and now his old teacher. Goethe's words came to him plaintively:

Sie hören nicht die folgenden Gesänge,
Die Seelen, denen ich die erste sang—

They cannot hearken unto my riper songs,
Those departed ones to whom first I sang—

The world of youth with all its illusive permanence was dissolving. Nothing was perpetual, everlasting, not even those most cherished ones whom he would fain have hugged to his passionate bosom forever. The strongest bonds had to yield and grow lax and proved powerless when the Mysterious Finger beckoned. It was a shock to pride, ego and assurance, that he had to stand by utterly helpless and wounded by the mortal hurts from which youth had promised innocent immunity. With a pang, he thought of his parents aging, his father grown bitterly irritable. Who knew now how long they were to be left him? He was now twenty-three, tired of jumping about from place to place. He wanted to be with his family. Fanny had married and had become a mother. Rebecca, too, had married, like Fanny, while he was away. Ardently, he yearned to be with them and always remain by their side. The brilliant circle, the charming Sunday music, the lovely garden that had given him his *Midsummer Night's Dream* and had made all of life take on the semblance of a liquescent dream, drew him with nostalgic fervor. To compose at home, near the sisters, and then go abroad to perform his music, each time returning home and composing, was a cycle in which he saw a picture of completest contentment. This thought had long been maturing in his mind, and from Paris, where the blows had fallen thickest, he had written his father, summing up the position with rare modesty and practicality:

I must first, in taking a general view of the past, refer to what you designed to be the chief object of my journey, desiring me strictly to adhere to it. I was closely to examine the various countries, and to fix on the one where I wished to live and to work. I was further to make known my name and capabilities in order that the people among whom I resolved to settle, should receive me well and not be wholly ignorant of my career. And finally, I was to take advantage of my own

good fortune, and your kindness, to press forward in my subsequent efforts. It is a happy feeling to be able to say that I believe this has been the case.... People now know that I exist and that I have a purpose, and any talent that I display, they are ready to approve and accept. They have made advances to me here, and proposed to take my music, which they seldom do, for all the others have been obliged to offer their compositions. The London Philharmonic have requested me to perform something new of my own. I also got the commission from Munich for an opera, without taking any step whatever to obtain it.

Your injunction, too, to make a choice of the country that I preferred to live in, I have equally obeyed, at least in a general sense. That country is Germany.... On my return, I must ascertain whether I can remain and establish myself in Berlin, according to my views and wishes, after having seen and enjoyed other places.

He also might have mentioned his summons to Düsseldorf to conduct the Lower Rhine Festival the following year, which was to give him his first regular appointment, and convert that rustic, local affair from mediocrity into a dazzling European attraction. But it was too far off to be counted on as yet, and he only mentioned it casually in a later letter.

Berlin was rather in the foreground. With Zelter's death, it became more than a probability. The old pedant had more than once expressed the wish that Felix should succeed him as Director of the Sing Akademie, and during his last illness, had called for his pupil to act for him. But death had come too suddenly, and the reins had been left in the hands of an assistant, one Rungenhagen, who had often stepped in when his gruff chief was away. Herr Mendelssohn and his family, together with Devrient, whose loyalty could always be depended upon, saw this as an opportunity for securing Felix for Berlin. Immediately they became active in this direction. An election to appoint Zelter's successor, was to take place in a few months, and there was not a moment to be wasted. Fanny wrote Felix, urging him to hasten home. His father, who did likewise, communicated the desire of the directors that he should write them regarding the post. But in their eagerness to procure for him this coveted position, they neglected to count on his pride.

He had no thought of taking the first step, and asked his

family to discontinue any measures that would intimidate him. And of the directors' offer, he was thoroughly suspicious. Why had they not written him direct? The excuse that they wished to be certain of his acceptance, seemed to him neither straightforward nor true. They had approached him *sub rosa,* three years before, on the same point, and though he had been willing to carry on with Rungenhagen, nothing had materialized. Now he saw no reason to bid for what had already been offered to him. His father had said then, to console him, that "it was a sinecure for old age, a harbor of refuge for advanced years." And so he had thought it. But once his word had been given, he let it stand. They could refer to his answer of three years before, if their intentions were genuine. They knew him incapable of breaking his word. But no move would he now make to secure the post. Besides, he did not know what the conditions were, though he knew the duties to be many, and the salary a mere pittance.

Thus the letters flew back and forth; the family urging him homeward, and he thankful that a deluge of concerts was to detain him in London until the beginning of summer and so heighten the effect of his eventual return. At this time a sudden appearance in Berlin might be construed as anxiety for the position, which had already become a heated subject for debate. This he wished to avoid. "Indifference begets desire," he told himself, "and the Berliners shall see how indifferent I can be." Secretly, he thought this ruse would work. But in turn, he had not reckoned with the intrigues in Berlin....

. . . . . .

In July he was back in the Prussian Capital under the paternal roof. His heart expanded with pleasure as he opened a portmanteau stuffed with compositions completed since his departure from Berlin. He held up each score triumphantly before the eyes of the admiring family, cataloguing them with staccato crispness: "*Concerto,* Munich; *Walpurgisnacht,* Rome; *Symphony,* Rome; *Capriccio,* London; *Hebrides* . . ."

Stadtrath Mendelssohn rubbed his hands in open glee. The mother pressed to her bosom this son, grown strange and famous; and always a superman to his sisters, he was now their sovereign!

"A fine kettle of fish to fry before the *verfluchte* Berliners," Herr Mendelssohn crowed. "We will show them, eh, Felix? They will drop their *cabales* like hot-plates, when they hear how music can be written. Bah! what a public!"

"Poor Rungenhagen," Fanny scoffed, "will cut an admirable figure with the few dry vocal fugues he has been able to compose in the last ten years."

Felix made a displeased gesture. "We must not antagonize Rungenhagen, or any one else," he said. "He will, at most, be the nominal chief, if I am to be his subordinate. It will not do to have bad feeling between us at the outset. At any rate, I do not even know if they want me."

"If they want you," the father became indignant. "Our friend, Professor Lichtenstein, is one of the prime movers among the directors. He will have you at any cost."

"At any cost? Has there then been opposition already?"

"Well," the older man minimized, "a few partisans of Rungenhagen are opposed to any one else, and are agitating on his behalf. But that will be overcome. A meeting will take place next month, and everything will be arranged. You will come off the victor, have no anxiety on that score."

"I am not so certain," Felix became pessimistic. His mind dwelled on the previous unsettled conclusion, and magnified the ill-concealed dislike the Berlin musicians entertained for him. More than one rough, disheartening encounter he had had with them, and a few refractory ones had even refused to play under him. "I am not universally popular here," he added after a pause.

"But who is?" his father countered. "In Berlin, every public figure has cat-fights staged around him. You know that. Dismiss your fears, my boy. You will yet live in your father's house, composing and performing as you please, honored and respected for your talents. You will be independent and free, and will be paid a salary for your labors. On that point I am firm. You must be paid, no matter how modest the sum."

"We shall see," Felix responded. But he was by no means so convinced as his father.

. . . . . .

Time passed pleasantly enough. Felix was not one to wrap himself in a shroud of gloom and despairingly await the footfalls of events. The disputatious affair of the Academy appointment seemed to slip from his mind lightly. When necessary, he could be a good actor! He gave himself up to riding and swimming with whole-hearted energy, and the beautiful garden did not fail to exercise its old charm. There were a few changes. Hensel had taken over Devrient's abode, and converted it into a studio for himself and his pupils. He spent much time with his brother-in-law, but there was never more than a formal intimacy between them despite the great respect they had for each other's abilities. The painter was more than a bit stiff and conservative, while Felix, completely at ease and believing himself to be a radical, recoiled from all pomposity and old-fashioned doctrines.

With Devrient, he was more *en rapport.* The singer had moved his increased family to a cottage close by, also in a garden, and their warm, frank friendship was resumed on the old footing. The little Devrients treated him with familiarity, calling him "Mr. Horrid" when he would have them call him "Mr. Councilor," remembering that he had once upset their chaise in the park. Often, of an evening, he would saunter over to the happy home when the family was at dinner, partaking of a few dishes to tide him over until the much later repast at his own home. The rice-cake was as potent in its appeal as ever, and he helped himself to it with studious enjoyment.

The first evening together, however, had been far from gay. During the day, Mendelssohn had been to poor Rietz's home, morbidly going over his friend's last movements. The lamented violinist's mother and brother, Julius, gave him a minute account of the final illness. Like a stone the loss lay afresh on his heart. He came to Devrient's depressed and disconsolate. They spoke of the deceased's gentle nature, his exquisitely expressive playing. "He was my favorite violinist," Mendelssohn said again and again. He could not go on, and walked about the room for a long while. The piano stood open. He finally went over to it and used the language which he knew best of all. In limpid tones he entreated:

... let thine ears
Be filled with rumor of people sorrowing;
Make thee soft raiment out of woven sighs
Upon the flesh to cleave,
Set pains therein and many a grievous thing,
And many sorrows after each his wise....

For over an hour, they sat enthralled while he poured out his grief in a doleful improvisation. Its deep-moving despair and melancholy, ending in a pæan of rapturous consolation, was of such heavenly beauty, that in all his life, Devrient said years afterwards, he never again heard music that gripped him so powerfully. No one dared stir or talk for fear of breaking the spell. After the impassioned tribute to the memory of his friend, Mendelssohn tiptoed softly from the room without saying a word.

. . . . . .

Professor Marx, now convinced of an imposing dignity which he had long sought to impress on others, came frequently for long talks that almost grew into disputes. He had expected Mendelssohn to return the same easily influenced child who ran to him for criticism and guidance. His chagrin was extreme when he discovered that the child was a child no longer, and could competently weigh and analyze his compositions for himself. But it was hard to renounce the old ways. Dogmatically, he upbraided his former *protégé* for the tameness of his musical thought, his conventional regard for form. After perusal of each score, he would say curtly: "Slightly old-fashioned; not novel enough... the trend is away from Classicism," or something in a similar vein. He thought this procedure would stimulate the young composer to flaming iconoclasm, to the hewing of new paths. Systematically, he spoke with disparagement of an art that did not flow on, or moved about in a circle. "Progress without stepping forward is no progress," he decreed with platitudinous finality. "I had expected you would become the leader of a new movement."

But Mendelssohn defended his stand with dogged tenacity. One day, stung to the quick by Marx's bombast and radical pose, he answered him with startling clarity. "You have continually

prated to me of Beethoven's Titantic struggles to liberate art from the shackles of form, but I say, has he fashioned new, if mightier, ones? Has Beethoven shown us a new road entirely different from that in which Mozart walked? Are his symphonies altogether new in form and conception? I say no. I cannot perceive any extraordinary difference between Beethoven's first *Symphony* and Mozart's last, either as regards artistic excellence or effect. There is no such thing as a new road, simply because there is no new region of art to which it could lead. They have all been explored long since. Will you point out to me a single piece in *Fidelio* in which Beethoven has struck out a new path? I do not find one. On looking into the score, as well as in listening to the performance, I everywhere perceive Cherubini's dramatic style of composition. It is true that Beethoven did not ape that style, but it was before his mind as his most cherished pattern."

Marx shifted his position and let his gaze rest elsewhere. "Conservative *malgré lui,*" he told himself. "The father's domination has ruined him." He looked about the room for any lavish display that might justify what he called "smug views." But there, too, he was disappointed. There was nothing in the Mendelssohn house that revealed the millionaire; its walls were plainly adorned, the rooms plainly furnished. "Bah, there is a full purse, nevertheless, and that is the evil that breeds satisfaction with the established order of things," he groaned. "Anarchy is inborn, nourished by slattern breasts. Felix has never known a hardship in his life. He takes too much care of himself. He has become delicate. He deliberately steers a middle course, fearing the hidden rocks of uncharted seas. Alas! the *golden mean* has found a champion in him." Aloud he rasped, returning to the attack, "What about Beethoven's last period? What about his last quartet's, his *Ninth Symphony,* his mass? Surely, no work of any of his predecessors or contemporaries can be likened to them?"

"That may be true in a certain sense," Mendelssohn replied, with even greater animation than before. "Beethoven's forms are wider and broader; his style is more polyphonic and artistic; his ideas are more gloomy and melancholy, even where they endeavor to assume a cheerful tone; his instrumentation is fuller. He has gone a little farther on the road of his predecessors, but by no

means struck out into a new path. And to be candid, where has he led us? Has he opened to us a region of art more beautiful than those previously known? Does his *Ninth Symphony* really afford to us, as artists, a higher enjoyment than most of his other symphonies? So far as I am concerned, I confess openly that I do not feel it. It is a feast to me to listen to that symphony, but the same, if not a purer feast is prepared for me in the *Symphony in C minor.*

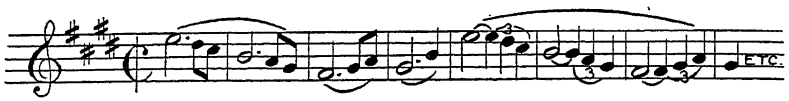
"New roads, indeed! That artist is sure to be led astray who gives himself up to this cursed demon! No artist has ever opened a new road. At the most, he only did his work a little better, a little differently, than his immediate predecessors."

The professor, who owed his appointment to this little "Conservative," struggled uneasily in his chair. Again and again, he folded and unfolded his spindly legs, in an effort to restrain his irritability. His own "advanced opinions" hardly coincided with these bourgeois expressions! Yet, he dimly felt their truth, but could find no immediate answer to combat them. Victory seemed to hover on the other side. It made him beside himself with rage not to be able to blandish high-flown phrases that would turn the triumph to his own account. He did not trust himself to speak. Silence, after all, he considered the most graceful manner of retreat. It carried with it an intimation of contempt.

Almost clairvoyant in such moments, Mendelssohn divined his friend's feeling. Stiffening a little, he administered the *coup de grâce.* "It is not a new culture," he said, "which we behold in the advanced; it is the old made more exquisite, more perfect."

. . . . . .

As he walked home, making a tremendous clatter on the pavement with his heavy, thick-soled boots, Professor Marx smarted with the pain of the vanquished. "This boy to whom I lectured for many an hour now preaches to me! The tables are turned, are they? So he thinks! Professor Marx will never be cornered by a little Conservative." He now recalled that they had said good-by coolly, difficultly, with no trace of their former warmth. "Well, that is to be expected," he spat out. "But Adolph Bernhard Marx is still on the eminent faculty of the University." Vengefully, he hummed a phrase from the *Midsummer Night's*

Dream Overture, Titania's request to her fairies, *Sing me now asleep:*

"The Mermaids Song from Weber's *Oberon!* Let Fuseli say: 'Genius may adopt, but never steals.' But Professor Marx says: It is stealing, nevertheless." And in a happier mood, he continued homeward.

. . . . . .

After Marx had gone, Mendelssohn stood before the mirror in his bedroom, mechanically brushing his wavy, chestnut hair. His thoughts were an echo of the conversation of a few moments before. "New roads, indeed! That artist is sure to be led astray who gives himself up to this demon!" . . . Why had he been so staunch in this belief? Was it because he was pleased to show Marx that he could choose for himself, and that, with reason? Or was it . . . ? The brush ceased its rhythmic stroking, paused in mid-air. Or was it because, unable to free himself of the rigid vise of Classicism, he had need for a thesis to defend it? He could think no longer. Vaporous, veiled images floated before his mind: Sebastian Bach's austere countenance; Beethoven's brooding, dreaming brow; Mozart's gentle, childlike face. They seemed to smile when they recognized him, and stretched out their hands to lift him up beside them. "Classicism will not die," they said. "Our road was thorny, too, and the stones were sharp. We were misunderstood and ridiculed, but the bruises served to goad us on. . . . An ideal is a flame that will light up the darkness. . . . You are our kin, and we have bequeathed our heritage to you. It could not be given into purer hands. . . . Guard well our blessing. . . . Style is the expression of a perfected personality, not the effort of conscious direction. . . . Immortality awaits you beside us. . . ."

The vision was upborne on an invisible cloud . . . faded altogether. Save for the rise and fall of a sleeping person's breathing, delicate as tiny wing-beats, that came to him from across the hall,

the house was deathly quiet, reverberating to its own silence. Like the amorted siren of a steamer slipping out with the early tide, a distant watchman's whistle echoed faintly in the remoteness. Infrangible timelessness seemed to pervade the very air. Mendelssohn wearily looked at his table, with manuscripts, quills and pencils neatly stacked. A heavy torpor seized him, weighed him down. He threw himself onto the bed to fall into that deathlike sleep from which he had to be roused by force. "Going home to bathe in God's lake," Rahel Varnhagen used to say. But now she was dead, too.

The Stoning of Stephen

XXI

WEEKS flew by. Soon storm-clouds began gathering, like soldiers in formation ready at a given signal to swoop down upon the unwary enemy and attack from different points. The rumbling grew louder and louder, and despite all efforts to the contrary, Mendelssohn was drawn into the fray. A few unauthorized, fanatical supporters, declaring him to be the superior of the two, foolishly pitted him against Rungenhagen—and the war was on in full cry.

After a delay of six months the choice of a conductor for the Academy was finally to be made. Factionalism had early cropped up in the proceedings, and it was obvious to infer that a bitter conflict would result. Mendelssohn, disheartened that he was not unopposedly elected to the post, had little confidence in the outcome, and sank into a state of apathetic indifference. He could not be roused to make a single advance, and stood firmly by his original decision to wait until called. His family seemed more concerned in the matter than he. With unwearied argument and entreaty, Devrient, Fanny and his father reasoned with him to adopt a less passive attitude, but always to no avail. He was willing to take up his duties as soon as he was definitely selected. So much he had already informed Councilor Lichtenstein. But that was as far as he would commit himself. Nothing would induce him to go further. All he insisted on was leave of absence for concert-giving and travel.

Joseph Muller Collection

Mendelssohn (1834)

This condition was wholly acceptable to Lichtenstein, who tried to maintain the neutral attitude of an unbiased mediator. He was anxious to secure Mendelssohn for the Academy, but, too, he was a friend of Rungenhagen's. He scrupulously avoided announcing his personal preference. Secretly, it was his hope that these two men, each with his own special gifts, could be persuaded to work in double-harness, harmoniously and zealously, for the best interests of the society.

In August, a meeting of the male members of the Academy was called. The temper of this meeting already clearly indicated a schism. Rungenhagen's supporters came forward with the claim that his long service as assistant, and his many substitutions for Zelter when the latter was indisposed, had earned for him the unqualified right to the conductorship. Any other treatment of him would be unloyal, ungrateful, and altogether unworthy of gentlemen.

The other side, with Devrient as their spokesman, also came to the front with logical, formidable arguments. "The Sing Akademie, as an institution of high authority, has a mission to perform—towards itself," boomed the singer's resonant voice, "that is, in securing the highest influence for its own development, and towards the public: to be identified with the best possible performances at their concerts. It is not by patient waiting and careful discipline that a man becomes qualified for such a task. It should be *sine qua non* with the Academy to secure the most able amongst living conductors. Three years ago, Mendelssohn satisfactorily revealed to the most critical, in reviving the *Passion* of Bach and rehearsing it, that of all living conductors he was the most able. Moreover, he possesses the advantage of youth, which promises the society a long period of the same directing powers, and the guarantee of a constantly growing estimation in which his compositions and reputation are held."

The staunch friend wiped his perspiring brow. He looked about him. On all sides, his gaze met with sullen faces. Even the known Mendelssohnians looked blank, not daring to show which way their favor lay.

The Rungenhagen camp answered in rebuttal. A crabbed individual rose, and maintained that the society was a private

institution, which met for the pleasure of performing sacred music. They had no mission with regard to the public, who were admitted only as listeners to the concerts, and were free to stay away if they were not satisfied with the operations of the society. "Therefore," he concluded heatedly, "it is desirable to have as conductor one who is personally popular among us.... Such a one is Rungenhagen. (Applause.) Such a one Mendelssohn is not. (Silence and a few jeers.) It is not decorous that so many highly born gentlemen and ladies, advanced in years, should be dictated to by a young fellow." (Stamping and loud applause.)

Little groups of members formed in animated knots while the spokesman delivered his patrician address. In vehement undertones, they were heard to remark: "The Sing Akademie is a Christian institution." "It is devoted exclusively to sacred music." "... unheard of to force a Jewish lad upon us." "We are Christians and he is a Jew...." And from others, less openly: "He is no Jew, having from youth been raised a Christian—an outrage to cast from us such talent." "The *Passion* did not suffer from his Jewish birth...."

Thus they bandied between them words on the brink of that dangerous precipice called Religion, which has killed more men in its defense than a thousand wars of expedition. The more they argued, the more inflamed and irrational they became, and the more distant loomed a possibility of amicable settlement. Finally, a few who still had their wits about them, proposed to pacify both sides, by inviting a third musician, a non-resident of eminent capabilities, and thus put an end to all bickering and backbiting. But this was shouted down by the factionalists as being no *dénouement* at all. They had come to fight for their favorites, and the introduction of an outsider, removed from the sphere of their loyalty, perforce, would denude the battle of its malicious and acrimonious aspects. And that, as dyed in the wool Berliners, with traditions to uphold, would render them miserable and frustrate! Berlin loved a good fight, and it had no intention of permitting one so promising to slip through its fingers.

To bring order out of impending chaos, the directors intervened. They decreed that a committee of twenty should be selected

to weigh the matter and evolve a proposition to be discussed at another general meeting, two weeks later.

Devrient was chosen one of this committee. Only now did he declare for a joint-conductorship of Rungenhagen and Mendelssohn. He had aimed for a star, but, in the face of waning confidence, was willing to compromise for something less exalted. "There have always been two leaders, Zelter and Rungenhagen," he reminded his colleagues, "so that this will be no innovation, but a new election to offices already existing."

As was expected, Lichtenstein gave his support to a plan that should pacify the artistic vanity of both contestants. Despite the grumbling of Rungenhagen's adherents, another committee was formed, this time of three, to draw up a working plan for the distribution of conductorial duties. Again Devrient was chosen, and along with Schleiermacher and another, the trio set to work.

In two weeks they perfected the following plan: Rungenhagen was to be active and managing director in all matters concerning business and performance. In the direction of musical affairs, he was only to share with Mendelssohn, who was, however, to be chief authority in these. The proposed scheme would bring into relief the talents most eminent in each, and thus credit and honor would be equally divided. With this projected arrangement, the committee of three believed the ticklish business was now permanently settled, needing only the consent of the two rivals.

Devrient came to Leipziger Strasse to announce the conclusions arrived at. "Rungenhagen will never dare enter the lists with you," he pointed out to his candidate, "but will rest his claim solely upon seniority in office and the affection of his personal following. And you will be free to carry on the work so nobly started with the *Mathew Passion.*"

Herr Mendelssohn, however, was skeptical. "If Rungenhagen is not pacified in some other manner," he prophesied shrewdly, "you shall have accomplished nothing." But Felix, having expected little, expressed his willingness.

In four days, the proposal was officially drawn up. On the 6th of September, it was in the hands of the directors. On the 9th,

at a general meeting, even Rungenhagen's hard-bitten supporters were ready for the compromise—provided their idol himself approved.

But the obstinate mediocrity, sensing a growing majority in his favor, was in no mood to make concessions. At the meeting of October 2nd, to which the ladies were also invited, the benevolent Lichtenstein reported that he had called on Rungenhagen to ask his acceptance of the committee's plan, and had met with a curt rebuff. The acting-director declared that he saw no reason why he should not fill the post in the same manner as Zelter, and with no strings attached. Far from wishing to force himself on the society, he was quite ready and willing to submit to an election, and abide by the decision of the majority—a statement greeted with righteous approval by his camp.

Mendelssohn now appeared anxious to retire. The speculation had already become too burdened with personal animosity and spitefulness. In such a rancorous, unsportsmanlike atmosphere, he reasoned, waging a losing battle would bring far greater injury to his dignity and reputation than leaving the competition uncontested. He had entered the fray in the beginning, only because it was Zelter's wish that his pupil should succeed him; not because of grasping ambition. Many felt that it was he who was bringing honor to the society, for his fame was spread beyond the borders of the Prussian capital. And as for the five hundred *thaler* annually, it was not enough to keep his horse and groom. Calumnious and low-bred rumors that stung him to the quick had been injected into the hectic proceedings, and he thought it the wiser course to wash his hands of the entire affair. How far he was right in wishing to follow this intuition and good sense, was proved by subsequent events. Unfortunately, the family and Devrient prevailed against his better judgment. "It is too late to recede. Honor is now at stake," they challenged him. "You must trust to Divine Providence to bring you out on top."

With velleity and foreboding, he resignedly acquiesced.

. . . . . .

During a lull, the opposition started a campaign amongst the ladies. "Rungenhagen has always been one of us," they wept.

"Since 1815 he has been Zelter's assistant. He cannot now be cast out. He is a family man . . . the salary means so much to him." These sentiments were given time to circulate and grow, and before long, a tacit, solid majority had risen in Rungenhagen's favor. The Mendelssohnians looked upon these tactics as beneath contempt. Pride and timidity cautioned against adopting the weapons of the enemy. Prudence cautioned against changing horses in mid-stream. But Herr Mendelssohn had an idea whereby Divine Providence might be prodded out of her lethargy. . . .

Felix had brought home with him a great quantity of music, composed or finished abroad. Now, if ever, was the propitious time to bring the works to light in a series of public concerts. The disdainful, doubting Berliners could be shown by honorable methods what manner of man stood before them, and what were his accomplishments. If Felix's superior musical gifts could not move them, then heaven and earth could not.

As the election had been deferred to the 22nd of January, the rooms of the Sing Akademie were engaged for three concerts in November, December and January. In short order, Felix brought out his *Walpurgisnacht,* the *Reformation Symphony,* the *Concerto,* the *Capriccio in B,* and the *Hebrides, Meeresstille* and *Midsummer Night's Dream Overtures.* In addition, he introduced a vast amount of piano music: *Bach D minor Concerto, Beethoven G major,* and some of the sonatas, unfamiliar music in that day to many of the best performers. Stimulated to a fine nervous sensitiveness by the sniggers of the opposition, he exceeded his best efforts. Never had he played so well as at these concerts. His mastery over the piano reached a plane of rare perfection and detached individuality. Not so much were the hearers whisked away by his overwhelming and matchless dexterity, the fire and brilliancy of his execution, as by the uncanny regard for the composer's intention, caught to the last nuance. Perhaps, for this reason, he only performed the most intellectual music, vouchsafing *bravura* pieces to those more suited to that *genre.* His readings were messages transmitted by the composers themselves; in them kindred spirits conversed in familiar tones.

His playing was received with tremendous enthusiam. But it hardly equaled the fervor accorded him in Munich, Paris or

London. The Berliners had already had a taste of Liszt's staggering technical fireworks, inspired by Paganini's baffling wizardry; and from want of true appreciation of the profound in music, exalted it above Mendelssohn's. His compositions too, unlike elsewhere, they considered wanting, and found grounds to cavil. Captious objections were made to their length, their form, their style and their content. In short, it was a truly Berlinese reception—unblemished praise for the foreigner and hypercritical depreciation for the native; a public temper castigated many times before and since.

The English critic, Chorley, chancing to be in Berlin a short time later, was struck with the incongruity of the inhabitants' enthusiastic welcome to strangers, and their revolting custom of mutual disparagement. "So delightful is the tone of their society," he wrote, with canny observation, "that I cannot but wish they were kinder to each other. To pay a round of visits was like executing the egg-dance, where, at every step, you are in danger of breaking a shell and leaving a stain. If I praised the hospitable attentions of —, I was chilled by a direct, 'You go there? It is a hollow house.' If I inquired in one quarter for Mendelssohn's music, a dry, 'Yes, he had talent as a boy,' discouraged a second question. If I desired to know in a second which of Marschner's works were most in favor, 'They perform none of his here,' was the certain answer, and as certain a prelude to some story of cabal and quarrel which fatigued the heart to hear."

Voltaire, *circa* 1750, ensconced at Potsdam as Frederick the Great's literary midwife, found Berlin the same hotbed of envy, calumny and acerbity as the Paris he had forsaken. "Berlin," he wrote to Madame Denis, *"Est un petit Paris. Il y a de la médisance, de la trocasserie, des jalousie d'auteurs, et jusqu'a des brochures."* A quarter of a century later, the learned Dr. Burney, another of the countless visitors who deplored the native disputatious character, wrote: "Musical controversies in Berlin have been carried on with more heat and animosity than elsewhere; indeed, there are more critics and theorists in this city than practitioners, which has not, perhaps, either refined the taste, or fed the fancy of the performers." If Paris was the graveyard of reputations, Berlin could never be maligned for backwardness in

preparing her quota of corpses. Mendelssohn's disparagement, then, was in the noblest of traditions!

. . . . . .

The fateful night of the 22nd arrived, with many a quake and misgiving in the bosoms of the occupants of Leipziger Strasse No. 3. The long-awaited election was to take place immediately after a rehearsal of the full Academy membership. Musical Berlin, for months, had looked forward to the event, with great relish. Perhaps, some extraordinary scene would take place, some mortifying incident or exchange of personal abuse. The evening was sure to yield some tidbit to cackle over at tea-time, perhaps even something meaty enough to retell many a time in the future. The fleeing Romans, scampering for their lives, had been deprived of the fine sight of a Nero fiddling against a background of burning splendor. They had probably regretted it the rest of their lives. The stouter-hearted Berliners, however, always prompted by intellectual, nay, historico-scientific motives, would never have been indifferent to so grand a spectacle. They would have stood by heroically, amid crashing timbers and darting tongues of flame, until the very end, and then gone away to build a city close by, so that they could reminisce over it, fighting a little amongst themselves the while. When a mere boy, and one of Jewish origin at that, was certain to be pilloried for the sake of sentimental association, no Berliner would have it said of him that he was so lacking in the finer appreciation of things that he stayed away. Accordingly, every member of the Academy who was in the vicinity of Berlin, or not actually confined to bed, came.

Cutting short the rehearsal, called for formality's sake, the singing politicians prepared for an exciting battle. Immediately, a Rungenhagenian was installed as recorder of the voters' names. He performed his duties properly enough, so long as the votes seemed evenly divided between his man and Mendelssohn. But once Mendelssohn's name began dropping off, and Rungenhagen's was called with deadly repetition, until a definite majority had been polled for him, his manner swiftly changed. "Rungenhagen," he exultingly echoed the voter's choice, when his favorite was

declared for, and "Mendelssohn," in a high falsetto, mournful and commiserating, as the few straggling votes came in from the already beaten opposition.

The hall soon became filled with vindictive boos and insulting, derisive laughter. An air of cheap, tawdry politics colored the rest of the voting. Nor did any of the directors exert the slightest effort to dignify the obviously partial proceedings.

Devrient jumped up, indignant and enraged. He was on the verge of making a scene, of raising some sort of outcry. He appealed to some friends standing near by, but, disinterested, they counseled him against any disturbance. Advice which, he later regretted, he was weak enough to follow. All his life he reproached himself for not having made a protest against the revilement of his friend. But the election was over. Dazed, he heard, as in a nightmare, the recorder's triumphant shout: "Rungenhagen, 148; Grell, 4; Mendelssohn...." Here he paused dramatically, and then with fine scorn, "88 for Mendelssohn. The best man wins! Herr Rungenhagen continues in the office he has so honorably and so unselfishly been associated with for eighteen years. Long life to Herr Rungenhagen, and may the Sing Akademie long prosper under his direction!"

"It is henceforth doomed to mediocrity," Devrient swore under his breath. Prophetic words! From then on, the ancient society plodded a downward path, making an opening for a fresher and younger organization which superseded it. The very plotters who had helped ruin the Sing Akademie soon went about Berlin reporting it to be in a state of dowagership, if not decadence. Rumors of schisms, want of concord, supineness of direction were early confirmed by its subsequent decline from an exalted position among European musical institutions.

. . . . . .

Without rancor or bitterness, Felix heard of his defeat. He listened in silence while the news was carefully broken to him. No word of resentment or odium escaped through his compressed lips. He became deathly pale for an instant, and his eyelids fluttered agitatedly. In another instant he recovered himself, and said quietly: "So be it. They have made their choice."

Alone, he realized that the Academy had unwittingly chosen for him as well. All of the dreams of living with his family, of working, honored and respected in Berlin, had crashed to the ground, Henceforth he would have to seek elsewhere, a stranger among strangers, for the quantum of happiness Berlin had denied him. Berlin, malicious and jeering, had cast him out, stoned him. The Berlin of the *Camacho* fiasco, the Berlin of the begrudging *St. Mathew Passion* success. It was all one. Berlin. A demon. A fiend that gnawed at his vitals the rest of his all too short life. A hated, cursed spot to avoid. A necrosis that inflamed and tortured his sensitive imagination. An intangible enemy to gloat over, when the rest of the world held him up as one of the elect and adored him as it had adored no other.

He pleaded with the family not to do anything rash. But shocked out of reason, they handed in their resignations to the society *en masse.* Never again would they enter the doors of the institution which had greeted the name of Felix Mendelssohn with insults and catcalls. It was a matter of family pride and honor. But it was an act that they later regretted and rescinded, for they were to hear, not long distant, that very name cheered and applauded as vociferously as the jeers and derision had sounded the night of his rejection.

He returned to his compositions with a relieved mind. The appointment to conduct the Düsseldorf Festival had been confirmed, and the London Philharmonic had commissioned him to write a symphony, an overture and a vocal piece for the society. Its directorate had voted him a hundred guineas for his labors, and begged him to come to England in May to conduct. Remuneration! The magical goal of independence at last. The knowledge of this other dream come true had buoyed him up during the terrible days of uncertainty. Without it, he could not have borne the ignominy of defeat.

The symphony had progressed by fits and starts, and he had labored over it in a preoccupied mood. He frequently viewed the work with dissatisfaction, and had even resolved to burn it up and start anew. Now he could finish it with a clear mind. It was the *Italian Symphony,* a strangely gay, light-hearted piece, full of sunny beauty, for such a hectic interval. But then, he was

neither the first nor the last to tear a masterpiece from tortured nerves.

"Such a period as this last half-year," he wrote a boyhood friend, "such a period having passed away makes me feel doubly grateful. It is like the sensation of going out for the first time after an illness; and, in fact, such a term of uncertainty, doubt and suspense really amounted to a malady, and one of the worst kind, too. I am now, however, entirely cured; so when you think of me, do so as of a joyous musician, who is doing many things, who is resolved to do many more, and who would fain accomplish all that can be done."

He had also been working on an outline for the text of an oratorio, *St. Paul.* Unconsciously he wove in a bit of current autobiography. It began with the episode of Stephen brought before the judges. "And Stephen, full of faith, full of power, did great wonders among the people. Then they suborned men who were false witnesses. And they stirred up the people and the elders, and brought him to the council, and spoke: 'And, lo! ye have filled Jerusalem throughout with your unfaithful doctrine.' And all that sat in the council looked steadfastly on him, and saw his face as it had been the face of an angel. 'Ye hard of heart,' reproved Stephen, 'which of the Prophets have not your fathers persecuted?' Then they ran upon him with one accord, and cast him out of the city, and stoned him. . . ."

The Lower Rhine Festival

XXII

FOR miles around the roads were choked with a swarming humanity. From Cologne, from Elberfeld, from Aix-la-Chapelle, from all the surrounding Rhine Province and Westphalian districts, they came, in ever-increasing numbers, sweltering hordes in schnellposts, carriages, hay-racks, wagons, and afoot. The sun beat down with a venomous, blinding relentlessness and the heat mounted by the quarter-hour. But the boisterous, good-natured rustics, intent on extracting the utmost enjoyment from the musical field day at Düsseldorf, were impervious to every discomfort. Snarled horse-collars, locked wheels and the carts of poor unfortunates, forced to renounce the festival and travel half off the road in the opposite direction, wove traffic into a tangled web and caused innumerable delays, delays that were greeted on all sides with lusty shouts, while the sweating drivers leisurely descended to unravel the knotted skein.

By water they came, too, noisy animated crowds in steamers and skiffs, from up and down the Rhine, and the scurrying Düssel which tumblingly emptied into it.

In deputations and societies, the celebrants jauntily advanced upon the festival city, singing their four-part songs as they disembarked or jammed the gates, a vociferous, perspiring host. Nothing could strain the patience of these music-hungry thousands. They had waited a whole year for this event, and the ardor

of their high spirits could not be dampened. Irrepressible children, exuberant with the bounding vitality of country-bred life, danced before their ponderous elders. In starched, colored frocks and linen suits, they looked like meadows bowing to the gossamer wind as they stooped to pluck the vivid corn-flowers, marguerites and moon-flowers to weave into chaplets and garlands for their pretty heads.

The blond hair of the great-girthed women, like the renowned Rhine flax, shone in the sun, offsetting the pink of their streaming faces and the spectrum of varicolored muslins. A few, with childlike gayety, essayed an uncertain skip or two, and then sighingly fell back on the huge stores of cheese, bread and wurst, with which their round arms were laden, and without which even a one hour's journey in the Fatherland is fated to end in certain catastrophe!

More soberly festive were the importantly posturing menfolk, adorned in heavy black broadcloth, peaked caps, and rakish, dainty-braided tobacco pouches slung over their shoulders. The burgomasters, deacons, and town-councilors among them, were easily singled out. These were recognizable by their ancient cylinder hats, and fat cigars, displacing for this grand occasion the more popular evil-smelling pipes.

Nor were pairs of lovers wanting in numbers or in open attentiveness to one another. Arm around waist, they sauntered along the leafy Alleestrasse and Hofgarten, or the shady walks near the Ananasberg and Grafenberg, reflecting charmingly posed silhouettes in the numerous ponds as they halted for a long, hypnotic kiss. Aged couples, observing with satisfaction the avid zestfulness of their offspring, chortled approval and were not too timid to do likewise.

From early forenoon to late in the evening, they poured into the bulging city, quartering with relatives, friends, and even strangers, who, with the most heartwarming *grossmuth,* meted out the famed Rhenish hospitality. The hotels, from the Breidenbacher Hof down to the lowliest inn, overflowed their uncomplaining guests to the very kitchens, crowding eight or ten in a room and five or more in a bed, for the visitors were eager to embrace

every moment's pleasure on the morrow—Whitsunday—when the first concert was to take place.

. . . . . .

The name of the Music Director, Felix Mendelssohn, was on every tongue. When the good townsfolk spoke of the young man from Berlin, every face lighted up with admiration and pleasure. Hitherto, known only to a few Düsseldorfers, he had taken the unwieldy orchestra of amateurs, reënforced by wind players from the court band, and in a few rehearsals, imbued them with his own love of striving after perfection.

At the first practice, the din had been awful. The musicians, honest tradespeople and farmers of Düsseldorf and neighboring towns, were hardly aware of the need for discipline in a festival orchestra. Throughout the morning, the informal talking and tuning persisted until Mendelssohn was forced to put his foot down. To make himself heard here would have required lungs of brass. But that he had not, and the good-natured charivari was doomed to go instead. He demanded complete silence during the playing, and no tuning in his presence. Like Handel, who once threw a kettle-drum at his startled orchestra for this offense, Mendelssohn abhorred the caterwauling of a hundred instruments retching noisily to the proper pitch.

They understood quickly, the provincial dilettantes, and thereafter the conductor, who was younger than any of them, had need only to raise his voice in encouragement and explanation. His poise before these men, and the firm but courteous command with which he made them eager to do his every bidding, was remarkable. "Now, gentlemen," he said with extreme gentleness and tact, "I have no doubt that every one of you is capable of playing the *Pastoral Symphony*, or of writing one of his own, but right now I should like to hear Beethoven's. It has a few nice points to recommend it!" It was cheerfully repeated. "Beautiful! Charming... but still ragged in half a dozen spots. Now, once more from the middle of the first movement."

"No, no," came the general response of the entire orchestra, "from the very beginning, and for our own satisfaction." It was

played again with finer finish, and Mendelssohn put down his magical Prospero's wand to listen with evident delight to the improved execution. Every glance rested on the conductor's face with a submissiveness and reverence which must have had its effect in buoying him up to go through the arduous task of rehearsing without lessened zeal or tolerance.

Still, the orchestra was far from perfect. It could not be spoken of in the same breath with such an able body as the London Philharmonic, which he had conducted in his new *Italian Symphony,* in the interim between leaving Berlin and arriving at Düsseldorf. That was hardly to be expected. The Englishmen played together season after season, were paid for their many concerts, and devoted themselves to nothing but music. Natural then, that their ensemble should have reached a high state of perfection under Europe's finest leaders. But here it was different. The string players, with hands hardened from toil in the field or shop, rarely assembled oftener than once a year, when the festival alternated between Aix-la-Chapelle, Barmen and Düsseldorf. Their playing was labored and false, and they were unacquainted with but more than a few symphonies and oratorios. The only remuneration they knew or cared for was the enthusiasm and pleasure that prompted them to participate. Little wonder then that it took an iron hand to transform them into a smoothly functioning group, capable of giving enjoyment to others.

This iron hand Mendelssohn was surprisingly able to supply. The Sunday musicales at home had given him invaluable experience in conducting, and a seasoned leader at an age when others were still laboring to master a single instrument, he was now a veteran. He knew the entire symphonic and chamber literature by heart, and thus was able to keep careful watch on the inconfident players, who would have been utterly lost with a conductor more attentive to the score itself. The keystone of his genius was his prodigious memory, instantly at hand. Once learned by him, a piece, no matter how trivial, was absorbed into every fiber of his being, and became an integral part of his physical composition. He could never forget, just as it was impossible not to remember that he had two thumbs, or that his moist, expressive eyes were brown. Masterpieces stored up in his brain as indelible

records to be withdrawn from their pigeonholes without a moment's warning. And the pigeonholes kept on increasing all the time, without crowding or limitation. The memory of Mendelssohn's musical experiences comprised all music, as in the case of few other great composers. To stand in front of an orchestra, to him, merely meant an unfolding of his many-faceted personality. The unpleasant altercations he had had with Berlin musicians in the past, and the recent disappointment administered by the Sing Akademie, only served to give him the necessary mellowed firmness which, placed beside his other preëminent qualifications, made him the ideal leader to dominate such a mongrel group as played under him at Düsseldorf. And it was the very opportunity he needed (psychologically timed to a nicety) to demonstrate his own worthiness to himself. The great resourcefulness and industry he displayed in putting orchestra and chorus through the insurmountable difficulties of *Israel in Egypt,* were worthy of one twice his years. Such were his forbearance and kindness that not one of the rustics did not consider himself a virtuoso or great singer, and increase his application ten-fold! After a week of constant rehearsing, their new-found ability delighted and amazed the performers themselves.

This was Felix Mendelssohn's moment of triumph; the bright turning-point of his career. It restored his sorely needed self-confidence—and everything became *couleur de rose.* Never was a multitude so elated with a presence among them. Gracious and kindly, he was regarded with the lofty proximity of a star fastened atop a tree. No one could do enough for Herr Felix—or Felix—as every one called him. Prince and scullery boy alike joined in doing him honor, and everything gave him *"plaisir."* Atropos, the inflexible goddess, felt the silken rein tremble in her hand, and yielded to her sister, Lachesis, spinning a web of vermilion brilliance.

. . . . . .

The elder Mendelssohn had dawdled over the invitation to attend the Düsseldorf Festival. He could not quite make up his mind what to do about it. Since the scandal of the preceding winter, he had grown more embittered and irritable with musi-

cians, committees, organizations, and the entire atmosphere of cabal that enshrouded them. It was apparent the old man had suffered more than any the loss of the Academy appointment. His heart was set on having all his children gathered about him under one roof, with Felix officiating as the central figure in the musical life of Berlin. But that had come to naught. Paul had gone to live in London, and soon, too, Felix must go elsewhere to further his ambitions. Age began making its inroads on the choleric, tireless body of the great banker, and his impatience discharged itself stormily about the heads of those nearest him. He rarely went out. Hour after hour, he would moodily pace the many rooms of the princely house, fulminating and upbraiding every one for the most inconsequential trifle. Everything seemed to go against his grain. The halls that had hitherto echoed with unrestrained optimism and hilarity, now became empty and drenched with pained silence. At the approach of his carpeted footsteps, a hush would descend over the depressed family, and continue until the sounds died away in another part of the house. Then they would gaze at one another mutely, with almost tearful sympathy, and consider plans for diverting his tortured mind. But their own powers were too stunned at the moment to concoct a fitting palliative. At best, Herr Mendelssohn looked with contempt on the "soft" emotion of sympathy, and could never abide being made its object. Beware then, the unfortunate individual who tried it! When aroused, Herr Papa could become savage in his annihilation. There was nothing to do but wait patiently until Time, the healer, closed the gaping wound.

The brilliant Leah, visibly grown older and now constantly ailing, looked from husband to son with doleful understanding. It had been her fervent wish as well, that Felix should live amongst them, and carry on his work with the honor due his distinguished talents. Fate had decreed otherwise, but with the Stoical correctitude compatible with her intellectual character, no complaint issued from her lips. Never a tender person, she had yet the true mother's confidence in her son's genius, and would not permit one failure to eclipse the many successes of the past. "Felix will yet rouse the world in wonder," she told herself repeatedly. "A hurdle makes the running seem easier." But with

wifely solicitude, her chief concern centered on Abraham, who must collapse under the terrific strain, if no let-up soon appeared.

Toward the beginning of April, the time came for Felix to depart for England. The relation between his father and himself had steadily grown firmer and deeper, until, reaching its climax in woe, it became a haze through which they regarded each other with reverence and awe. This strong, unusual bond, expressing itself in filial worship and dependence on authority on one side, and domination together with the contradictory desire to mold a self-maintaining character on the other, was the bulwark of both their lives. Compared to his interest in Felix's career, banking had become an avocation with Abraham Mendelssohn. He looked on his son with the unconscious gratification of beholding his own idealized reflection in a mirror—and battled against its dangers. Of the old school, the banker attacked the perplexing problem with fusty bigotry and despotism. Yet he was clearly aware of the pitfalls of creating an image that must fall to ruin once he ceased to be. Mozart's similar fate stood as a beacon of warning to his cautious nature, and he repeatedly sent Felix forth alone in an effort to capture the ever-elusive quality of self-reliance—only to exert his domination from afar. He found himself at once the patient and the doctor, with autonomy as the germ!

As the diligence carried off a less confident Felix than on his arrival, the old man stood in the Berlin road, waving his kerchief, his failing, tear-filled eyes painfully descrying the vanishing countenance of his great son, whose life was so desperately interwoven with his own. His nerve-racked mind felt relieved that the object of his anxiety was being removed from the scene of turmoil, and he daily grew calmer. In a month he had regained his old composure, and it required only a little good-natured coaxing to make him undertake the journey to Düsseldorf.

. . . . . .

Felix was engaged in coaching the chorus, when his father arrived. The old man, accordingly, drove up to the concert hall, about a mile to the north of the diminutive garden-city. As he peered uncertainly at the box-like building, an unknown individual made a deep obeisance before him, and courteously inquired if he

had the honor of addressing Stadtrath Mendelssohn-Bartholdy of Berlin. Upon being informed that his surmise was correct, he gravely introduced himself as Dr. von Woringen, son of the Town Council's president. Felix had delegated him to watch for the arrival of his father, and explain that he had failed to find adequate lodgings for him. Felix himself had rooms with the painter, Schadow, who had become director of the Düsseldorf Academy of Fine Arts, but all the hotels and private houses were already either filled or reserved. With another obeisance, Dr. von Woringen said that he was glad this was the case, since the old President had anticipated having the Music Director's father as his guest. There were polite objections, but the grave doctor further explained that the only vacant apartment Felix could find was in a dirty house in a poor, disreputable neighborhood. Being worn out and enveloped in the dust of two days' traveling, Herr Mendelssohn's resolution gave way before this unpleasant prospect.

Without more ado, the hospitable stranger stepped into the carriage and directed it to his father's house, then hurried back to the hall to announce his triumph to Felix. In a short while, Felix himself came. He kissed his father's hand and danced about him for joy. Between pirouettes, he breathlessly recounted bits of news; the trip to London, the success of the *Italian Symphony,* his delight with Düsseldorf, the orchestra, the chorus, the soloists, the townspeople. With all he was enamored and enthused.

The old man's heart leaped with pleasure as he noted with surprise the changes that had taken place in his son during the month he had not seen him. The face had taken on a new, definite look of maturity; the features were more sharply delineated and thrown into relief, the eyes deeper and with that same power that seemed to divine another's thoughts. The whole countenance was animated with a light of quick intelligence and inner beauty, altogether one to compel admiration. Almost all the agony endured was worth a sight of it. He could hardly wait, tired as he was, to write Leah his impressions of this meeting. "I have never seen a face like his," and when the many attentions overflowed from the son to the father: "It would be impossible to give you an idea of the incredible kindness and truly antique hospitality these people show me *pour les beaux yeux de mon fils.* Dear wife, this young

man gives us much joy, and I often say to myself, 'Three cheers for Marten's Mill!' He has, indeed, got an immense piece of work to do, but he does it with a spirit, energy, seriousness, and cleverness actually miraculous in its effect. To me, at least, it does appear like a miracle, that four hundred persons of all sexes, classes, and ages, blown together like snow before the wind, should let themselves be conducted and governed like children by one of the youngest of them all, too young almost to be a friend of any of them, and with no title or office whatever.... As soon as he knocks and is about to speak, a general psst is heard, and all is dead silence."

Every day there were rehearsals, either at Schadow's, with piano, or at the hall, where the general public, holding tickets for the performances, were admitted for an extra ten groschens. By Saturday the town was jampacked; it could not hold another soul. All night long the creaking of carriage springs, the laughter of enchanted couples and the chirping of crickets continued under the open windows. It was as if the entire population was tuning itself up for the events of the next few days. At dawn, every one was afoot again, although the first concert was not to take place until evening. Casements were thrown wide. Razors glistened over soapy faces, and ladies informally shuffled out of night-shifts or fastened a last corsage or sash to their flowered gowns. Chanticleers, like buglers from outpost to outpost, took up the morning muezzin-call of the barnyard, while clucking hens fluttered hysterically into the streets, leaving an egg to roll after them. Noisy children followed the fire-sprinklers watering the road between the town and the hall, and a small detachment of soldiers in the square yawned sleepily under the fierce rays of the sun. No one who has not attended a festival can appreciate the bustle, the flow of life, the gayety and good-humor that go on all day until the first flourish of trumpets that signifies the performance is about to commence.

The concert hall was disappointingly small for the huge throng. Hundreds, unable to gain admittance to the building, hung crestfallen about the outside with the faint hope that the heavenly music would occasionally float through the windows to their grateful ears. Within, the assemblage presented a brilliant contrast to

the bare whitewashed walls. Fragile, aristocratic ladies in diaphonous ballroom frocks, and gayly coiffed, sat amidst toil-coarsened peasant women wearing tiny black caps, with yards of ribbon streaming from them, setting off their not ungraceful heads and shoulders. Officers in tight-fitting uniforms, almost choking at the neck, with hair and mustaches bristling in an agony of military precision, were wedged between dirty students in tattered velvet jackets, and immaculate, pompous little manufacturers. But the orchestra and chorus, taking up one-third of the hall, made a striking picture of uniformity. The men wore black suits and cravats, and the women, compromising on a single color, bedecked themselves in flowing gowns of white.

The *Pastoral Symphony* never had a more ideal setting. Its rustic dance tunes, cuckoo calls, deluge and ensuing serenity mirrored perfectly a life the polyglot audience had always known. Opening the program, it set a high standard of excellence and enthusiasm for a cantata by Wolff and Beethoven's *Leonore Overture,* which preceded the long intermission.

The crowds poured into the garden to exchange gossip with friends and refresh themselves with whey and curds, seltzer water, *maitrank* and *butterbrod* pyramided on tables of all sizes: "this being the landlord's festival, and the whole thing not unlike a Kirmess."

Herr Mendelssohn elbowed his way through the buzzing mob, delighted with the general atmosphere of exaltation, and bits of overheard conversation, in which the name of the handsome director rapturously predominated. His host, a venerable man of seventy-four and a tenor in the chorus, caught him by the lapel and pressed into his hand a glass of wine poured from a bottle in his pocket. "We are proud of our son, eh, Herr Stadtrath?" the ancient crowed. "Never was such a *Kapellmeister* before in Düsseldorf. If the second half fares as well as the first, it shall have been an unforgettable evening."

A sudden fanfare started a rush to the doors; a second warned the stragglers and the eternally thirsty. Another resounding *tusch,* added impromptu by the delighted orchestra, hailed the conductor as he strode to his desk. For several minutes, the entire audience joined in long, lusty cheers. Then followed one of those dull,

dreary pieces which unfailingly creep into the programs of the most carefully prepared festivals, and which only seem to be a test of the public's nerves and endurance. The applause that greets the conclusion of these prosy, serpentining bores can only be out of gratitude and relief; and the artists felicitate one another like the survivors of a shipwreck, happy to behold their companions alive and smiling. Winter's *Power of Sound* fitted admirably into this category, falling short only in the bravura soprano aria which gave the soloist an opportunity to display her excellent vocal gifts.

With the last note of the concert scarcely finished, a bombardment of floral bouquets, till then hidden under scarfs and music sheets of the choristers, flew about the head of the startled conductor. His expression was a confusion of anger and bewilderment as the huge roses and carnations pelted him from all directions. He descended embarrassedly from the podium, only to be thrust up again and crowned with a laurel wreath magically produced on a velvet cushion by President von Woringen's daughter. Four times, like Caesar, he defended himself against it, bending almost to the floor in his squirming efforts, until seized by a powerful basso, who pinioned him in an iron grip while the wreath was gently placed upon his brow. Amid prolonged fanfares and jubilant pandemonium, the mob applauded frantically. The nervously fidgeting conductor, crowned in spite of himself, stood like a young discus thrower, triumphant in the Olympiads. It seemed to his father that the fabled ancestor of the Mendelssohns, Saul Wahl, the one-night king of Poland, had become incarnate!

. . . . . .

The levity which followed at Schadow's afterwards, was almost bacchanalian. Felix's entrance was the signal for some one at the piano to thump out *See The Conquoring Hero Comes.* The crown, this time of Dionysius, was again raised to his unwilling head, and a ceremonial march started through all the rooms of the house. *Aleatico, Vino Santo* and *Rüdesheimer* flowed copiously; and the painters of the Academy, the Malkasten Club, lifted their voices in booming chorus. Tables and chairs were hastily pushed aside, and dancing began. The young Music Direc-

tor, so thoroughly wedded to his art, and incapable of frivolity during the day, threw surprise into the company by drawing into his arms the soprano soloist, a pretty brunette from Holland, and expertly waltzing her through a long series of fanciful figures. "How elegantly you dance, Herr Felix," she cried, as she fell from exhaustion, her blistered feet refusing to take another step!

Schadow drew the elder Mendelssohn aside. He sought advice concerning a souvenir the committee wished to present his son. They had had a gold medallion struck off for him, but it had turned out unsatisfactorily and they meant to discard it. "Would Felix care for a ring set in brilliants, or perhaps a complete edition of Handel's scores?" Herr Mendelssohn thought the ring inappropriate. Perhaps the scores would be more suitable. But he preferred to consult Felix himself. That young man, with flushed face, cared for neither of these. He had most of the scores with the original instrumentation. Could a seal be procured for him? He had always wanted one for daily use. Schadow thought there would be no difficulty about this. He had a design in his desk, and promised to send it to Berlin next day to be engraved on stone. So the matter of payment was settled!

The second concert was even more stormily received than the first. Handel's *Israel in Egypt,* the *pièce de résistance* of the festival, was given, prefaced by Mendelssohn's martial *Trumpet Overture.* At the conclusion, the thunderbolts of heaven were loosed. The stamping lasted a full quarter-hour, and President von Woringen, in trembling voice, announced that due to the unwonted success of the festival, a third concert (the first time in its history) would be given on the following morning. Herr Felix would play the piano, the soloists would sing arias, and the second part of *Israel* would be repeated.

Mendelssohn, in a daze, and too tired for further merry-making, went straight home. He tossed about restlessly on his bed, and through the nebulous region of dreams, heard an infinitude of sound that lifted him rapturously up, up, until in a void of silence, he dropped off into deep slumber.

Next morning, the filled hall waited patiently until eleven-thirty, when he came in, pale and haggard. A tantara of trumpets

roused him to a stunning performance. The orchestra and chorus performed *con amore,* the soloists, with Mendelssohn accompanying at the piano, sang superbly. Thus the festival closed in a final burst of brilliance. The audience would not disperse. They thundered vociferously, and, standing, shouted repeatedly: *"Felix muss bleiben; Felix muss bleiben;* Mendelssohn must remain!" The idol of this tempestuous worship waved his arms helplessly and shut his almond eyes with *plaisir.*

. . . . . .

Still it was not over. The vast aftermath of social celebrations were now to commence! At a luncheon served in the garden, the Cologne delegation presented the guest of honor with a eulogistic poem; and an excursion into the country emptied the city as miraculously as it had been filled a half hour before. The entire citizenry returned *en masse* for a grand ball in the evening, and even the most indefatigable could not complain when the last waltz died away.

"As for me," the elated but drooping father reported home, "I felt so tired directly after the concert, so entirely knocked up, that after a wearisome walk home, I went straight to bed, and have induged in a twenty-four hours' repose, in order not to miss the grand dinner to-day, for which I was invited yesterday in all ceremony, by a deputation of the committee.... From now on, I am the 'Stadtrath' and official guest.... The days that have fallen to my share were beautiful, never-to-be-forgotten ones. I owe them first to Felix, and next to all of you who persuaded me to go (and to whom I am truly grateful)."

Felix had promised to return to London immediately his duties at Düsseldorf had ended. He begged his father, who had never visited England, to accompany him. The old man toyed with the idea, but gave no answer. Felix coaxed persistently. Still his father would not commit himself, although he felt he would eventually yield. "You will see, you will love London," Felix pleaded. "London is vast; London is magnificent; London is—enthusiastic," this last with a merry twinkle of the eyes. The congeniality and admiration of the Britishers was intoxicating. It had almost become a habit, posting over to Calais and shuttling across

the Channel. He had hopes of prevailing on his father to join him, and patiently bided his time. The old man could refuse him nothing now!

An important movement was yet brewing. His cup of joy was filled to the brim, but the worthy Düsseldorfers were decided that it must flow over. At the banquet, that evening, an important announcement would be forthcoming, and there would be a period for all concerned to ponder over it.

He sat at the head of a table gayly festooned with colored lanterns and camelias. Directly in front of him stood an exquisite trophy of musical instruments and insignias in miniature, a tribute to his all-embracing musicianship. On either side sat the soloists, the committee on music, members of the Academy, dignitaries of the town, and Stadtrath Mendelssohn, completing an imposing assembly.

A perfunctory toast to the King, preceded a hearty drink to the health of Felix, who was all the while enigmatically referred to as "our Felix." A great many other healths were drunk, and soon the ceremony of wassail produced a glow that attested to the vigor of the neighborhood's excellent vintage. In resounding, carefully chosen phrases, Herr Schadow proposed the nomination of Mendelssohn to the permanent Directorship of all the town's musical activities for a period of three years. His duties were to consist of the direction of the church music, the private vocal and instrumental bodies, now to be consolidated for the first time, and from four to eight yearly concerts of these societies, as well as the festivals. The salary was to be six hundred *thaler* (about $450), and three months allotted to vacation for travel and other engagements!

He was surprised and delighted. At last, a position combined with dignity and pleasant duties, such as he had vainly sought in Berlin. And entirely without seeking it! Where he would have had to fight for every inch of ground in Berlin, his road here would be strewn with honor and respect. With a smile that expressed his inward satisfaction, he looked for approval to his father. The old man beamed across the table, and nodded assent, whereupon the whole company became wreathed in smiles, and the new music director boyishly signified agreement. Their mutual

aims culminating in harmonious fusion, the party broke up in high spirits.

Mendelssohn, Senior, in his usual paragraphic sentences, forthwith despatched reports of the offer:

"I shall soon be with you, and then give you all the particulars, the origin of the whole affair, and the important ulterior consequences of Felix's position (which at once made me advise him to accept), the useful and important school it will be for him, the exceptionally agreeable circumstances attending the engagement, and the clever and noble conduct throughout, of Felix himself. I am sure, dear Leah, that you will agree with me in rejoicing to see Felix in a fixed appointment, and on the sure and straight road towards his higher ends, in artistic surroundings, beloved and honored to a really extraordinary degree, enjoying unlimited confidence, at the head of established institutions looking entirely to him for their proper direction and development. I know not what position I could desire more suitable for him and his future."

And with a final hit at empty pomposity:

"Whilst so many others have titles without an office, he will have a real office without a title."

The sudden twist of events added the last happy tug of persuasion in favor of the London holiday, and the man who modestly referred to himself as a dash between his father and his son, gleefully advised his family to expect his next letter "from Buenos Aires, Constantinople, Greece or the Canary Islands. . . ."

Maria Malibran

XXIII

THAT strange, extravagantly-wrought creature. Malibran, held London in the palm of her hand. Every season she returned to England, and every season her fees grew as fabulously as the legends that sprang up around her. In the anterooms of the Upper House, Whig and Tory, disagreeing violently over the Cotton Bill or some other much-mooted question, might be seen arm in arm, discussing with charming equanimity the versatility of the great singer. During basset and crimp at the club, young exquisites teased themselves with the possibility of pursuing her out of Great Britain, only to fall disconsolate as they listened to her glorious voice in their mothers' Mayfair salons. Women, too, harder to please, basked in the rays of the Spaniard's fascination, and emulated the Malibran head-dress, the wasp-waisted Malibran gowns, with full, flowing skirts, and carried doll-topped Malibran parasols.

Despite these manifestations of worship, loyalty was not undivided. Leaders must have camps, and it necessarily follows that camps must wage war between them. Her enemies said that Malibran drank as hard as she rode, was avaricious to miserliness, and had had an offspring in an illicit liaison with the taciturn Belgian, De Beriot. The singer's defenders, on the other hand, averred that there was no more charitable soul alive, that her bequests were munificent and anonymous; that if her breath occasionally smelled of alcohol, it was only from a stimulant used to

Joseph Muller Collection

Maria Malibran

lubricate her throat and keep up the stamina of her weakened constitution. As for De Beriot, her elderly husband refused to give her up, and continually blackmailed her for large sums of money. Could any one blame her, young, hot-blooded, miserable, with a mania for dolls, if she had been indiscreet with the handsome violinist? Aside from her "adorable Charles," she was irreproachable, and though her hilarity and easy conviviality were often misinterpreted, no man dared permit himself liberties with her. She had been known to stop short, when a *double entendre* was risked in her presence, and creep into a corner in tears.

Nevertheless, strangely unlike rumor, some of the conflicting reports in circulation were true, for nowhere was a more contradictory or incongruous character to be found. Frail as a bird, she never hesitated to tax to the utmost her powers, screwed up by a fierce mental energy. No woman was more timid, more docile, nor any more courageous or daring. Of a tempestuous temper, she was quick to beg forgiveness for her faults, and her inability to mask her feelings in private could only compare with her genius for acting on the stage. An ill-turned remark might cause her to swoon, yet her delicacy was balanced by a hardiness that had prompted her one night to mount the box of her coach, and, during a blinding storm, hold the reins until dawn, while her haggard driver rested below.

Only one man truly understood her; he was neither de Beriot, nor her husband, but her father, the great Garcia himself. The man who forced his daughter to sing her lessons while the tears welled from her eyes, said repeatedly: "I am well aware that the world blames my heartless disciplinary measures for her quixotic character, but I am right, Maria can never become great except at a terrible price; her proud and stubborn spirit requires an iron hand to control it. Towards her younger sister, on the contrary, I have never had cause to exercise harshness, and yet she will make her way. This is the difference—the one requires to be bound with a chain, the other may be led by a silken thread."

Malibran was an enigma, and that was the way the world loved to think of her. Whether one was enthralled or grumbled ill-naturedly, the Spaniard was extraordinary, fable-provoking—and miserably unhappy.

Hardly a day passed that invitations with finely embossed devices did not rise into neat little pyramids on her tray. From Holland House, where Lord Melbourne was *éclat,* from Lord Devonshire's, from the Duchess of Kent's, they were delivered by flunkeys in glittering uniforms. She loved being the object of *fantasme,* but often experienced the reverse in aristocratic houses. Fashion decreed that one might not follow a vocation for pay, at the risk of being treated on a par with common tradesmen. But the democratic Malibran could see no difference between performing for a handful of nobles or a gallery of gamins. An engagement was an engagement, and as such must be paid for—in advance.

No doubt, the singer's popularity would have been greater had she been less fastidious on this point, but as it was, she sang on an average of thrice daily, accepting the engagements that De Beriot, with a connoisseur's eye, selected for her. With other performers she would be thrust into an alcove to await her turn, or sit unnoticed near the piano at one end of the ballroom, where a velvet-covered rope on the floor would indicate how far the hired artist might venture. Such occasions were gall and wormwood to Malibran, especially when maliciously pitted against her closest rival, Mme. Sonntag. But she made the haughty aristocrats pay for these slights with increased fees, until even the richest among them had to reconsider, and invite her to dinner. Then would come her inning. Tapping the card thoughtfully against her thumb, she would pretend that they were not worthy of the honor of her company, only to go to them and invariably complain afterwards. Had Malibran the wit of the virtuoso, who offered to reduce his fee by one-half when told he must not speak to the guests, she might have considered herself sufficiently avenged.

But all the invitations were not of this nature. There were those from the foremost musicians, like Sir George Smart, Attwood, and the Horsleys, where De Beriot was *persona grata* as well. With them, one might spend an evening in unmitigated fun. Dinners were not contingent on a performer's graciousness; one sang or played if one felt like it. But usually one felt like it.

. . . . . .

It was at Horsley's that the Mendelssohns met Malibran. The famous glee writer often gave musical parties at his house in

Kensington, the evenings usually winding up in part-songs around the supper table. The atmosphere here was similar to that of his own home, and the banker immediately accepted Horsley's invitation for himself and Felix, in preference to stopping in at Mrs. Austen's, where the literary lions, Edward Bulwer and young Disraeli, were frequently to be encountered.

Going about had become increasingly difficult for the old man. The fears of failing eyesight had at last to be recognized. When Felix described the open rolling meadows as green, they appeared yellow, shorn and burnt to him, though the first day of summer was still a few weeks off. Even the unfathomable blue of an unclouded sky presented an opaque dullness of black and gray. Exhibitions and sight-seeing continually set father and son at variance, but the father, less severe than he had ever been, good-naturedly yielded, though still believing himself to be right.

The time for the party arrived, but Felix had not yet returned from the country, where he had gone to spend the day with a few young friends. His father, always fussily punctual, decided to wait no longer, and signaled to Klingemann and Rosen, another of Felix's Berlin friends residing in London, that they might start. "I'll leave word with Mrs. Heinke that we have gone on ahead," he said grumpily. "Then Felix can come later. The boy is so busy experiencing things, that he has no time to live. *Na!*" he clucked his tongue. "Let us start."

At Horsley's, the evening was fairly under way. De Beriot was in the midst of a delightful Haydn quartet, and the host, who spoke neither French nor German, led the partly blind banker to a far end of the room, where sat three white-haired spinster ladies, as alike as three peas in a row. In a corner was Malibran, moodily indifferent. She nodded a mute salutation.

After De Beriot and his colleagues had finished the quartet, Malibran offered to sing a few sacred pieces by Horsley. The music was dull and uninteresting, but Herr Mendelssohn was impressed with the great simplicity and exquisite delivery of the singer.

Felix arrived shortly after she had finished. Before old Horsley could make the necessary introductions, Malibran seized

the newcomer unceremoniously by the hand. "I know who you are," she said in animated yet immaculate English. "You are Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, the young man from Germany. No? How do you do?"

The proximity of the great artist, whom he had hitherto only seen on the other side of the footlights, and her unexpected geniality, startled him. He had hardly expected her to be so unconventional. But once he grasped the meaning of the simple sentences, he was touched by the straightfordwardness which had prompted her lack of formality. With vertiginous unsteadiness, he stared into the circles of jet iridescence, veiled by extraordinarily long curled lashes. In the instant that he saw himself mirrored in those unusual eyes, a fulgurant procession of images—Rosina, Semiramide, Giulietta, Desdemona, Leonore—all of the rôles he had ever seen her in, presented themselves with vivid completeness to his mind.

Like a stage-struck boy, he trembled to find himself in the company of this unusual woman who had in her the power to enthrall thousands. He laughed nervously, and hot waves rolled over his face. Between them stood less than a year in difference of age, yet she was infinitely younger in energy and fire of spirit, centuries older in experience. He remembered the longing which seized him the first time he had seen her on the stage—the very first evening of his first visit to England, four years before. Much had happened during that tumultuous period. The year before, in Paris, though that seemed years ago, too, he had haunted the theater every evening she appeared, and sighed that the possibility of holding her hand was as remote as ever. But now, an exhilaration of expectancy, half of curiosity, took possession of him.

Malibran looked with pleasure at the half-scared boy, her olive-tinted face wreathed in smiles. She was conscious that he was not master of the situation. She smiled mysteriously to herself.

A small noise of a chair scraping the floor as it was being brought forward, recalled him to the present. "How do you do?" he repeated her question bewilderedly, not knowing what to say next.

Horsley guffawed heartily. He made haste to do the offices. De Beriot acknowledged the introduction with frigid politeness.

From a corner, Rosen made a grimace, and Klingemann, always ready with some teasing comment, cried out: "Ho! Felix. Have we left any of the country beauties without broken hearts?"

"The Misses Alexander," Horsley whispered in Felix's ear. The spinsters each held out a thin, child's hand in turn. "We remember Mr. Felix from previous visits," they said, in unison.

"Dear ladies, I distinctly recall you, too."

"Why have you never told us about the charming Misses Alexander?" interposed his father, sitting in their midst.

"Yes," Felix said absent-mindedly, "Yes...." But his thoughts were following the path of his eyes over his left shoulder, where Malibran held herself silently aloof from the rest of the company, expecting him to return to her. He threw a furtive glance at his father, but the old man noticed nothing, suspected less. His mind jumped disjointedly.... Malibran... his father's sense of propriety could easily be offended... was she beckoning to him?... Papa would become outraged... fearful... she was tapping her foot impatiently.... The Stadtrath had been in great good-humor of late.... O, to be the slave of such a woman.... "Should you like to visit Parliament? O'Connell is attacking..." the middle Miss Alexander was speaking. He remembered now. One was interested in politics, another in... would she continue to stare until everybody noticed?... painting, the third in music and German.... "Yes, I should love to visit Parlia..." Klingemann would never leave off teasing.... "Would the Mendelssohn gentlemen like to see Lord Leveson Gower's gallery?"... Yes, they would be delighted.... De Beriot was plucking the strings of his Maggini with his left thumb, wrapping colorful silk kerchiefs around its belly, putting the instrument away... it was a strangely large instrument.... Would he resent attentions to Malibran? Would there be a challenge?... a dreadful scene?... He shuddered.... They said Malibran fenced like a man.... Did they fence together?... He was probably a great swordsman.... "Your mother," the eldest-looking spinster was saying, "from what your dear papa tells us, must resemble Raphael's Madonna...." "Mademoiselle, *vous etes transporté par votre imagination.* My wife's face cannot be compared to the cheap beauty of a picture." "Then one of Guido's?"... the younger Miss Hors-

ley—plain-looking girl—was arranging the music rack of the piano.... Malibran stood near by... she sat down.... She was going to play or sing... or both.

He wiped the perspiration from his damp forehead and hair.

After a few measures of piano introduction, a Spanish song. She was determined to make a conquest of him!

Una linda magica mujer
Me encanté con solo su mirar,
Es vision ó no sé qué,
O es tan solo un angel sin igual?
Con un beso ardiente que me dio
Con sus labios de corel me mati, me mati,
Ay, y todito su amor á mi me es entrégo
En mis brazos yo tenia reclinada a mi Maria.
Vente, nina, vente,
Yo quiero darte Besos mil y mil
Que el que te adora siempre será,
Tuyo para ti.

The pellucid tones vibrated in the room, rounding off in golden circles. It was a peasant love song, *The Enchantress,* which she sang with rare warmth of feeling. While the chords of the piano halted, she improvised a cadenza or a few grace notes, and then, dreamily, lapsed back into the burden of the song, words of simple, heartfelt loveliness. It was as if an echo were awakened in her breast of an existence long ago among the Spanish hills, a land she had never seen in this.

Like a charmed schoolboy, Felix found himself near the piano, hanging over the side of the instrument. *"Wunderschön!"* he cried. *"Bitte, noch einmahl."*

Malibran looked down at her fingers, her face suffused with pleasure. "A thing well done should never be repeated," she said coquettishly. "Something else instead, yes?"

"Please," he begged, almost oblivious to the fact that there were others in the room.

She launched into a second song, this time a fiery, lilting *sardaña* from Catalonia, and before any one could thank her, another. Felix squeezed her jeweled fingers in gratitude. The kind of woman whose hand men instinctively bent over and kissed, he permitted himself this gallantry.

In quick succession followed an English sea chanty, and a few tambour tunes by Rameau, admirably self-accompanied. Herr Mendelssohn, who had heard the singer several years before, and disliked her style of singing then, now chortled with delight. "What flowing and effervescing power and expression," he exclaimed to the astonished spinsters when she had finished. "What caprice and boldness, passion and *esprit*, and with what consciousness of her means this woman sings. She has completely converted me."

Mme. Malibran rose from the piano with a graceful curtsy, implying that Felix should now demonstrate his powers. But he hesitated. He knew how futile it would be to attempt playing the piano after her beautiful voice had just been heard. The piano could never equal the sustained flow of tone, the warmth of color, the depth of feeling, that had issued from her throat. He refused and fled to an adjoining room, Malibran after him. They struggled amid shouts of laughter, until bested by her wiry, feline strength and swiftness, he was dragged back. The Misses Alexander, like the three Fates in their black dresses, were slightly alarmed, and kept ejaculating "Oh! Oh! Oh!" but Herr Mendelssohn could not quite make out what was going on. De Beriot, however, manifested a sudden and intense interest in his polished shoe-tips, as bright as his crimson cheeks.

He played. He began with a series of chords that rose to a mountainous crescendo, then quietly introduced the themes of Malibran's songs, hitherto unknown to him. From these airs, sometimes appearing in the bass, sometimes in the treble, he wove a fantasy of delicate lightness and beauty. Characteristic Spanish dance rhythms crackled in the accompaniment; the wind whistled gayly to an undercurrent of broken waves in a lilting hornpipe. None, listening to that brilliant, perfectly constructed composition under other circumstances, would have credited it with being created on the spur of the moment. It was enchanting. Even De Beriot forced a smile to his line-thin lips.

Now Mme. Malibran wished to dance. She seemed to have taken over the ordering of the evening's program, and begged for a *galop*. Still at the piano, Felix began to strum one. But Malibran had other plans. She pressed Miss Horsley into that service and

claimed Felix for her partner. The room was cleared and others joined in the dancing.

Despite Mme. Malibran's positive desire to dance, her movements appeared to indicate that her mind was elsewhere. She lagged behind the decisively-struck pulse of the *galop*, or anticipated unfeelingly, never seeming to be able to fit her steps into the simple rhythms. Her partner attempted to steady her, but she only stumbled more awkwardly. With charming credulity, he attributed this seeming moodiness to his own stimulating person. But the truth was Malibran could not dance. Whatever were the many gifts of Garcia's daughter, the art of Terpsichore was not among them. Like many another otherwise highly coördinated musical organization, her feet could not move effortlessly and rhythmically to music. But so obstinate was she, and so determined to overcome this defect, that once in Naples, her insistence upon dancing a *mazurka* had destroyed an opera at its *première!*

The *galop* finally became hopeless, dwindled to a game of guessing which way the other would turn. In an effort to restore her to the good humor that was rapidly vanishing, Mendelssohn asked: "Shall we talk in the next room?" But this was evidently the wrong tack to pursue. The singer thought the question carried a suggestion of her inability to dance, that she was making a ridiculous figure of them both. "Am I so distasteful to you?" she replied, under her breath, almost savagely.

"No, no," he hastened to explain, impulsively drawing her nearer. Mme. Malibran glowered through the web of curled lashes hanging like black lace over dark onyx. The blood drained from his face. Had he gone too far? Offended? She smiled. The blood rushed back. *"Teufel!* that was a scare," he said to himself.

"Can we not talk while we dance in here?" she asked, in a spirit of conciliation.

"Certainement," he replied in French that carried a faint trace of German gutturals. The language of gallantry, it had been tacitly adopted by both. "Is it true," he asked, "that you receive one thousand pounds for each performance?" He was thinking of his expected annual salary at Düsseldorf, which was less than one-tenth of that sum!

"You must ask M. De Beriot that," she rejoined provocatively.

"I shall do that instantly." The words came between a torrent of suppressed giggles. There is a woman for you, he thought, amazed: a temptress, a prude, a sphynx—but she must always rule the roost. Was she always this way, or had she had one of those little lovers' quarrels with De Beriot? Certainly, she was treating him coldly, if not ignoring him altogether. A glance at the hard, inflexible lines of the violinist's face left one in doubt what emotions, if any, were coursing through that reserved, impassive heart. They were so unlike each other, this strange pair—the one warm, sociable, impetuous, a veritable firebrand, and the other cold, aloof, almost a cadaver. Mendelssohn wondered what she saw in him, apart from his beautiful violin playing. Was it the immutable attraction of opposites, being perfect foils for one another? That would ever remain a mystery! No one would be so foolhardy as to risk asking either of them. Tonight, however, the violinist was merely an acquaintance, silently playing at chess with Rosen, while a young man with a warm, impetuous nature, a ready smile on his moist, well-formed lips, looked dazzlingly into her eyes that shone back at him with awakened interest.

The *galop*, such as it was, continued indefinitely. Miss Horsley showed no signs of letting up, and the dancers took their cue from her. Klingemann caught up the other Miss Horsley, and began to whirl her around in giddy fashion, all the while making grimaces at Felix.

His antics amused the singer for a moment, but she soon turned back to scrutinize her partner's face more closely. The oval head, the handsomely Hebraic countenance, the lowered lids, his youth and eagerness intrigued her. She suddenly wanted to charm him all over again, perhaps make amends for the *acharnement* of a moment before. She crept closer to him. The ancient gold coin, held in place on the yellow-jasmine brow by a fine Venetian chain encircling her head, stood forth boldly. "Your improvisation was very clever," she said simply. "Especially the quick contrasts of low and high notes as I often do."

He smiled appreciatively. "Your unique range fascinated me from the very beginning. You display it so tastefully. There

is one point on which you must satisfy my curiosity. How is it, with your great command on the stage, you are slow in warming up to your rôles?" He looked intently at the expressive Murillo face, hoping his harmless question would not again be misconstrued.

"I shall let you into a trade secret," Malibran replied with an air of childlike mystery. "I look upon the heads in the pit as one great mass of candles. If I were to light them up all at once, they would waste and soon burn out. But, by lighting gradually, I obtain in time a brilliant illumination. My system is to light up the public by degrees. *Comprenez?*" She tapped his arm archly with the back of her fan.

"There are some you light up instantly."

"Your papa?"

"My grandmother's aunt! Do you sing soon again?"

"To-morrow evening. I am Isolina in *The Maid of Artois.* Opera in English! Not a singer's language. Come and see me, or better, you shall ride with me in the morning before rehearsal."

"But, that will tire you?"

"*Dios,* no. We shall ride in Hyde Park and draw up before the very door of Drury Lane Theatre!"

He burst out laughing. The picture she drew was preposterous. But she was in earnest.

"Say. Shall we?" She expected an answer.

Mendelssohn hesitated, caught between the desire to be with her, and caution against doing something rash. He looked to his father, who glanced significantly from him to De Beriot. The chess game was progressing gloomily, and the players sat slumped in their chairs. From a corner of his eye, the violinist watched his *inamorata's* movements disapprovingly and with growing wrath. She seemed intent on humiliating him with this youngster. The De Beriots were not to be treated so. They came of a noble Louvain line. She evidently didn't remember their little Charles Wilfrid, scarcely five months old, left behind in Brussels. He shifted a bishop with vindictive jerkiness, showing more emotion than he was thought capable of. To Rosen, already becoming known as an Orientalist, he addressed some abstruse remark on Chinese art to divert his mind.

The *galop* seemed unending. Felix became thoughtful, collided with his partner woodenly. Malibran suddenly asked him if he liked riddles. She doted on them, she said. He looked helplessly to his father.

"Why should Samson have made a good actor?" she asked in English, unconcerned with everything else.

He did not know. What next? he thought. Is this a child or a grown woman? No one enjoyed games or entered into their spirit with more relish than he, but the atmosphere had suddenly become tense.

"Come now, you are clever," she cajoled. "Unriddle me this."

After a moment of silence, during which he looked uncomprehendingly at her, she exclaimed triumphantly: "Because he could so easily bring down the house."

He strained to grasp the quaint idiom, and then burst out in his warm nasal laugh. At the same moment, the dance mercifully came to an end. De Beriot stood magically, ominously at his side. Every one sensed a painful scene ahead. Mendelssohn faced him inquiringly. "Thank you," was all the violinist said, in glacial tones, and grumblingly bespoke the next dance of Malibran. The relief was general; unpleasantness had been avoided.

Felix strolled over to the chess table self-consciously, seating himself in the chair just vacated by De Beriot. "Chess?" he called to Rosen. For the moment he deemed it wiser to avoid his father.

The evening began to pall. Within a few minutes everything seemed forced, empty, and Herr Mendelssohn signed to Felix that it was getting late. They took their departure while Horsley's lovely glee, *By Celia's Arbor,* was being sung. They walked slowly in the direction of Great Portland Street.

"Ich glaube," the old man said, *"wir haben in England bereits zu lange beweilt."*

His son, holding him by the arm to direct his steps, glanced obliquely at the faltering old man. The rugged, unrelaxed face betrayed no clew as to the origin of his remark, but Felix understood. He became vaguely uneasy. Malibran's brilliant, smoldering eyes danced seductively before him; the warmth of her vital,

pulsating body still clung with real physical nearness. Only the bellicose figure of De Beriot cast its dark shadow over the glowing image. He chuckled softly to himself. There had been no ugly accounting. De Beriot had really shown sense.... A tug at his sleeve reminded him that he had unconsciously accelerated his gait....

. . . . . .

Next morning Felix rose early. But his father had already preceded him, and sat near the window, trying to indite a long, detailed letter. The sun shone gloriously into the room, but the old man complained of the darkness, cursed the fog, and lowered his head until the tip of his nose touched the paper on the table before him. With the dim vision that was still left him, it was only possible to see, not what he was writing, but that he was writing at all. Crossly, he blamed it all on the London weather, and threw down his pen in exasperation.

"Good morning, Felix," he said, as soon as he heard his son clamber out of bed. "Your mother seems to feel worried that no review of the Düsseldorf Festival has yet appeared in any Berlin paper. I have informed her that "if well and faithfully written, it would make an interesting and amusing article, but with such our newspapers are not in the habit of supplying their readers."

"True enough," Felix yawned. "What a great day for riding!" He began to search his wardrobe for riding clothes, anticipating a brisk canter in the park.

"Not to-day," his father said guardedly; "we have promised Attwood to be with him at St. Paul's."

Felix tried to remonstrate, but gave it up as hopeless. The old man's growing helplessness had increased the son's devotion proportionately. He yielded after a slight tussle with himself. Besides, he was convinced that it was the wiser course. If he were to ride with Malibran that morning, it would surely displease De Beriot. And then the consequences might be serious. No doubt she had forgotten the invitation the moment it had left her lips. "Well, to St. Paul's we shall go," he grumblingly complied, and donned his frock-coat instead.

An hour later, he was sitting at the console of the powerful

organ in the empty cathedral. Attwood, the regular organist, pumped away at the bellows with Klingemann and Rosen on either side of him. Mendelssohn played without reckoning the passage of time, lost in a rapture of contentment and musical exaltation. Pieces by Bach came one after another to his ready fingers, and the foot pedals sank and rose with easy, fluent mastery. He played the fugues slower than the English were accustomed to play them, and made his changes from the Swell to the Great Organ with telling effect. Then he improvised, turning the heavy touch of the instrument into the light responsiveness of a fine piano action with his nimble *arpeggios* and technical passages. The tones ascended magnificently in the empty vastness of the great edifice; only "two ladies, frequenters of the Philharmonic, stole in and listened unseen."

Old Attwood, nearly seventy, breathless from so much unaccustomed exertion, expressed his wonderment to his two amateur assistants: "I cannot decide in which capacity my young friend excels most—as pianist, composer, conductor, or organist."

. . . . . .

Stadtrath Mendelssohn was in haste to clear out of London. The reasons were diverse and many. He feared Felix, grown moody and silent, had become too susceptible to the famous Malibran's undeniable charms; the wooden English temperament got on his nerves, as did London, "where a foreigner must entirely renounce his national and individual peculiarities, and must quite desert over to Anglization and Londonization to enjoy existence or opinion" and go through an ape-like metamorphosis before becoming adjusted! Lastly, the sad realization of inevitable blindness made him depressed and anxious to be safe in the bosom of his family. A double cataract, through which he could only faintly discern a glimmer of yellow light, had lowered its shield of prison darkness over his eyes. And the once invincible mind that could spring into a fury of irritability over a trifle, grew calm and resigned. No longer was he the imperious leader of a worshipful flock, but a blind and broken man, doomed henceforth to take his place before the fire and mull over the memories of the past. He began to really understand the philosophy of the Stoics.

An early date in July was set for the departure. But Fate dropped her heavy hand once again on the already burdened man, and intervened. While left alone for a moment on a visit to Portsmouth Dockyard, poking his way about a man-of-war, he stumbled and injured his shin. The accident, similar to the one encountered by Felix on his first visit, kept him to his bed for almost a month. He became more depressed than ever, and despaired of being under his own roof again.

Felix attended him constantly, making every effort to keep the patient amused during the painful confinement. Friends, old and new, poured into the sickroom in endless procession, bearing gifts: East Indian arrowroot, old port wine, flowers, marmalades, a roast fowl, fruits. He was overcome with the many attentions showered upon him. He formed a resolution to establish a free bed in a Berlin hospital, once he arrived home, and faithfully kept his promise. When able to sit up once again, he laboriously wrote Leah:

"Next to God, and more even than to my dear doctor, I owe my recovery to one whom, away from you, I like best being indebted to, and that is Felix. I can never tell you what he has done for me, what treasures of love, patience, perseverance, solicitude and tenderest care he has lavished on me; and great as is my debt to him for the thousand courtesies extended to me on his behalf by others, my indebtedness to him is greater for what he himself has done for me."

Before very long, he announced that he would soon cross the Channel and bring with him a young painter instead of Felix, one Alphonse Lovie, for whom he had formed a sudden attachment. Mr. Lovie was none other than Mr. Felix himself in the form of a surprise to the family.

Herr Mendelssohn and the young "painter" stopped off at Horchheim to visit with Uncle Joseph. Here another unfortunate incident occurred. The unhappy man stepped on a nail, and was again laid up for a few days. His impatience to reach home mounted to frenzy. Stretched out in the *coupé* of the diligence, he made the necessarily slow journey to Berlin in three feverish days and nights. Only when the horses' hoofs rang out in the beloved courtyard was his anxiety appeased, and not until then was the eventful journey considered ended.

A Salto Mortale

XXIV

THE early months at Düsseldorf flew merrily by. Mendelssohn, whose genius for music only exceeded his gift for acquiring friends of the highest intellectual and moral attributes, found himself in the midst of a lively circle of congenial spirits. For the most part, this group consisted of the talented young painters who were attracted to the Academy by Schadow's great abilities and personal charm. All of the undertakings of these hearty young fellows—soon famed throughout the world as the Düsseldorf School—were supervised or participated in by the eloquent and deeply religious director with whom lecturing in and out of the classroom had become second-nature. The newly appointed conductor was privileged to live in Schadow's house, and thus draw upon himself the affectionate solicitude which the great painter felt for his pupils.

Mendelssohn found this artistic atmosphere immensely to his taste. He accepted it with true gusto. Drawing and painting had been one of his most beloved pursuits since early childhood, and now he had the opportunity of gaining regular instruction that would improve his by no means mediocre skill. Fat Schirmer, the eminent water-colorist, came to him punctually at eleven every Sunday morning, and for two hours initiated him into the secrets of "using purple for distances and how to paint sunlight"; the conditions being that Herr Felix should accept a landscape painted in his room, which had been inspired by his little piece, *The Rivulet*.

There, too, was Immermann, who had seemingly forgiven him the collapsed affair of *The Tempest* libretto, and spent many an hour with his ex-prospective collaborator in reading passages from "Hofer," and in talking over plans for the new theater a-building—directorship of which they were to jointly share. The poet had given over his soul completely to the drama and the model performances to come; even intended resigning from the judiciary so that his ideals might be consummated unhampered. Mendelssohn was to be musical director of the airy enterprise, and together they would produce the great masterpieces of the stage, even if the populace stormed heaven for their customary treacle! And the idealistic young composer, still unversed in the art of saying no, and, to boot, proudly drawing himself up as "an anti-public-caring musician and an anti-critic-caring one," eagerly fell in with his friend's lofty schemes.

Meanwhile, the old theater was still in use. It was decided to offer a sample of this improving fare to the *populusque musici Dusseldorfiensis*—at increased prices! The resultant fracas was great. After the first presentation—Mozart's *Don Giovanni,* in which Mendelssohn made his public *début* as opera conductor—Immermann was sent to bed with a high fever from mortification. The audience howled and stamped its disapproval; the curtain danced crazily up and down; and the conductor refused to go on until quiet was restored.

"The second act was played in the midst of the most profound silence, and much applause at the close. After it was all over, the entire company of actors was called for, but not one came, and Immermann and I consulted together in a shower of fiery rain and gunpowder smoke—among the black demons—as to what should be done. I declared that not until the company and I received some manner of apology, would I again conduct opera. Then came a deputation of musicians from the orchestra, who in turn said that if I did not conduct the operas, they would not play; then the manager of the theater began to lament, as he had already disposed of all the tickets for the next performance. Immermann snubbed everybody all around, and in this graceful manner, we retreated from the field."

Next day, the Association for the Promotion of Music issued

a manifesto reviling the miscreants, the Theatrical Committee threatened to dissolve, and the *scandale* was renovated in the newspapers. After this, the battlefront lapsed into silence, and the performances were allowed to proceed peaceably, without gratuitous scenes from the audience. Although the whole disturbance amused Felix—he said so later—he soon came to feel the deficiencies of the tiny town.

. . . . . .

The perfervid atmosphere of a festival could not be expected to continue throughout the work-day year. The musicians, formerly so docile and anxious to be taught, neither improved nor cared to accept counsel. Their playing remained crude and slovenly, the ensemble and rhythm ragged, the intonation painfully false, and they were not above belaboring one another in the orchestra. "They carry their fiddles under their coats when it rains," the sorely tried *Kapellmeister* disdainfully wrote Hiller, "and in fine weather they don't cover them at all!"

In the chorus it was not much better: "the *dilettanti* fight to the death, and nobody will sing the solos, or rather everybody wants to, and they hate putting themselves forward, though they are always doing so,—but you know what music is in a small German town—Heaven help us!" The memory of great cities was vivid in his excitement-loving mind. He was afraid of becoming a provincial and sinking into obscurity. Business intricacies, for which he had, as yet, neither inclination nor ability, consumed precious time that he had hoped would be spent in composing quietly. Instead, he found himself "a terrible man of business, with judgments to pass, committees and meetings to attend," of which he dreamt at night, and which left him little time by day for writing.

Finding a dearth of masses in the town, he ferreted along the countryside until his carriage staggered under the weight of scores by Palestrina, Allegri, Bai, Lotti, Pergolesi, and Orlando Lasso. He immediately became indefatigable in reforming the church services, presenting a new mass every month.

He commissioned Devrient to act for him in Berlin and procure necessary singers for the new theater, and even made a

hurried trip there to hear them himself. Principals, whom he took out of the Berlin chorus, were offered a thousand thalers for the season (far more than he himself received) with half a benefit besides. And with each and every chorister, he haggled for hours over a thaler, deeming twenty a month, traveling expenses, and a chance to see the Rhine, sufficient remuneration. The whole niggling barter was odious and revolting to one of his exclusively poetic and carefree nature.

And all this on top of swallowing his pride to sit through the festival, given that spring at Aix, as a spectator, paying the price of small-town antagonisms. Fortunately, Hiller and Chopin, who hastily sold his E flat waltz to make the trip possible, dropped out of the skies. He vengefully bundled them off to Düsseldorf, where the three had their own private festival in his rooms, playing to one another. This little episode soothed his bruised feelings for months to come.

He felt the need of physical recreation to work off the nervous irritability that increased daily. The lovely woods in the surrounding district were a great temptation. He inquired of his father if keeping a horse were not too genteel, too presumptuous for one of his years—and succumbed. His bay led him to fanciful spots, which soon became favorite haunts, as almost daily he rode out with Lessing and others for delightful excursions.

Somehow he managed to crowd in a considerable amount of creative work, composing for London the lovely *Melusina Overture,* the soprano scena *Infelice,* piano pieces, and many songs with and without words, among them, what was to be the most famous—*On Wings of Song.* He made no notes or sketches for his many compositions, entering them entirely from memory into the forty-four albums which he managed to pile up during his crowded life. And not a sign of an erasure, a blemish, or an error can be found to mar the copper-plate neatness of a single one of them! Yet he was constantly concerned with his works even after publication, when most composers were content to forget them. Here in Düsseldorf, he completely revised the *Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage Overture,* written and publicly played some five years before, and prepared it along with the *Hebrides* for

Breitkopf, who wished to issue them in Germany. Immermann's *Tempest* had died out like any other tempest in a teapot, and, at the insistence of his father, he began to make good his threat to write oratorios, in default of a "proper" opera libretto. The text of *St. Paul,* compiled from excerpts from the Bible, with the aid of three clerical friends, was satisfactorily completed. He set to work on it in real earnest. Schelble was anxious to produce it in Frankfort, but it was not finished until two years later. It strangely contained a tenor solo: "Be thou faithful unto death" —the father reminding Fanny of her motto! But the stern *paterfamilias* was not fated to hear it performed.

. . . . . .

The images of both Goethe and Zelter began to tarnish with the appearance of the Goethe-Zelter correspondence. Of no great importance, the publication of these letters (under the terms of Goethe's will) was primarily conceived as a revenue to furnish Doris Zelter with a dowry. The Mendelssohns read with snorts of indignation the many surprisingly indelicate references to themselves. It seemed beyond belief that these two men, one a universally loved poet and philosopher, the other a musician who had received many kindnesses from them, should treat with pitying condescension their Jewish origin. No public retort was made. The blind Stadtrath shook his head ruefully. "Still," he reflected, "one cannot deny the debt Felix owes to Zelter for instilling in him a veneration for Bach. It has brought him fame and glory."

But Goethe's avariciousness was even more glaring when, a few months later, his and Felix's letters were published as "Goethe's Correspondence with a Child." This was considered improper and pernicious. The lofty niche the poet had hitherto occupied in the minds of the entire family fell perceptibly.

To balance this aggravation, Felix was nominated to the musical class of the Berlin Academy of Art. His modest autobiography submitted there is a model of condensation: "I was born Feb. 3, 1809, at Hamburg; began the study of music in my eighth year, and was taught thorough-bass and composition

by Professor Zelter, and the pianoforte, first by my mother, and later by Herr Ludwig Berger. In 1829, I left Berlin, traveled through England and Scotland, Southern Germany, Italy, Switzerland and France, went to England twice more in the spring of 1832 and 33, and was there voted an Honorary Member of the Philharmonic Society. Since Oct. 1833, have been Director of the Association for the Improvement of Music in Düsseldorf."

The patent arrived several months later in an imposing red leather case, along with a congratulatory missive, expressing the hope that he would soon find it possible to return to Berlin where his work was as thoroughly appreciated as in other parts! But this only brought a grimace from the apprehensive candidate-reject for the Sing Akademie's leadership. He knew Berlin's doubtful flattery too well!

With the new theater, a new series of trials began. Immermann, carried away by the dream of a lifetime come true, was thrown off his balance. Hitherto mild and retiring, he now became haughty and pontifical, issuing *dicta* right and left. Schadow was amazed. As the sun of Düsseldorf, the simple townsfolk had daily bowed to his dazzling leadership, but now this poet stepped from the shade and desired to illuminate the town with rays of his own. The freshly-ascended Apollo was fated to run afoul of the established Helios! In an argument over religion and politics, they quarreled bitterly and became deadly foes.

Mendelssohn tried to maintain an impartial attitude, but his constant association with the painter subtly influenced him in resenting Immermann's officiousness where he himself was concerned. As Honorary *Intendant* of the theater, Mendelssohn's duties were confined to the singers, orchestra, and presentation of opera. His opera rehearsals often interfered with Immermann's drama rehearsals; the stage manager, who was assigned to opera, found himself in conflict with his duties as actor and dramatic supervisor! A thousand other clashes occurred, bringing matters to a hopeless *impasse.* Neither would yield a *soupçon.* Each claimed precedence for himself. Letters, increasingly uncivil, were exchanged, and, in a pet, Felix threw up the entire matter.

To his mother, like a hurt boy, he poured out his troubled heart, and gave his account of the fracas:

Düsseldorf, Nov. 4, 1834.

DEAR MOTHER:

You always take me at once to my own home, and while I am reading your letters, I am there once again; I am in the garden rejoicing in the summer; I visit the Exhibition, and dispute with you about Bendemann's small picture; I rally Gans on his pride at being invited by Metternich, and almost think I am again paying court to the pretty Russians. To be thus transformed home, is particularly pleasant to me just at this time. During the last few weeks, I have been fuming and fretting in rare fashion at Düsseldorf and its artistic proclivities, its Rhenish soaring impulses and new endeavors! I had fallen into a terrible state of confusion and excitement, and felt worse than during my busiest days in London. When I sat down to my composing in the morning, every hour was punctuated with a ringing of the bell; then came grumbling choristers to be soothed, stupid singers to be taught, seedy musicians to be engaged; and when this had gone on the whole day, and I felt that all these things were for the sole benefit and advantage of the Düsseldorf theater, I was provoked. At last, two days ago, I made a *salto mortale*, and beat a retreat out of the whole affair, and once more feel myself a man. This resignation was a very unpleasant piece of intelligence to our theatrical autocrat, alias stage mufti. He compressed his lips viciously, as if he would fain devour me. However, I made a short but very eloquent speech to the Chairman, in which I spoke of my own avocations as being of more consequence to me than the Düsseldorf theater.... In short, they released me. on condition that I would occasionally conduct. This I promised, and shall certainly keep my word.

. . . . . .

He would have relished withdrawing entirely from Düsseldorf and going on an art journey for a few years, to forget the "irritable race of poets."

But of this his father would hear nothing. While the seemingly ingenuous account was read to him, he formed his own opinion in the matter. Felix had not yet learned to cope tactfully with difficult situations. He was still wanting in manly independence and perseverance. To Fanny, he dictated a homily on ethics, bolstered up with a reminder of Felix's operatic ambitions, to be sent to the exile who, far from sulking, was thoroughly enjoying himself in an attitude of self-righteousness. "I must confess," the letter read in part, "that though I approved of your withdrawing from any active participation in the management

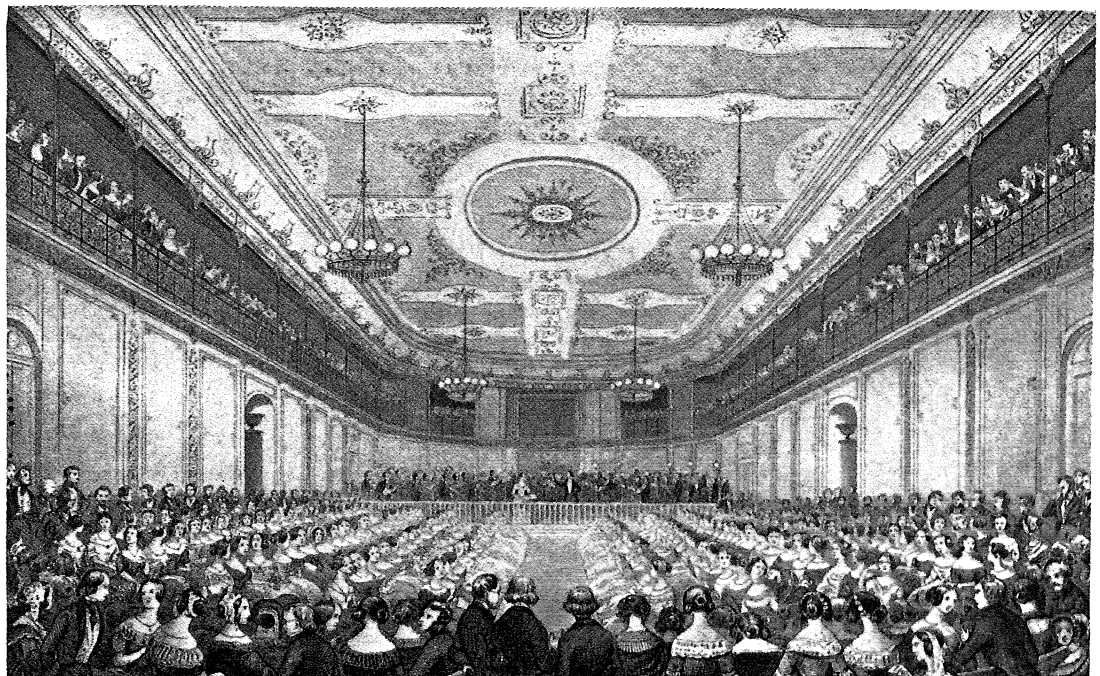
of details in the theater, I by no means did so of the manner in which you accomplished your object.... Instead of persevering in your duties in this sense, and getting rid of all *odiosa*, you allowed yourself to be overwhelmed by them; and as they naturally became more obnoxious to you, instead of quietly striving to remedy them, and thus gradually getting rid of them, you at one leap extricated yourself, and by so doing, you undeniably subjected yourself to the imputation of fickleness and unsteadiness, and made a decided enemy of a man, whom, at all events, policy should have taught you not to displease.... If I view the matter incorrectly, then teach me a better mode of judging."

Whatever the truth was in the matter, Felix was irked and thoroughly disgusted with the spitefulness and provincialism of the picayune town. His contract, drawn up for three years, contained a clause which would release him at the expiration of two, if he so desired. He fell back upon Jean Paul!

Heine had known Düsseldorf well. In his "Travel Pictures," his caustic wit discharged itself with polished, acid irony at the city of his birth. Said he: "Düsseldorf is a town on the Rhine, where 16,000 people live, and where many a hundred thousand are buried." The town had rapidly increased in size since Heine's residence there, but Mendelssohn found it on his arrival still "charmingly diminutive." But he had no intention of adding to its gross of dead!

Fortunately, the directors of the famous Gewandhaus concerts in Leipzig were at this time casting about for a talented young conductor who, by his already established fame, should bring added glory to their association. They addressed themselves to the young *Kappelmeister* at Düsseldorf who was in a peculiarly susceptible frame of mind. After an exchange of letters, in which Herr Felix, made wiser by experience, satisfied himself on several points, namely: to whom would he be answerable for his position? would his coming to Leipzig harm his predecessor? and would his salary at least equal that of his present one?—he accepted.

For six hundred thaler annually for the first two years, and one thousand thereafter, Felix Mendelssohn attached himself to



"Life of William Sterndale Bennett," J. R. S. Bennett

The Gewandhaus Concert Room in Leipzig

Leipzig, to enter on the most brilliant period of his life, certainly one of the most glamorous in all music.

Could he, by some divine dispensation, have lived to become a centenarian and seen the statues of himself and Immermann on either side of a new Stadt-Theater's façade for future generations of Düsseldorfers to crane their necks to, those roguish eyes would have twinkled merrily, the moist lips parted in an amazed laugh....

Res Severa Est Verum Gaudium

XXV

THE Augustus Platz seemed deserted. It was close on midnight, and a brisk November wind had come up over the Elster. Cold and aloof, a full moon shone with vitreous brightness among the myriad stars riding over the slumbering city. Felix Mendelssohn pulled his cloak about his ears as he walked slowly through the great square of Leipzig. Occasionally, a quick shuffle of footsteps before a house, followed by the opening of a door, a gay shout of surprise from within, and a loud bang impinged on his melancholy meditations. He started impatiently at these innocent distractions, only to fall back into his bitter reverie, and move steadily on.

Leipzig had been sweet, wonderful, far more agreeable than he had thought possible before his coming. The season had begun with unusual *élan,* and in the two months that had elapsed since then, the city was undividedly his. So much had happened in that brief space of time. It seemed as if years had passed instead! His own revised *Meeresstille* had opened the first concert, and the strangely neglected *Fourth Symphony* of Beethoven had followed. There was a deep, expectant silence throughout the hall, as over a hushed field where the fall of dew might be heard. The faintest tones could be heard with etched clearness. Then the vigorous attack of the violins that took everybody by surprise—including the conductor!

The Leipzigers had been beside themselves with joy after

every piece. At the conclusion of the concert, an accolade from the delighted orchestra. The choristers of the Thomas Schule roared. Moscheles, who had come for a concert of his own, followed by the Court Chamberlain, and the editors of two musical journals, Fink and that fellow, Schumann, shook his hand frenziedly.

The town had never seen a *concertmeister* seated before. Old Matthai had stood at his desk for so many years, leading with his bow and body while the conductor stood near him and whispered directions. But he had changed that. The *concertmeister* now sat in his seat at the head of the first violins, and only led the entrances of his section by example. It was plainly noticeable how improved the ensemble had suddenly become. But there were, of course, dissenters to everything. Some of the old die-hards shook their heads disapprovingly. What is this modern generation coming to, with all its new-fangled ideas about everything? they scoffed. Whoever had seen a reputable conductor waving a wand over an orchestra, as if the players were so many eerie creatures brought to life by legerdemain? Even these had been overcome, though some still took up cudgels on behalf of the previous conductor, Pohlenz, an excellent singing master but thoroughly hazy with an orchestra.

The interval before his *début,* as well, was packed with delightful parties and visits. The sixteenth birthday of Clara Wieck, the charming girl with a prodigious talent for the piano, had been celebrated at her father's house. The gruff piano teacher almost became hysterical when he spoke of his daughter. There had been champagne, impromptu flights of rhetoric, and much music. A gold watch was presented to the enchanted young miss by the *Davidsbundler,* a group of young idealists who had grouped themselves around Schumann—a strange combination of dilettante, genius—and critic! A queer, silent young man who went about with his mouth puckered ready to whistle, though no one had ever heard him do so. Critics reminded him of Marx; and with Marx he had broken off all relations, because he could not bring himself to produce an unworthy oratorio of the pedant's at the Cologne festival.

How happy those days around Whitsunday had been! The

whole family had come from Berlin to witness his great triumph. Then they went to Düsseldorf where his mother had become ill with a heart complaint. How agitated he had been, how pale he had looked when he ran for the doctor across the hall of the Breidenbacher Hof. She had recovered quickly, and then his father had fallen ill on the way back to Berlin.

His father! . . . He choked back a lump that rose in his throat, pressed back the blinding tears. . . . He found himself in front of the Thomas Kirche where Sebastian Bach had produced his magnificent choruses and organ works, almost a century before. It became increasingly cold, but despite his inability to stand low temperatures, he did not hasten his steps back to his lodgings in Reichel's Garden, a little northward. He looked up at the crumbling building, restored in the fifteenth century.

It seemed as if Bach belonged to that remote period, too, a period of Gothic splendor and high-minded endeavors. . . . "How my father revered the master," he said aloud. "But now all is over. Father is dead. A curtain has dropped over my life, a cloud that obscures all." He checked himself. "Mother, you have shown me what fortitude is. . . ."

But it was all so sudden, he could not help reflecting. They had finally reached home in Berlin, and his father had seemed better, almost his old self again. Then he had gone back to Leipzig, relieved in mind. Chopin came, and impressed him anew with his mastery and fresh originality. He had played his *St. Paul* to the young Pole.

Between the two parts, Chopinetto dashed off some new études and a new concerto he had just finished, while the gaping neighbors bounded into the room to stare in awe at the young stranger, so delicate, so wraith-like, so unsparing of his limited energy. Then he had continued with the oratorio. It seemed to him as if a Cherokee and Kaffir had met to converse in their own, dissimilar tongues. Then had come his great friend Moscheles. He was still called the "prince of pianists," though the younger men were already beginning to make their powers known. He played with the old mechanical perfection and fire. He was the same carefree, devoted friend of many happy London days.

Rebecca and her husband, Dirichlet, the mathematician,

stopped off for a few days on the way back from a vacation at Ostend. On the spur of the moment, he and Moscheles decided to accompany them back home. It was two in the morning when they arrived at Leipziger Strasse. What fun they had had in devouring a cake given Moscheles by his aged mother, for the larder had been found securely fastened. Ah, dear Moscheles, to you I owe having seen my father again for the last time. Two giddy days had followed. He and Moscheles played duets that enchanted and mystified the blind man; he could hardly tell which was which. An improvisation while the post signal was heard: Felix sounds a bugle call—Moscheles says farewell in a gravely sentimental andante—the bugle interrupts again—and the two join in a devout finale, pledging eternal friendship.

Next morning he, in turn, had left, expecting to return for the Christmas holidays. The father had expressed the hope that they would be spared till then—the last words he ever heard from him. A month later, Hensel's sudden, white-faced appearance, told him everything before a word was uttered. He had guessed everything immediately. The blow had stunned him beyond tears. He was speechless and stared distractedly before him. The whole promising future rose up as a void. He could not bear to think of being alive without his father, his most perfect friend, his instructor in art and life, to whom he had clung so desperately.

The family became alarmed at the little regard he began to show for himself. But he learned from his mother, a true Stoic in illness and in death, how to be brave. They wept but little. Only it was hard to knit together the severed threads so soon. He had remained for ten days, and then gone back to his empty rooms in Leipzig. Before he had left he promised his mother and Fanny that he would soon marry. Along the Rhine, at the next year's festival, he would look about him for a bride, though why he had said this he did not know. Every friend had heard from him of the plainness of the Düsseldorf girls. It was but a promise. Often his father had jokingly remarked that he feared just as much for a wife for Felix as for a libretto. . . .

The days had begun to shape themselves again. The interrupted duties demanded concentration and a clear mind. He had pulled himself up and set to work on the last numbers of *St. Paul.*

His father had wished it. He had constantly reminded him of his purpose, holding up the great works of Bach as a model. His last letters had been full of these reminders. No apter words than Schubring had selected could be found: *Der Du der rechte Vater bist,* and a chorus for it immediately sprang into his head. How strangely Bach-like that oratorio was to be, how reminiscent of the master's chorales and choruses, though how truly his own epitome of the moral and earnest Protestantism of an age that was soon to be labeled after the little Tory across the Channel....

He was still standing before the Thomas Kirche, shivering, his teeth chattering loudly. Some day, he vowed, he would raise a statue of the master in front of the scene of his labors....The cold had penetrated almost to the bone. At last, he reluctantly went off to his rooms, and built a fire to warm himself before going to bed....

. . . . . .

Almost daily, and despite a growing aversion for journalists, Mendelssohn found himself in the company of young Schumann. The two were subscribers to the excellent table of the Hotel de Baviére, and fell into the habit of taking their noonday meal together. The Berliner, more reserved than the other, accepted his new acquaintance indifferently at first, but when the complex personality of the composer-critic began to unfold, revealing the richness of a many-sided mind, he could not help but be charmed. To their great delight, they discovered that each was a fervid enthusiast of Jean Paul, and on this basis the acquaintance soon grew into a warm friendship. Long walks or an expert game of billiards followed the lengthy dinners, and in the town it was seen that the new *Kappelmeister* and the editor-proprietor of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* were almost inseparable. They made unceremonious calls on one another during the day, and frequently met again in the evening at the home of music lovers, such as the Voigts and Caruses, where intellectual and musical Leipzig congregated.

Schumann's admiration for Mendelssohn knew no bounds. On all sides, he unstintedly spread the gospel of Mendelssohn's genius: "The leading light of musical Germany." In the journal

he was Jean Paul-ishly dubbed "Felix Meritis," and its pages glowed with eulogiums after each *Gewandhaus* concert. To his friends he wrote in the same vein: "Mendelssohn is a god; I look up to him as a high mountain"; and "not a day passes without his producing at least a few thoughts that might straightway be engraved in gold."

Robert could be appreciative. He had an unerring instinct for recognizing talent when many good musicians hung back in doubt, and to him Chopin owed much for his early successes in Germany. "Hats off, gentlemen, a genius!" he had cried, and the phrase echoed back and forth across the country. His paper was becoming widely recognized, although the first number had been issued less than two years before. Its appeal was primarily the novelty and charm of imagery and anonymity and the frank attack on the meretricious, which the few other journals of the day smeared with molasses. *Honigpinselei!* he characterized the mild and superficial anodynes of his contemporaries. "The day of reciprocal compliments," he had sounded off, "is gradually dying out, and we must confess that we shall do nothing towards reviving it." Instead was hoisted the motto, culled from the prologue of Henry VIII:

> . . . only they
> Who come to hear a merry bawdy play,
> A noise of targets, or to see a fellow
> In a long motley coat guarded with yellow
> Will be deceived. . . .

The paper was highly colored with Jean Paul paraphrases and quotations, and Schumann's own *noms de plume,* Florestan and Eusebius, were obviously the characters of Walt and Vult from *Die Flegeljahre;* Florestan being the destroyer and Eusebius a timid praiser of everything. The two were offset by a third, Master Raro, whose sage, balanced judgments usually settled the controversy. Such a character as Raro, Schumann himself dreamed of becoming some day, but at the Caruses the name of Fridolin, the kind and tender soul of Schiller's ballad—*Der Gang nach dem Eisenhammer*—stuck fast. Indeed, he was impulsive, impractical and generous beyond reason. His moods veered sharply from animalistic gayety to deep melancholia, and money

slipped through his fingers like grains of rice. The truth was Robert loved his bottle, and the luxurious taste for champagne often played hob with his simple purse. He indulged his friends in the costly elixir, and then tightened his belt next day, in a mood of false economy. A small legacy from his father might have kept him comfortable, but his paper absorbed whatever ready cash he had. But then, his mother and brothers could be touched so easily!

Also, there was the matter of his piano playing. Music had been a passion with him from earliest childhood, and, in Zwickau, his native town, he had very quickly exhausted the knowledge of the local musicians. His father, a retiring and kindly man, would have encouraged this talent openly, but for the mother who declared the life of a musician was one of beggary and privation. She had selected jurisprudence for their son, and to Heidelberg he must go. When the father died, Robert was hustled off to the university where he was thought to be listening to the learned pandects of the great Thibaut with avid regularity.

The actual picture was far different. Surrounded by a few young friends in the same state of *schwärmerei* as himself, Robert spent his days playing the piano, composing and dreaming, with a champagne bottle conveniently near. Then would arise those deep discussions of Jean Paul's penny-almanac wisdom and obfuscated platitudes, followed by the well-known and inevitable vows of friendship reaching through to heaven. However idealistic all these occupations were, Robert was never seen in the vicinity of a lecture hall! After a short while, the mother was prevailed upon, through magnificently badgering letters, to let him give up his studies (!), and he put himself under the direction of Wieck, whom he had previously met at Leipzig. Wieck held out the promise that in three years of instruction, such as he was able to give, Schumann could become a brilliant virtuoso. But this also was not of long duration. In his eagerness to become technically proficient, the imaginative scholar—always experimenting to his own detriment—only succeeded in maiming the middle finger of his right hand with a contraption he had invented for the purpose of holding up that finger while the others mastered independent action. The invention, thereafter, was written up by several piano instructors as something to avoid—and Robert lost the use of his finger.

Composing was still left to him, and at the nightly meetings at the *Kaffeebaum* with other young hotheads, the idea of the musical paper was born. Thus, "the three arch-foes of art—those who have no talent, those who have vulgar talent, and those who, having real talent, write too much," were given warning. Mendelssohn represented the ideal, and Schumann had rapturously sent his god a manuscript copy of the *Carnaval*—a suite of *Davidsbundler* pieces—before he had left Düsseldorf. From there a reply came via Frau Voigt, thanking Herr Schumann for his friendly present, and expressing the hope that they would meet in Leipzig to discuss the many things in it that had pleased him—and also those that had not. Of the latter, Mendelssohn was certain that Herr Schumann would come around to his conclusions if he could adequately explain what he meant.

Mendelssohn's clarity of expression, his perfection of form, were exactly what Schumann lacked. With the advent of Mendelssohn at Leipzig, the discussions on these subjects became the major portion of each meeting. Robert obstinately clung to his pieces as they were, declaring them, with their defects, to be the product of his best thought. But "Felix Meritis" did not agree with such misguided honesty. He told him as he told Hiller: "I believe that a man with outstanding talent owes it to himself to become something really superior, and I feel that the fault is his alone, if he does not strive to improve himself to the utmost of his capabilities. So it is with a piece of music! Let me not hear that there it is, and so it must remain. I fully understand that a musician cannot meddle with the inspirations and gifts Heaven has sent him; but I also understand when Providence endows him with distinguished ones, he is bound in all faith to develop them properly. I shall not tell you how; you know that best yourself. It is only a matter of small moment; a turn in the square, perusal of a flower—deliberation!"

After such taunts, Schumann would brood silently and savagely puff away at the strong cigars that formed another one of his vices. His musical education had been piece-meal, progressing by fits and starts, and mainly through the unsatisfactory course of self-instruction. From famous musicians to whom he had forwarded his manuscripts for criticism, he had finally learned

of the absolute necessity of a thorough study of theory and counterpoint, and fretfully went to the *Kappelmeister* of the Leipzig Opera. Dorn kept him at fugues, which he thought moldy, and soon the young rebel left him, to continue alone with Bach's Well-Tempered Clavichord, analyzing everything down to the smallest detail. Of instrumentation he knew even less, and went about methodically borrowing scores from his friends. But he never mastered this difficult technique, and Mendelssohn often wondered how any one so talented could be so awkward in orchestration. Yet he progressed by dint of his own efforts—only he gave the credit to Jean Paul! Jean Paul he coupled with Bach, and declared he learned as much counterpoint from one as from the other. The very fabric of his being seemed to be formed of Jean Paul.

Mendelssohn the teacher and Schumann the listener just clambering out of dilettantism. Thus it had been from the start. And from such a beginning, acceptable to both, it was difficult to swerve, even after Schumann's musical star steadily rose in the ascendency until it shone with a brilliance equal to the master's. Mendelssohn, with fame securely fastened and rapidly spreading over all Europe, continued to regard his worshiper as a beginner long after others had hailed him as a genius. What could be so startling in the musical effusions of one who was primarily a journalist? he thought. This failure to fully evaluate Schumann's qualities, this "blind spot," as it were, unfortunately became the opening for an undercurrent of ugly rumor that was to throw a cloud over their warm friendship and outlive them both. As to rivalry or jealousy, that was out of the question. Mendelssohn could appreciate genius in many another, and had often championed less gifted composers, such as the mediocre Reichardt, who was ridiculed in the Goethe-Zelter correspondence and by the Cologners at the last festival. But history is full of glaring instances of great men having left themselves vulnerable to the scorn of future generations because of an unsympathetic attitude toward another's art.

Others, unconditioned by previous prejudices, could recognize Schumann's rare powers. There was Ferdinand David, the violinist, coming from St. Petersburg to take the place of old

Matthai, who had died. David, by a singular coincidence, was born in the very house in Hamburg where Mendelssohn first saw the light of day. They had been friends later on, in Berlin, and after a solo appearance with the *Gewandhaus* Orchestra, the celebrated conductor had asked him to become *concertmeister.* David became fast friends with Schumann, as well, and appreciated his talent from the first.

Then came Sterndale Bennett from England, to study with the shining light of musical Germany. He came to Leipzig to meet one genius and found two. Another pupil, Stamaty, a French-Greek-Italian, came from Paris, and with him Eduard Franck, from Breslau. As much as they revered the master, they could still raise their caps to Schumann.

Leipzig was fast becoming a shrine, but the devout were drawn thither by the glittering reputation of Felix Mendelssohn alone.

. . . . . .

Early in March, the University of Leipzig conferred the degree of Doctor of Philosophy upon the new *Kappelmeister: ob-insignia in artem musices merita.* And the era of artistic canonization set in!

Mendelssohn had not frittered away his time in Leipzig with oracular utterances or in mulling over past griefs. After his father's death, he plunged into his arduous duties at the *Gewandhaus* with renewed purpose. A performance of Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony,* made possible by an endowment for the annual performance of this work, drained his every energy. Two weeks before that, his playing of Mozart's *D minor Concerto* had been just as taxing. The concerto, it seemed, had been played in a transcribed form for many years, but he restored it to the original and added breath-taking cadenzas of his own. The Leipzigers were keenly appreciative of the distinguished composer in their midst who indefatigably went about the business of restoring the works of others. All his life he was to perform this labor of love for the masters. The reward of ceaseless research had been sufficient, when an aged second violinist had come up to him after the concert, and said: "I heard Mozart himself play this concerto in

this same hall, but no one since has been able to furnish such excellent cadenzas as you, Herr Mendelssohn."

The famous orchestra showed remarkable improvement. It was a source of infinite pleasure to the new conductor to see the many fine musicians eager to anticipate his every wish. As they were now given, the *Gewandhaus* Concerts, held in the old market-hall of the cloth merchants, dated from 1781, although they had started as early as 1743, during the last years of Bach's life. Many believed that Bach had been one of the original directors, but there were no records to prove this. The concerts had been ruled over in turn by the most reputable musicians of their day, but it was not until Mendelssohn's electrifying baton was raised in the old structure that they became truly world famous. The room was archaic and awkward. The seats were arranged in two sections facing each other, so that the orchestra, seated behind a balustrade, could only be viewed by turning the head in an uncomfortable position. Yet all who listened agreed that the inscription above the orchestra—*Res Severa Est Verum Gaudium*—was never more perfectly fulfilled than when the handsome Berliner conducted.

. . . . . .

St. Paul was at last completed. But Schelble, who had commissioned it for his St. Cecilia Society in Frankfort, had fallen ill, and could make no definite promise for its première. By default, it, therefore, went to the Düsseldorf Festival, for which, it seemed, Mendelssohn was permanently engaged. The production of the oratorio, so long awaited, might take the last bit of strength from his already exhausted body. He formed the vague notion of revisiting Italy during the summer vacation and taking the sea-baths at Genoa to fortify himself against the labors of the following season. To Rosen, in London, he wrote: "I feel like a person waking drowsily. I cannot succeed in realizing the present, and there is constant alternation of my old habitual cheerfulness and the most profound heartache, so that I cannot attain to anything like steady composure of mind. However, I keep occupied as much as possible, and that is the only thing that does me good."

The Genoa scheme fell to the ground soon after it was formed.

Schelble was anxious to go away for a long rest, and begged Mendelssohn to take his place with the choral club. Herr Felix swallowed his disappointment. He could not turn down the old man who had raised his hands in benediction over him when, a child of twelve, they had first met. Thus, after the Düsseldorf Festival, he traveled to Frankfort to conduct the St. Cecilia Society, little expecting there to meet The Cecilia whom he would later conduct to the altar....

"Wer Ein Holdes Weib Errungen"

XXVI

BEFORE Ferdinand Hiller's house at the Pfarreisen, in Frankfort, two young men, dressed in gray frock coats and cylinders to match, stood for a moment, preparatory to making a morning call.

"Do you think he has come back yet?" the younger one inquired timidly.

"Of course," the other replied with spirit. "Where else should he be? He left Düsseldorf several days before we did, and if I still know my Fred, even the legendary beauty of the Rhine maidens could not throw him off a set course."

"Legendary beauty!" echoed the first, to whom fräuleins of every shape, hue and mien were fair ladies to be rapturously worshiped from afar.

"Yes, legendary beauty, Julius," reiterated his friend, accentuating each word by poking the head of his elegant cane into the startled Julius's ribs. "Eh-h-h!" he screwed up his face in amused distaste. "The beauties of Düsseldorf, perhaps? They are yours, with my compliments."

"Very well, Doctor Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, and thank you for your generosity." Julius bowed profoundly. He remained standing on the pavement, while Dr. Mendelssohn mounted the two stone steps, and with a broad flourish, mimicking the antiquated gestures of the opera stage, pulled sharply on the bell.

"Footsteps," he announced cryptically, his ear to the door.

Joseph Muller Collection

Ferdinand Hiller

Joseph Muller Collection

Julius Rietz

Julius Rietz, the brother of his former friend, and successor to the grandiloquent title of Director for the Improvement of Music in Düsseldorf, looked admiringly at the slender young man, dogmatic and whimsical by turn, on whom the years refused to make any alteration in the lightness and grace of youth. "A child who will never grow old," he thought. "There is something in him that cannot age."

The door was thrown open suddenly. The friends were in each other's arms.

"Rossini is here!" Hiller cried excitedly, as soon as he could tear away from the young men's embraces. "Rossini is here!"

"Rossini?" both callers repeated in unison. "Where?"

"In my parlor,—this very moment!"

Mendelssohn and Rietz stared at each other, the one with amazed delight, the other dejectedly.

"Truly?"

"Large as life," Hiller proudly boasted.

"That must be quite large," Mendelssohn laughed. "He's a fat! But, take us to him."

"I refuse to go in," Rietz said stubbornly, whether from diffidence or the contempt which most of the young musicians of the day affected towards the "degenerator" of opera, it was hard to say.

"Why not?" the other two demanded.

Without replying to their question, Rietz started down the street, Mendelssohn after him, pulling at his coat sleeve and entreating an explanation. Rietz, however, kept edging away slowly and finally bolted, with Mendelssohn, unmindful of his new doctorial dignity, in pursuit. The renegade disappeared around a corner, and his friend embarrassedly went back to Hiller, standing in open-mouthed consternation before the door.

"Eduard used to be the same way," he apologized. "You could never get him to meet people."

"Perhaps he didn't wish to be contaminated," was the sarcastic rejoinder.

Dr. Mendelssohn straightened his ruffled coat, patted the ends of the flowing tie, and preceded his host into the parlor.

The composer of *Tell* and *Barbiere* stood near the window,

minus much of the enormous obesity generally ascribed to him, a man still young, well-dressed and polished, after the graceful Parisian fashion. Whether or not he had witnessed the animated little scene just enacted under his nose, could not be ascertained by the composed expression of his huge round face. If he had, he probably would have interpreted it as fright at the prospect of beholding such a celebrity as himself, for the Italian held no meager opinion of his own worth. With an appraising, quick eye he watched the newcomer advance into the room.

"M. Rossini?"

"Dr. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy," Hiller announced.

"Ah, Mendelssohn," Rossini immediately was all smiles. *"Le jeunne allemand qui était à Paris il y a cinq ans?"*

"Cinq ans, est correct, M'sieu," Mendelssohn replied, impressed with the famous composer's affability.

Rossini had heard much talk of young Mendelssohn during the latter's Paris residence. And subsequently many reports of the young man's rapid progress in Germany, he said, had come to his ears. If he was right, mostly through Hiller and Chopin. He was tremendously interested in Mendelssohn's work. It was said he was another Mozart. He would love to hear him play. Some day, perhaps, that wish would be granted to him? The younger composers were doing such amazing work at present. It fairly took one's breath away. There was Meyerbeer—That wasn't so pleasant to relate. Rossini had taken a vow of silence, and had not written anything for years, outside of his *Stabat Mater.* Meyerbeer was steadily coming up. Rossini would have left Paris long before—it had become such a scene of turmoil—only Meyerbeer's *Huguenots* was waiting to be produced. They were hailing Meyerbeer as his successor. Of course, he had not produced anything in such a long time. People said he was lazy. Well, perhaps, if one called writing twenty operas in eight years the work of an indolent man. He grimaced. His flow of French was a melodious stream of dazzling wit and brilliance, and the young men warmed to him, fascinated. Well, *Huguenots* was staged a few months ago.... There was nothing more for him to do in Paris.

"Paris!" he continued. "The Government of Charles X had

entered into a contract with me for ten years to write a new opera every two years for the sum of 15,000 francs. *William Tell* was the first under this agreement. But the next year, whis-s-st!" he made an accompanying gesture with his hand. "We all know what happened. The contract was nullified and the new régime refused to recognize my claims. Five years it took before I received any satisfaction. In the meantime, what? They tore my operas apart, cut them down, presented one act at a time! The public could not listen to a complete work, that same public which screamed deliriously a short while before, when everything Signor Rossini wrote was repeated endlessly, until even I got tired of it! One anecdote of mine I must relate to you. It has since become a classic."

Rossini made this seemingly boastful statement with the most natural casualness. His ability as a wit and *raconteur* were so well known, that he often listened appreciatively to his own quips relayed to him by others, after they had made the round of all the clubs and cafés.

"The director of the opera met me on the boulevard one fine, as yet, unsullied afternoon. 'Good-day, Signor Rossini,' he bowed and scraped before me. 'To-night we are performing the second act of *Tell.*' The smile on his face was so patronizing, favor-bestowing. 'The whole of it?' I asked him coldly, and walked away before he could recover from the shock. Yes, that is the state of affairs in Paris to-day."

As he listened to Rossini's good-humored lament on the passing of all that was good in France, Mendelssohn recalled how he himself had deplored the conditions of affairs musical on his visits to Paris. But that was when M. Crescendo—Rossini himself—was reigning king! However, with his acquaintance of *Tell,* he had altered his opinion of the Italian's talent, and had even on several occasions rapped his friends for their condescending ridicule of a musical gift frequently superior to their own.

Rossini, pleased with his audience and himself, rattled off at a great pace, telling numberless witty stories of his trip through Belguim, of musicians in Paris. "Kalkbrenner," he chuckled, "is the same fop, the same know-it-all as ever. M. Heine (he pro-

nounced the name 'Ei-né') never had a finer subject for his rasping humor. He speaks of him as being dead long ago and of having lately also married! Ah, M'sieu Ei-né."

Mendelssohn perked up his ears at mention of Heine. His brother Paul had lately married Albertine Heine, a cousin of the poet's. But Rossini was too rapt in the comical figure of the dandified pianist to permit an interruption, and went on.

"This droll bird," he said, "flits about, playing his improvisations, which his hearers later discover to have been written out and already published!"

For more than an hour, Rossini kept up his voluble recital of Parisian escapades, until Frau Hiller entered the room. Mendelssohn had not seen her for five years, since his Paris days, when she had been almost a mother to him. He embraced her warmly. They spoke of the events that had occurred in the interim. Ferdinand's father had died several years before, and she had given up her home in Paris so that her son could go to Italy on a musical journey. In the half dozen years Hiller had spent in Paris, the position which he had ultimately made for himself there, differed but slightly from that which he occupied on his arrival.

"Remaining there," Frau Hiller concluded, "meant only that Ferdinand should play a Beethoven *Concerto* this year, or a Mozart the next. Nothing more happened. So he shall go to Italy and, God willing, make a name for himself. But with you," she looked at Mendelssohn admiringly, "things have been different!"

"But Mother, I am no Mendelssohn," Ferdinand interrupted pettishly.

"I know, my son, but for every one there is a place."

Frau Hiller was one of those old-fashioned, sensible women who could look without envy on those whose talents were superior to her son's, yet could remain a zealous manager of his interests.

"Ferdinand has not ceased talking of your *St. Paul* and of your playing of the *Kreutzer Sonata* with David at the Düsseldorf Festival. Your piano playing, he says, is the most intelligent to be heard to-day. You were always so gifted."

"Ferdinand always exaggerates about his friends," Mendelssohn replied modestly.

A young maid-servant brought in a tray with glasses and a

decanter of clear Rhine wine. Rossini, who had listened to the end of the conversation, proposed a toast to Mendelssohn, then suggested that he play a bit on the pianoforte. The bottle remained with Rossini—and Mendelssohn went to the pianoforte.

After every piece, the Italian gave vent to some enthusiastic remark about Mendelssohn's composing talent, his charming pianism. Bottle in hand, he stood near the piano, purring more and more politely while the fumes of the wine went to his head, until his comments became almost inaudible.

"The excellent German wine has nothing in common with the heavy German language," he whispered.

There was a slight suggestion of a hiccup. Hiller rose to assist his famous guest to a chair. But Rossini suddenly remembered, in spite of his befuddled thoughts, that he had a luncheon engagement with the Baroness de Rothschild, with whom he had come to Frankfort to attend the wedding of her nephew. Indeed, at the very moment, a stately carriage rolled up to the modest Hiller home, and a footman descended to announce its arrival.

"The lion is in no state—hic—to be shown off—hic—to the celebrating Crœsuses."

"I should be going, too," Mendelssohn said, getting up. But the Hillers pressed him to remain for lunch. "Soon it will be all over with young Rothschild," he laughed. "They say that Ferdinand David is marrying a Russian heiress, and then there will be no one left unmarried but Hiller and the old *Kapellmeister.*"

"You might be next. Beware!" Rossini hiccupped solemnly as he made a very unsteady departure.

After he had left, Mendelssohn turned irritably to Hiller: "Look here, Fred," he said, "if he continues to make the same kind of remarks that he did while I played the piano, I shall not play to him again."

"What did he say that was so disagreeable? I cannot recall anything."

"I can. During the *F sharp minor Caprice,* he muttered between his teeth: *'Ca sent la sonate de Scarlatti.'* "

"Well, what's so terrible about that?"

"Bah!—the old guzzler."

It took several minutes of anxious explanation to make him

realize that Rossini meant no offense, and that before the playing had commenced he was already half-seas over.

"I know what Rossini thinks of your compositions," Hiller pleaded. "He has often expressed himself in the most enthusiastic terms with regard to them."

The repast finished, a carriage stood before the door, ready to take them for a drive in the country.

"One of Mother's little surprises," Hiller exclaimed.

As they rode out through the beautiful blue hills, sleepily swathed in sunshine, the happy trio laughed and chatted, breathing in the idyllic fragrance of fields thickly carpeted with flowers. In the forest beyond, wooded with splendid beeches, blackberries and blood-red strawberries lay scattered, twining patterns of alternating black and scarlet for miles around.

"This is the spot one goes to after graduating from Paradise," Mendelssohn murmured, enraptured.

There was no reply. Hiller and his kind old mother had fallen silent. They were transported by their own dreams, perhaps thinking of the time soon to come when they must take leave of all this, and the difficult struggle for recognition should begin anew. The young man by their side could look back upon that phase of his life as definitely belonging to the past. For him now, the road was open, clear and trailing away into dizzy heights, where a place beside the great masters of music was assured him.

On their return to the city, Felix was invited to come back to Hiller's for dinner, but he pleaded another engagement.

"I am to go to the Jeanrenauds' this evening," he explained. "Their relative, Dr. Schlemmer, has talked to me of no one else all winter in Leipzig. He sent me a note early this morning. It was arranged then. Do you know them?"

Ferdinand did not, but Frau Hiller inquired if they were not the family of the late pastor of the French Reformed Church.

Mendelssohn thought so. "Mme. Jeanrenaud, I believe," he said, "is a widow. They live with the Souchays near the Fahrthor."

"Mme. Jeanrenaud's parents," Frau Hiller prompted. "A family very highly regarded in Frankfort. A wealthy patrician family."

Meanwhile, the carriage had stopped at the corner of the "Lovely View," where Schelble's house stood. The location, one of the most favorable in the city, was named after the exquisite view it afforded up and down the flowing Main.

"How is Schelble?" Hiller asked. "Is he at home?"

"No. He and his wife left for Baden the moment I arrived. Only his mother-in-law and a maid are here. Schelble is quite *caput,* and has been ordered to rest indefinitely."

"Well, come to see us soon."

"To-morrow evening."

Frau Hiller smiled enigmatically....

. . . . . .

A few days later, Ferdinand Hiller returned his friend's call. Mendelssohn, almost nude, was lying at full length on a sofa. He was sunning himself in the warm air.

"Look to the south, Fred," he said, pointing his finger. "My old favorite, the Wartthum. Can you see it through all those tiny craft that lie like phantom hulls asleep?

> Come to the water's-edge and dream,
> There with the wingéd flight of gulls,
> Murmuring sea and fancy scheme....

"So, you lazy fellow, idling in the sun. And quite poetic we are this afternoon. No wonder we haven't seen you for three days."

"Weeks. Months. Years. Yes, it must be centuries."

Hiller looked quizzically at his friend.

"Yes, it must be centuries, Fred. A long time, anyway."

Mendelssohn bounded from the sofa. In one leap, he tackled Hiller at the knees in an attempt to hoist him upon his shoulders. Hiller stiffened and soon found himself sprawling on the floor. The attacker would not let him rise. He danced around him like a light-hearted child, singing and clapping his hands at each beat.

"What has come over you, Felix?" Hiller, relaxing his usual gravity, reconciled himself to his position on the floor. "Has the St. Cecilia Soci..."

Mendelssohn stood over him, arms akimbo. "Exactly. Ever been in love?"

"We-ll," Hiller rubbed his chin.

"Then stay down there."

The dance was resumed, the song became louder, and the hand-claps were further accompanied by a stamp of the foot.

"If you will let me up, I might be able to tell you."

"Good enough. Give me your hand."

"Now, who has lost his reason?"

"St. Cecilia. I have. I mean—I have met her."

"Whom?"

"St. Cecilia."

"A singing society never affected me that way."

"It was no singing society, but a girl. St. Cecilia. Her blue eyes sing sweeter than a hundred thrushes. Her hair falls in curls about a neck chiseled out of finest Carrara. Her limbs are as graceful as a fairy's . . . Valerian suffered martyrdom for her, just as I am ready to do . . ."

"Enough! What's it all about?"

Then followed a rapturous, incoherent account such as can only come after the first meeting with the Fated One. Friends are chosen in spite of themselves, to play the thankless part of listeners. Minute and lengthy descriptions of every feature. Profound and involved interpretations, fraught with mystical overtones of a—to others—prosaic word uttered by the unconscious charmer. Deeper and more involved interpretations of words unuttered, of a look, a movement of the hands, a flutter of the eyelids, an eagerly listened-for sound that might be regarded as a sigh. . . .

Mendelssohn was aflame. On and on he raved in a torrent of impassioned ecstasy, scarcely pausing to catch his breath. Hiller listened with a comical expression spread over his face. The unexpectedness of the sudden avowal left him confused. He did not know whether to burst out laughing, as he felt like doing several times, or remain silent. There was a deep fervor about this declaration that compelled his respect. His friend had often raved before about charming actresses, singers, acquaintances, but usually those recitals revealed a fascination for some especial gifts

the particular goddess of the moment possessed. But this seemed different, no temporary infatuation. The tone of his voice, his earnestness sounded convincing.

"I know, I must sound like a madman, Fred, but you should know her," the smitten one said feelingly, and straightway went off into another series of disconnected and highly-wrought sentences. "She is the right one at last. A combination of child and Madonna, grave and delicate, such as I never dreamed of before. Cecile Jeanrenaud is her lovely name. Does it not suggest a saint, an angel?"

Hiller agreed that it did, but he had never seen the lovely maid in question.

"But I have described her to you! I have made no mistake. Yes, she is the one for me—that is, if she will have some one so unworthy as myself." This last, dejectedly.

"What was the answer when you asked her?"

"Oh, I haven't asked her yet. She knows nothing of my tender passion for her. It is too soon to risk it. There is a younger sister, too, Julie, also very beautiful but more sprightly. She will be for you, Fred. I will arrange it. Do you think Cecile could love such a one as I?"

"Felix," Hiller said, placing his hands on his friend's shoulders and looking straight into his eyes, "Felix, I am convinced that at this very moment Mlle. Jeanrenaud is confiding in her equally beautiful sister—the one you have chosen for me—and is telling her the same beautiful things about you that I have listened to"—here he consulted his watch—"for the past two hours."

Both friends exploded in laughter.

"Seriously," Mendelssohn became suddenly thoughtful, "I wonder if my feelings will last. I have imagined myself in love before. How can I know if it will endure?"

"Time, my lad, time," Hiller counselled, as he took up his hat and stick. "Don't be too hasty!"

. . . . . .

The next few weeks took on the semblance of a dream. Fortunately, the demands made by the singing society on the enamored musician were very slight. He spent much of his time

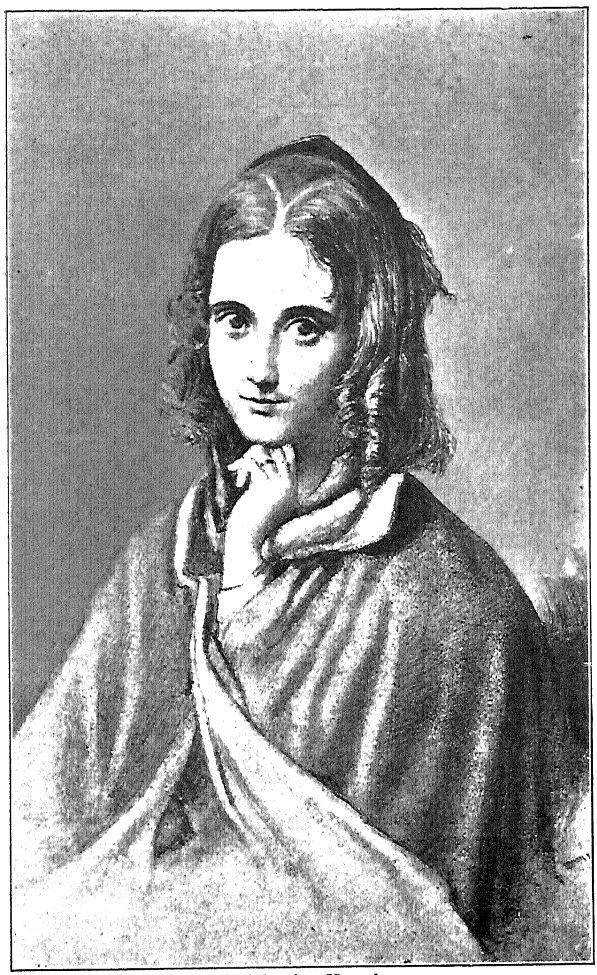
at the Jeanrenauds' with Rossini, and on Hiller's sofa, rhapsodizing about the well-beloved. The fair child—for she was only a child, being little more than seventeen, and ten years younger than her secret admirer—kept the silence of maidenly propriety. She committed herself neither by word nor look. Although all Frankfort already knew the story, and watched with amused interest the possible outcome of this *affaire,* Mendelssohn, so eloquent among his friends, found himself tongue-tied in the presence of Cecile. At the Jeanrenauds' he acted with extreme reserve, spoke about music and politics, his family in Berlin, about the charming qualities of the French people, about his friends in Leipzig—in short, about everything except the love that was consuming him.

To Mme. Jeanrenaud, still very young and vivacious, he was a little more attentive, and for a while that lady believed herself to be the object of his adoration! But her friends quickly set her straight on this delicate matter. Thereafter, she, too, watched with amusement the restrained bearing of the young man who was known to speak so unrestrainedly and feelingly of her daughter to others.

Their relative, Dr. Schlemmer, a young advocate, often came with the reticent lover, and helped keep the conversation flowing in smooth channels. He seemed anxious to see the famous Leipzig *Kapellmeister* connected with his family, and it was now evident that this had been in back of his mind when he first spoke of the Jeanrenauds in Leipzig. But he had to suffer for his own good intentions, for Mendelssohn kept his ears as warm with glowing accounts of his cousin as patient Hiller's.

Mendelssohn was in no mood for the many *fêtes* of the Rothschilds. He refused one after another of their pressing invitations on the flimsiest pretexts. Rossini, however, completely won him over, and they met repeatedly at Hiller's, and at a gay late-supper club at the Rhine Hotel. To his mother he wrote about him, but no word was there of Cecile!

"I really know few men who can be so amusing and witty as he, when he chooses; he keeps us laughing incessantly. I promised that the Choral Society should sing for him the *B minor mass,* and some other things of Sebastian Bach's. It will be quite charm-



"Die Familie Mendelssohn," Sebastian Hensel

Cécile, Wife of Mendelssohn

From a drawing by Wilhelm Hensel

ing to see Rossini obliged to admire Bach. He thinks, however, different countries, different customs, and is resolved to howl with the wolves. He says he is enchanted with Germany, and when once he gets the wine-list at the Rhine Hotel in the evening, the waiter is obliged to show him to his room, or he should never manage to find it.... He entertains the most profound respect for all those present, so that you might really believe him—if you had no eyes to see his sarcastic face. But intellect and animation and wit sparkle in all his features and in every word, and all those who do not consider him a genius, ought to hear him expatiating in this manner, and they would change their opinion."

. . . . . .

The six weeks of his stay in Frankfort were drawing to a close, and the sighing but cautious lover had still not spoken his mind. Concerning Cecile Jeanrenaud's feelings for him, he was still entirely in the dark. Perhaps he expected her to broach the subject first, for he saw her continually but in silence. Finally, no longer able to keep up the pose of indifference, he decided to go to Scheveningen to take the sea-baths, instead of Genoa, which he had originally promised himself. There he would be away from the enchanting creature who had unconsciously disturbed the calm functioning of his heart—and would be able to test his constancy. No one knew of his attachment, he naïvely told himself, and if the feeling passed, Cecile would be none the wiser; if it endured, he would sue for her hand.

No one had the slightest suspicion of his amorous regard for Cecile—no one except all Frankfort! When he prepared to leave, a delegation from the singing society presented him with a dressing case, ambiguously inscribed, "F. M. B. and Cæcilia"!

It became time to inform the family, without which the amours of the Mendelssohns could not properly proceed. Rebecca was chosen confidante. At first, there were mysterious hints about his moods, but these fell away one by one, and soon there was a frank confession.

Felix to Rebecca:

Frankfort, July 24, 1836.

...The present period is a very strange one, for I am more desperately in love than I ever was in my life before, and I do not

know what to do. I leave Frankfort the day after to-morrow, but I feel as if it would cost me my life. At any rate, I intend to return here and see this charming girl once more before I go back to Leipzig. But I have not an idea whether she likes me or not, and I do not know what to do to make her like me, as I have already said. But one thing is certain, that to her I owe the first real happiness I have enjoyed this year, and I now feel fresh and hopeful again for the first time. When away from her, though, I am always sad—now, you see, I have let you into a secret, which nobody else knows anything about. But in order that you may set the world a good example in discretion, I will tell you nothing more. If you want further information, write to me at The Hague, *poste restante*, for the day after to-morrow I am going to the detestable sea-side. O, Rebecca! what shall I do?

From Frankfort to Düsseldorf was but a step. There he picked up Schadow and his little son who were to accompany him. From the moment he left Cecile's side he was wretched. At Düsseldorf, waiting three miserable endless days until the Academy director could tear himself away from his duties, he fell into a fit of melancholy. It rained on the steamer all the way to Rotterdam, and at Scheveningen Schadow complained of the high rates, so that they had to take a place at The Hague and drive every morning for their bath.

Everything seemed dull and *mal à propos*. The sea was too prosaic, the sandhills dreary and hopeless; no big-sized ships, only little fishing boats. Leipzig ladies paraded on the beach with their hair down their backs; he hurt his foot while in the water and limped painfully. Schadow's boy was very naughty, and had to be helped with his Latin construing from Cornelius Nepos, have his pens mended, his bread sliced and buttered, and coaxed into the water because he always screamed so frightenedly when his father took him in. Altogether an occupation for a man in love! Hourly, he wished himself back at the "Lovely View," and wrote often to Hiller, requesting letters of at least eight pages on the Fahrthor, but making no direct mention of its fair inhabitant.

Rebecca told her mother, and Frau Mendelssohn became greatly agitated. Felix's affairs had always concerned her more deeply than those of her other children—if a mother's devotion to her children can be measured by degrees. Since the old Stadtrath's death, her heart fluttered wildly at the merest intimation of

change, and the restraint of many years dissolved in a flood of tears. In a state of anxiety, suffused with supreme happiness, she jumped at conclusions, prematurely sending Felix her blessings.

But in a letter, full of filial tenderness and respect, he explained just how matters stood, and asked her consent:

The Hague, Aug. 9, 1836.

... You really see more in my last letter than I had intended to convey, and when you speak of my betrothal, my happiness, and the approaching change in my prospects, I can only say that, as yet, all is very uncertain. But I thank you for the dear kind words you wrote about the mere possibility, and feel inclined to consider them as your permission to take this step, so necessary for my happiness. In any case, I should like to have your consent, that I may no longer be tormented by doubts on this head, at any rate. Indeed, my special object in writing is to ask you for it. If you tell me that you are ready once more to trust me entirely, and offer me again the full liberty I have enjoyed in former years, you will make me very happy. You may rest assured that I will not abuse your confidence, and perhaps I have done something to deserve it. Please tell me so, dear mother....

... Although I suppose my age makes it no longer legally necessary, I will not act without your consent. But whether I shall be able to avail myself of it on my return to Frankfort, that, as I said before, is a perfect mystery. All depends on the state in which I find matters there, for I really feel completely in the dark right now. On one point, however, I am quite clear, and that is that I would gladly send Holland, its Dutchmen, sea baths, bathing cars, kursaals and visitors to the devil, and I wish I were back in Frankfort. When I have seen this sweet girl again, I hope the suspense will soon be over, and I shall know whether we are to be anything—or rather everything—to each other, or not....

. . . . . .

The minimum number of baths for the cure was twenty-one. A few hours after the last, Mendelssohn was on his way to Frankfort! The month in Holland had thoroughly convinced him that Cecile was the great love of his life. Without her he could no longer live. The feeling, long stored up in his heart, loosened his tongue. Immediately, he was at the Fahrthor, and, immediately, he proposed. His eloquence and impetuosity were overwhelming.

The betrothal took place a week later, early in September, at Kronberg, a little town near Frankfort. The event was of great

social importance, and news of it spread throughout Germany. Unfortunately, none of his family could attend, just as he could not be present at the nuptials of his brother and sisters. It seemed fated that way. He wrote his mother the same night.

Frankfort, September 9, 1836.

DEAR MOTHER:

I have only this moment returned to my room, but I can settle to nothing till I have written to tell you that I have just been betrothed to Cecile Jeanrenaud. My head is quite giddy from the events of the day; it is already late at night, and I have nothing else to say, but write to you I must. I feel so rich and happy.... Farewell, and keep me always in your thoughts.

FELIX.

Three weeks of enchantment followed. Cecile was neither exceptionally brilliant, witty, nor accomplished, but those were the qualities which endeared her the more to Mendelssohn, after all the gifted but difficult women he had known. Her eyes were as blue as an unclouded sky. The delicate transparency of her face, her gentleness and cheerful disposition were to his restless, excitable nature, as the healing palliative of a cool, rippling spring. With her he could look forward to a life of serenity and repose, so necessary to his career; with her he could mount the ladder unhampered by an exacting partner.

The engaged pair appeared everywhere together. *Fêtes* were arranged in their honor, and good wishes followed after them. Never did the presence of a couple radiate such happiness. The relatives of the Jeanrenauds were numberless, and it was ascertained from a list that 163 calls had to be made by the lovers. Even this wearisome business, usually so irksome to Mendelssohn, was gone through in high spirits and without demur.

Cecile confessed to him one day that when he had first been mentioned by Schlemmer, she had pictured him as a testy, stiff, jealous old man with a velvet skull cap on his head who played dry fugues until midnight!

"And now?" he beamed.

"And now?..." For answer she placed a graceful, tapering finger on his lips....

. . . . . .

Before a great rural ball at the Sandhof, given by Cecile's grandparents, could be arranged, Mendelssohn had to take himself grumblingly off to Leipzig. Frau Hiller lent him an old carriage, and with a pair of post-horses, he galloped back to his duties at the *Gewandhaus*.

The friends at the Hotel de Baviere found him unusually buoyant and ever willing to talk on one topic—Cecile. Schumann, silent, absent-minded, yet noticing much, commented that Felix Meritis's engagement made him kinder and greater than ever. Schumann was in a peculiarly entangled state to appreciate tranquil skies. His own engagement, like most of his idealistic enterprises, had been of short duration. He broke off with a Fräulein von Fricken, when he realized it was Clara Wieck that he loved. But Clara's rugged, self-contained papa entertained no high regard for Robert's stability or prospects. He had in mind a more brilliant match, from a worldly standpoint. When Schumann persisted, he forbade him the house, and the unhappy pair had to meet stealthily at the homes of friends. Thus, of unobstructed paths, Florestan knew only from his friends and by hearsay. Mendelssohn's good fortune seemed all the more wonderful to him.

Out of the sheer philanthropy of love, the young *Kapellmeister* took under his wing a fledgling composer who had been sent to him from England—Sterndale Bennett, a youth of twenty. Bennett played the piano beautifully—when bribed with a cigar—and composed even better. Mendelssohn showed him many kindnesses, introduced him to friends, presented him with tickets for the *Gewandhaus,* taught him composition and performed his music frequently.

It was Bennett who informed him of Malibran's tragic death a few months before, at the Manchester Festival. "All England is up in arms against De Beriot for leaving her directly she died, and not being present at her funeral," the young Scotchman reported.

A flame shot before Mendelssohn's eyes when he heard the news. "A great artist has passed," he said feelingly, and the comforting image of his Cecile rose up in his mind.

The concerts and rehearsals were many, and the conductor

constantly wished himself back in Frankfort. He rehearsed the orchestra and a tremendous chorus in Handel's *Israel,* which was given in the Pauliner Kirche; played Beethoven's *G major Concerto* with his own cadenzas, performed a friendly service for Hiller's overtures; and was thankful to find himself so occupied that Christmas rolled around before his patience in being parted from Cecile could give out.

Rebecca passed through Leipzig on her way back from a health resort. Paul and his charming Albertine dropped in for a visit; a steam-engine for hauling stage-coaches by rail was on view for four *groschen,* and in an amusement park outside the city, Herr Strauss played his lovely waltzes with a band.

At last, the final concert before the holidays! Part of *Fidelio* was given. The beautiful air, *Wer Ein holdes Weib errungen*—Who a lovely wife has gained—struck the Leipzigers as being peculiarly appropriate to their idolized *Kapellmeister's* engagement and approaching visit to the beloved. Nothing would satisfy them but that he must come to the piano and improvise upon this theme, so that they could shout themselves hoarse with cheers and well-wishing.

Frankfort!

Felix to Fanny:

Dec. 13, 1836.

Yes, my dear Fance, here I am writing to you at Cecile's desk and feeling most happy. But what words am I to use to describe my happiness? I do not know, and am dumb, but not from the same reason as the apes on the Orinoco—far from it. There is one drawback, however, which makes me feel now and then as if I were going mad, and that is our calls, which must begin again to-morrow. There are 163 of them exactly! What do you say to that, Cantor? And by my beard, I am bound to pay them all, and no lamentations will let me off of one. But really, I do not mind even that—I am so happy. I have now spent four days with my Cecile, and have a week before me.... Moreover, I have a lot of good music in my head, which I know you will like, and altogether I can exclaim with heartfelt thankfulness, What a happy man I am!

Fanny to Cecile:

Dec. 23, 1836.

...Your drawing, dear Cecile, has given us great pleasure, and we all like it very much, especially Hensel, who, knowing most about it,

can appreciate it best, and is, I may say, a very amiable public.

But, dear children, how can you think of making 163 calls? That is beyond endurance. We have calculated it over again and again, and figure out that if you make twenty a day—which is barely possible—you will still have a week, which must be consumed in paying visits—a superhuman task.... Ah! if you were going to be here to-morrow. Two large orange-trees in the ante-room are to be lighted up with little lamps made of hollow lemons, and the large Christmas trees are in the blue room. We shall arrange a little lottery, with no blanks of course, for Hensel's pupils; and they are also preparing some amusement—but it is to be a surprise for me, so I know nothing about it! My present to Hensel—one your artistic mind will appreciate—is to be an ounce of genuine ultra-marine; it is so very expensive here that he has not bought any for a long time.

Felix to Fanny:

Dec. 31, 1836.

I must write to thank you and Hensel for your charming contributions to my album, and to tell you what pleasure you have given me. I wish you could have seen how pleased my Cecile was. The precious sketches were hardly out of her hands the whole evening, and she kept looking at them again and again. Her pleasure would, I know, have been quite sufficient reward for you. O, Fanny, this has been a Christmas for me! The like of it I have never seen before, and never shall see again. I have been spending the most perfect time, the happiest days, in which the mere fact of existence fills one with fresh joy and gratitude. I cannot describe it all to you, for you do not yet know my Cecile. How I wish you did! They gave me her portrait on Christmas Eve, but it only stirred up afresh my wrath against all bad artists, and I was very near saying most impolite things to the painter, who comes from Vienna. However, I restrained myself, because Mme. Jeanrenaud had been so kind and intended giving me pleasure, and because Cecile has sat so often for her portrait.... It is really too bad that with such a sitter the fellow could not have shown a spark of poetry—by which I mean truth to nature. He need not have painted an affected young person with a pink and white complexion, and light blue eyes, instead of my Cecile with her dark blue eyes, brunette complexion, and perfectly natural manner....

...I went home in such low spirits last New Year's Eve, and heard the clock strike twelve from my bed. Little did I think that I should be spending the last hours of the same year feeling so intensely thankful, and greet the new one with such hope and joy.

Back to Leipzig in a restless, impatient mood. Nine concerts more to conduct. How many times it must thaw and freeze and

rain! And how many times he must be shaved, drink his coffee in the morning, conduct symphonies and take walks before March came. The days seemed endless, and night even more interminable.

He buried himself in composition, made sweeping alterations and excisions in *St. Paul,* so that the already printed parts became useless and had to be suppressed. The oratorio had not pleased him in spite of its success at Düsseldorf, and the English publisher, Novello's, desire to bring it out in England. Novello's request was accompanied with a check for a little less than £6—about $27.50—royalties on the sixty-six copies of the *Songs Without Words* sold in three years! He was thinking of letting Novello have the first and third books, three chorales for female voices, and three fugues for the organ, just completed, for £35.

His reverence for print was almost religious, and many compositions remained hidden in his folios, not to see publication until that time when he could no longer protest against it. Fanny had for a long time wished to publish, and this desire was the subject of endless discussions and letters in the family. But it was Mendelssohn's contention that a few songs did not make a composer, and one or two isolated published pieces could make no impression on the public whatever. One either published consistently, or let it alone. Judging from Fanny's innumerable domestic obligations, he knew that a rapid succession of works could not issue from her pen. He counseled her against beginning something which she could not very well finish. The friends of the family knew that in Felix's first book of songs, six of Fanny's had appeared under his name. She now had another spurt of ambition, and, against his wishes, sent a song to Schlesinger, who published it in an album.

Her brother accepted the little rebellion with good grace, and had it sung at one of the concerts. He wrote her of the strange feeling he had when hearing her song in the crowded *Gewandhaus,* with the lamps and candles blazing, and the kind reception given it by the public, though he preferred Rebecca's rendition to the professional singer's. "And I thank you in the name of the public of Leipzig and elsewhere, for publishing it against my wish.... The new musical gazette (I mean the editor—Schumann—who

dines at the same hotel with me) is quite enthusiastic about you. . . . So now you are a real author, and I hope you feel pleased."

Cecile came to Leipzig with her mother on a shopping trip, and stayed to sing in the chorus for the production of *St. Paul,* in March. How they envied her this privilege in Berlin. Rebecca could not refrain from scribbling. "Is it not delightful? Ah! I must say, give me a musician. What pleasure Felix's different varieties of music will give you! Does he play you any of his funny pieces, or is he too much in love? If he does, ask him for the *préludes a l'enfant* with discordant endings. They would make me laugh on my death-bed. . . . Does he not look handsome at his conductor's desk? I like to watch him, especially when he is pleased, he nods his head and pushes out his under-lip as if there were nobody in the room at all."

The concert season ended brilliantly. *St. Paul* was produced. And back in a fever to Frankfort.

On the 28th of March, 1837, he stood beside Cecile Jeanrenaud in the Walloon French Reformed Church. The service was simple. In French, solemn words were uttered that united them for life, and shortly thereafter, their heads in a blissful whirl, the enraptured couple left for an extended tour of the Upper Rhine and Swabia.

Sturm Und Dräng

XXVII

OH, divine Dionysus, why dost thou pull mine ears? asked Ariadne once of her philosophic lover, in one of the celebrated dialogues at Naxos.

I find a sort of humor in thine ears, Ariadne. Why are they not longer?

On June 7, 1840, Crown Prince Frederick William became Frederick William IV, King of Prussia. Always a man of refined taste and culture, His Majesty saw the possibility of adding prestige to his reign, by gathering around him the most eminent men of art and science. From Grecian times it had been a tradition among kings, too lazy for war, to fill up the blank pages that must ultimately ensue under their names in history books, by patronizing their intellectual superiors, founding great public institutions, and, as Pope said, "endowing cats." Frederick William IV, fearing for his own frail, unenduring qualities, saw no reason to discontinue this admirable custom. Shortly after his installation on the throne of Prussia, he summoned his Home Minister, Wirklich Geheimrath Herr von Massow, and made his wishes known. The Academy of Fine Arts had stagnated into a languid, moss-covered existence. Its directors, resting on their fat, aged haunches, could not be expected to stir the populace to a frenzy of excitement over His Majesty's beneficence. Therefore, it followed, the directors must go. The Academy needed complete

reorganization. Negotiations were to be immediately entered into with the foremost painters, scholars, and musicians in Germany, with the prospect of bringing them to Berlin and settling them as heads of the various departments. Money was to be no deterrent. The duties of each were not yet clearly outlined in Frederick William's mind (the sage von Humboldt probably being away at the time), but their salaries were to commence almost at once.

Accordingly, under date of December 11, 1840, a communication from the Wirklich Geheimrath, bearing the remarkable and commendable purport of royal wishes, reached Dr. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy at Leipzig. However, Herr von Massow, being a diplomat and thoroughly acquainted with the odor in which Dr. Mendelssohn esteemed Berlin, did not trust himself to venture an official dispatch until the ground had been well prepared by those best fitted for the delicate business of sounding out the celebrated musician. To brother Paul, continuing the banking business in Berlin, he, therefore, carried his plans, exacting a pledge of the utmost secrecy.

But to his chagrin, the minister learned that the ambassador had first to be converted to his mission. Felix's open aversion to the atmosphere of Berlin was no secret to his family! Indeed, in an exchange of letters with Felix in February, Paul had spoken with contempt of the continued deplorable state of musical affairs in Berlin, sentiments to which his brother hastened to subscribe and enlarge upon. "What strikes me as the most hopeless part," Felix had concluded, "is that, though this is the universal conviction of the better classes, and that all its inhabitants are of one accord on the subject, yet, in spite of this common feeling, no change to what is good and healthy is ever effected."

Paul could hold out no hope for the Home Minister. Felix's position at Leipzig had become the most enviable in all Germany. The *Gewandhaus* Orchestra, peerless in polish and sensitivity, was now an alive thing under the worshipped leader's hands. It stood first in rank throughout Europe. From far and wide, pupils flocked to him, publishers camped on his doorstep, and musicians made pilgrimages to see the master, wrapped in his Spanish cloak, strolling along the promenade, with his lovely wife on his arm. Only the distinguished and most fortunate were called to the first

house on the left, second floor, in Lurgenstein's Garden, to spend an hour and take *thee und butterbrod* with the illustrious composer and his family. Not a musician wrote a letter that did not contain his name, not a child could think of him but as a legend.

The years had been kind. A charming companion. Two cherubs with golden ringlets on their heads. An adoring orchestra. An enthusiastic public. Unharassed by business or financial cares. And Fame. What man can wish for more?

Yet even victory can have its bitternesses. All his life he had waged a twenty years' war with Berlin. His every triumph had been an exulting challenge flung at the city that had humiliated him and cast him out. For men are more inspired to excel by the taunts and scorn of enemies than by a sweet woman's arms, and the pauses along the route, that are marked by achievements, accumulate until the victor calls for repose. The little comforts have grown all-important, and life, a dream that must not be disturbed. At last, he was to win over them. But the taste of victory would be like ashes in his mouth.

Von Massow was no fool. He knew deep down in that proud, tempestuous heart smoldered the desire to be honored in Berlin, and with it, the equally fierce longing to give to the last years of the aged and ailing mother that peace of spirit which came from seeing a united family constantly before her eyes. On this second theme, von Massow, feeling its sincerity, played with a masterly hand. And so Paul, who had come to him to laugh politely behind his sleeve, went away with a fond hope in his breast.

It was decided that the mother and Rebecca should know nothing of the plans afoot. Their nervously excitable natures could not stand the shock of false expectancy should the enterprise collapse. Only Fanny, the Cantor, shared the precious secret.

At the end of November, Paul journeyed to Leipzig to spend a few days with his brother. The home life of a devoted paterfamilias charmed him. Marie cooed in her crib, and Carl Wolfgang Paul, a sturdy lad of two, clambered on his knee. Felix looked unchanged. The same speaking eyes twinkled merrily, and half closed when deep in thought. There was the same disarming manner of breaking into the middle of a serious conversation with a light-hearted joke. But in daylight, the weight of a nervous and

Joseph Muller Collection

Mendelssohn

From a lithograph

laborious life could be seen in the pinched, mobile features, the thinning of the once luxuriant hair on the back of the head.

Paul spoke. He ridiculed the Berliners as of old, and got the same hearty response. "A great man, much respected, could do a great deal there," he ventured. "Spontini's high-handed reign is drawing to a close. There is much talk of change."

"Talk is all there will ever be in Berlin," Felix laughed.

"Ah! but talk must eventually turn into action. The new king is not the man his father was. A new broom sweeps clean. Frederick William was ever a man of good taste, you will remember."

Felix conceded that.

"Could you but consider placing yourself at the helm in Berlin, a new order would be ushered in. Of that I am confident. And how happy Mother would be to have you by her side, to see you, at last, the most looked-up-to man in Berlin. How happy all of us children to have you in our midst once again; your children playing with ours."

Felix squirmed moodily in his chair near the fireside. Cecile's blue eyes looked up to him questioningly. But he said nothing.

Having raked the desire, Paul diverted the conversation to other channels.

Felix pondered the matter for several days. Would it be worth jeopardizing the love and respect of the Leipzigers to parade his superiority, his long-awaited conquest, before Berlin? Reviewing the past unsavory experiences, he saw no assurance for the future. The musicians had fought with him, disgraced him publicly, and placed stumbling blocks in his every path. To bring them to book would be ointment to his wounded dignity. But besting them would be no easy matter. They were adept at wire-pulling, vicious, intriguing. They would bow only to officialdom. As much as he despised showy titles, it would be necessary to have a powerful one to wield as a cudgel over these sour, recalcitrant artists.

Paul delicately broached the subject again. His brother was in a strangely pliable mood. "To come to Berlin?" he mused. "To be near my beloved ones, to dream once more in the secluded garden, that had been my first youthful ambition. Yes, I would go

there; I would swallow my pride for these things. But much would have to be altered. If all obstacles were to be removed from my path, and sufficient power given me to enforce my wishes, it might be possible to arrange it."

Paul was delighted. He spoke of an appointment as *Kapellmeister* to the Court of Prussia. Of the organization of a *conservatorium.* Many other honors. Then he went back to Berlin, and the aforementioned communication of von Massow followed.

Mendelssohn replied to the Home Minister, asking for details. He did not know what was expected of him in Berlin. By some manner of reasoning, he had divined the inherent weakness of the scheme, saw it as a grandiloquent gesture.

Von Massow named a salary of 3000 *thalers,* the direction of the musical class, concerts by royal command.

Mendelssohn acknowledged the honor and advantage of the offer. But precisely what were to be his duties? The difficulties in a *bona fide* direction of the present class would be insuperable.

A long wait.

Von Massow then replied that a new system had been proposed: the class would not take up much of his time. There would be additional work instead.

Still the anxiously sought conductor wished to know what would be required of him. Von Massow became distraught. Minister Eichhorn took his place. Paul wrote von Massow again. He was glad Dr. Mendelssohn had expressed satisfaction with the title and the salary! Dr. Mendelssohn was amazed. A ruse? He could recall no such statement.

Paul became impatient. "Why raise so many obstacles? Don't be swayed by foreign influences."

Felix tried to vindicate his delay: "The Berlin affair is much in my thoughts, and is a subject for serious consideration. I doubt whether it will ever lead to that result which we both would prefer; for I still have misgivings as to Berlin being a soil where a person of my profession could feel even tolerably at home, in spite of all honors and money, but the mere offer in itself gives me an inward impulse, a certain satisfaction, which is of infinite value to me, even if I were never to speak of it to any one. In a word, I feel that an honor has been done me, and rejoice in it. Massow

writes in his last letter, which I received before yours, that the King wishes to delay the definite arrangement of the Academy till I go to Berlin in the spring; whether I choose to make proposals in writing as to the alteration of the statutes which he sends me, he leaves entirely to my decision. Remarkable, very remarkable, those statutes are. Imagine! out of eleven different branches of instruction which they have instituted, seven are positively useless and indeed preposterous. What do you think of the following? No. 8: 'The relation music bears to the other arts, especially to the plastic and to the stage.'! No 11: 'A guide to the spiritual and wordly drama.' I formerly read these things in the Government paper, and laughed at them; but when a grave minister or official actually sends such stuff, it is pitiable."

All winter the letters flew back and forth.

On the 20th of May, 1841, the Wirklich Geheimrath Herr von Massow reported to his King:

"Your Majesty was pleased verbally to desire me to enter into communication with Herr Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, in Leipzig, with a view to summon him to Berlin, and fix his residence there by appointment. I, therefore, on the 11th of December last, wrote to Herr Mendelssohn, in accordance with Your Majesty's commands, and made the following offer:

"Direction of the Academy's musical class. Salary: 3000 *thalers.*

"The reorganization of the musical class, and to connect it with some existing establishment for the development of musical cultivation, as well as with others yet to be formed.

"Herr Mendelssohn's advice on the subject was requested; that he was to be appointed the future head of this institute.

"A certain number of concerts (to be hereafter fixed) were to be given every year under his direction.

"Herr Mendelssohn expressed his gratitude to Your Majesty for so honorable an offer, as well as his entire satisfaction with regard to the title and salary. He, however, reserved full acceptance of the proposal until his duties are more clearly defined. The conscientiousness shown by Herr Mendelssohn cannot fail to be acknowledged and respected.

"The Academy of Arts being regulated by the Ministerium

of the departments of science, education, and medicine—it was from this source alone that the wished-for regulations could be obtained for Herr Mendelssohn. As this, however, could not be immediately effected, Minister Eichhorn resolved to discuss the whole affair with Herr Mendelssohn himself, and Your Majesty was pleased to permit the affair to rest for the time.

"Herr Mendelssohn, on the other hand, must declare, in the course of a few weeks, whether it is his intention to give up his situation in Leipzig or not; he presses for a decision.

"From the well-known honorable character of Herr Mendelssohn, it may be confidently anticipated, that . . . he will be the more anxious to devote all his powers to Your Majesty, from the very fact of his duties not being more closely defined. . . .

"Your Majesty's faithful servant."

Herr Massow seemed to have misfired in summing up the situation. But the hapless fellow, at his wits' end, floundered about in the hope that he would eventually discover whence came all the smoke. He did not know what Mendelssohn's duties were to be; Eichhorn did not; the Ministerium did not; Mendelssohn did not; and above all, the King did not. Thus, it could be said with truth, that the worthy Frederick was an innovator after all, in that he reversed the established custom of seeking men to occupy positions, by seeking positions to occupy men!

. . . . . .

By a curious coincidence, plans for a conservatorium at Leipzig had been promulgated in April, 1840, two months before the coronation of Frederick IV of Prussia. A certain Herr Blumner had died, leaving a legacy of twenty thousand *thalers* in custody of the King of Saxony for the erection of an Institute of Arts and Sciences. On April 8, of his own accord, Mendelssohn had opened the subject to the court at Dresden, requesting that the proposed Institute be established at Leipzig. In a long letter to Kreis-Direktor von Falkenstein, he had given a detailed account of the many advantages accruing from such a project at that city, and enclosed an outline of its functions. The court was highly

amenable to any proposition which would bring added glory to Saxony. The King expressed willingness to add to Blummer's legacy from the privy purse, and the matter was expedited in every way. This was the germ of the famous Leipzig Conservatorium which was to come into being a few years later. How differently things were to turn out in Berlin!

. . . . . .

The years 1840-41 were particularly arduous. Liszt came and sent the Leipzigers into paroxysms of frenzy with his *Lucia* and *Erl King* fantasies. They came in spite of raised prices, complaints and controversies in the newspapers. Liszt earned their many *thalers,* but also, he gained their dislike. Mendelssohn took it upon himself to right matters, and show the Leipzigers what a charming man Liszt really was. He gave a fête in the *Gewandhaus* for three hundred and fifty people, and served mulled wine and cakes. The orchestra played, the chorus sang, and Liszt, Hiller, and he joined forces in Bach's *Triple Concerto.* In this manner, more money was spent on Liszt; the Leipzigers were charmed; and the Hungarian departed with their gold.

The dream of a Bach monument was coming into realization. A series of organ concerts were inaugurated on the very instrument which Bach had played upon in the Thomas Kirche. The expenses were considerable, but the restorer of the *St. Mathew Passion* shouldered them himself, and gained over three hundred *thalers* at each performance. Eventually, a handsome statue was placed on the Promenade, under the window of the master's study. This was a labor *con amore,* and for a week, he practiced on the organ so assiduously, that he "walked nothing but pedal-passages in the street." His mother, hearing of the exploit beamed: "If he would announce that he would stand in the market place in his nightcap, I know the Leipzigers would pay for admission."

The great Gutenberg Festival was commemorated in Leipzig, the city of books, and for this occasion Mendelssohn was commissioned to write a *Festgesang.* It was performed in the open market place by two choirs and winds, one section conducted by the composer, the other by David. The next day his Symphony Cantata,

Lobgesang, was given in St. Thomas's. When he found time to compose amidst such varied affairs, none of his friends could guess. But the folios kept mounting, and a work, once promised, was always ready in time.

To London and Birmingham he went to repeat his successes, played *extempore* on the organs everywhere, wrote upwards of fifteen letters a day, and was back in Leipzig for more.

In October, the *Hymn of Praise* was given again, and the next day the King of Saxony and the entire court came down from Dresden for a command repetition. The crafty king had gained some inkling of the secret transactions soon to commence from the direction of Berlin. After the first part of the *Lobgesang,* His Majesty sent for the *Kapellmeister,* and, with quick-beating heart, Mendelssohn passed down the long aisle lined with smiling, uplifted faces, to the other end of the hall where the court sat. The King complimented him graciously on the music and the performance, and Mendelssohn went back to his desk highly elated. At the end of the second part, a hubbub of suppressed excitement passed through the room. "The King is coming to him this time," the audience whispered, and in another moment, the King marched down the same aisle, warmly congratulated the composer and the performers, and took himself off, while the whole audience outdid itself in curtsies and bows.

Then commenced the herculean task of producing the *St. Mathew Passion.* As in other cities, it had not been given in Leipzig for over a hundred years, and for months the enormous chorus practiced unwearyingly. The Leipzigers had already been apprised of their beloved leader's intended departure, and this was to be his farewell. It took place at the Thomas Kirche on Palm Sunday. Leipzig turned out *en masse,* equally moved by the devout spirit of the great Bach, and the indomitable restorer whom they were losing.

"Only for one year," Mendelssohn tearfully promised them, saddened at the thought of leaving the scene of his most fruitful labors. With his own lovely song, *It Is Decreed in God's Wisdom,* they serenaded him before he left, and at the last words, he wholeheartedly joined in: *"Auf wiedersehen. Auf wiedersehen."*

. . . . . .

Spent in energy and worn in nerves, Mendelssohn, with his family, arrived in Berlin early in May. The prospect of a stormy twelve-month ahead, added to his distress, and a gloomy foreboding of disaster became firmly fixed in his mind. Transplantation he saw as pulling himself up by the roots from a fertile soil that had seen his finest powers bloom, to become imbedded in a jutting crag that could only bruise. He had grown attached to the severe regimen of work at Leipzig, but the vague, airy scheme at Berlin only promised a yawning immensity of idleness. And idleness he could not stand. Much as he had insisted upon a title before, the title of Court Kapellmeister now conveyed empty honors. And unlike the three other directors, Cornelius the painter, Ruckert the Orientalist, and Tieck the poet, he would not be content with marking time until the King should whistle.

The first conference proceeded with meaningless formalities and indirectness, and the Ministry of Education, which had at its disposal the funds for the project, kept haughtily remote. Mendelssohn, who had come to receive definite instructions, was exasperated that nothing had yet been settled, and went off in a pet, like a schoolboy.

As of old, Devrient was the companion of the frenzied walks in the shaded alleys of the garden. Hour after hour he paced beside his friend, soothing the ragged nerves, and importuning him to be calm and deliberate. But Mendelssohn ranted on unheedingly. He threatened to resign and leave on the next diligence. "Do they think I crave a sinecure?" he shouted hysterically. "I might just as well retire and do nothing as this." Not until fatigue and hunger overcame him did he listen with anything like composure of mind.

"You accept the task of founding a conservatorium," the singer dared tell him, "and at the same time expect it to be handed over to you spick and span, before you can make up your mind to accept the direction of it. You look at the whole thing one-sidedly. You wish to be spared the uncongenial labor of bringing loose ends together, and yet are indignant that they are so."

Felix glowered pugnaciously. But he struggled with himself and kept his peace. Probably from no other person would he

permit such plain speaking. From the manner in which the singer continued in the rôle of shock absorber and counselor, it was manifest that no change had come over their trusted friendship.

Devrient's own interests were deeply involved. When the idea of the conservatorium was first sketched, von Humboldt had advised him to write a treatise on dramatic art, which the venerable scientist and diplomat volunteered to bring to the notice of the King. Frederick William was mindful of Devrient's loyal service extending over many years, and through von Humboldt, expressed the wish that the baritone should conduct the dramatic section of the music class, under Mendelssohn. Devrient, therefore, was eloquent. "There is no other man in Germany who can do as much for art as you," he pleaded. "Only you can bring the happy plan of the king to completion; only you can make something of this opportunity for the advancement of German music, an opportunity which, once lost, will probably never arise again. The great responsibility rests entirely with you, Felix."

Felix had sarcastic replies for all this. But Devrient was not deterred.

"For once, I beg you to undertake something contrary to your inclinations, to bear the *odiosa* of circumlocution and pedantry. After all, one cannot expect diplomats to speak straightforwardly; that would reduce them to mere tradesmen."

"To think," Mendelssohn, won over by the judicious mingling of flattery and common sense, burst out laughing, "to think that such fine talents are wasted on singing. Very well, Talleyrand, I shall do my utmost."

He wrote out the proposed reforms of the Academy in a *promemoria* and submitted it to the Ministry of Education. Again there was a conference from which Mendelssohn returned more dissatisfied than ever. The *conservatorium* threatened not to materialize after all, and the prospect of ousting the present directors of the Academy raised a grave situation!

In the garden the scene of fulminations and entreaties started all over again. "There is less for me to do now than ever before," he cried out, infuriated. "I will become no figurehead. I shall go to Leipzig, and from there send in my resignation. Fool that I was, to pledge myself for a year. What will become of my posi-

tion at the *Gewandhaus*, if this business dissolves entirely in that time? I shall have nothing."

"Musicians!" thought von Massow, when he heard of this. "War with England would be effeminate dalliance in comparison!" and returned with mild interest to perusal of the national debt.

There was no doubt that Mendelssohn was more difficult than the entire Ministry combined. To Leipzig he did go. But the fish was dangling on the hook. It needed a strong arm to pull it in.

Minister Eichhorn was handed the reel once again. In a stiff note he informed Herr Mendelssohn that His Majesty had only intended offering the title of Court Kapellmeister in the event that the *conservatorium* materialized. Not otherwise. He had, therefore, two alternatives to choose from: either come to Berlin on the first of August without title or public appointment, but with salary—or else break off the negotiations and never renew them. The *status quo* of May was rescinded.

Mendelssohn became indignant that he should be asked to come upon a dangerous battleground unarmed. It was absolutely imperative to have a title! Whether the title was "Master of the King's canaries" or "Kapellmeister" was of no moment to him. But a title he must have, if only to be used as an upraised weapon over the unruly Berlin musicians' heads. He was fully determined to extract every *soupçon* of power and satisfaction before he would act, and entirely relinquish the beloved post at Leipzig. It would be a vindication of the past (which was so hard to forget!) and show that the king's confidence in him was implicit. The fear grew that, with all these vacillations, he might yet become the laughing-stock of all Germany.

To Paul, anxiously sitting in Berlin, he wrote post-haste: "... possibly after the lapse of a year, no renewal of the relation may be desired on the other side, in which case, I alone shall be the losing party, for they only risk conferring a title, which costs them nothing, while I lose my present situation, and you know that this is no small sacrifice. I beg you to communicate this letter and Eichhorn's to von Massow. He will observe that his proposals, and the results of my whole residence in Berlin, are again overlooked.... Hear what Massow has to say, and let me know. Do

not forget to place strongly before him, that I always thought it probable, and now more likely than ever, that no definitive arrangement about the Academy would take place in one year; not, indeed, from any fault on my side, or from want of complaisance in me, but from want of decision on their part. I, therefore, wished at that time, and wish now, that there should be something definite, for which I am called to Berlin."

The "definiteness" which he sought so persistently amounted to a phobia. Even Karl Klingemann, in distant London, heard of the rumblings and grumblings, and was prevailed upon to exert what pressure he could. He reproved Felix for quibbling and creating a difficult problem out of a civil offer. But von Massow had already capitulated. He reëstablished the conditions of May, and held Mendelssohn to his word. Felix's reply to Klingemann contained an inference of this news, albeit mournfully: "Tomorrow," he wrote, "I go with some pleasant friends to Dresden to hear Ungher and Moriani sing, to see Raphael and Titian paint, and to breathe the air of that lovely region. A few days after my return, I am off for a year to Berlin, one of the sourest apples a man can eat, yet eaten it must be.... That I am now to recommence a private life, but at the same time to become a sort of schoolmaster to a *conservatorium*, is what I can scarcely realize, after my excellent vigorous orchestra here.... Believe me, Berlin is at the present day the city which is the least efficacious, and Leipzig the most publicly influential."

The nibbling fish was at last hauled in. Ferdinand David, as second in command, took over direction of the *Gewandhaus* forces, and Mendelssohn removed his household belongings to Berlin. He selected a house opposite his mother's, and was ready for his new duties by August first.

. . . . . .

Frederick William had the laudable desire to restore the Greek plays of Sophocles and Æschylus. He spoke of it to his poet, Tieck. Tieck listened well, and spoke of it to Mendelssohn. "Perhaps next autumn would be a propitious time," the poet yawned.

"Now or never," was Mendelssohn's impatient rejoinder.

"Very well, now," Tieck smiled tiredly.

Antigone was decided upon. The more Mendelssohn read the great play, the more was he impressed with its nobility of style. It seemed remarkable to him that there could be so much that was lasting in art. His classical studies, never neglected, were of particular value to him at this time. After frequent consultations, the German translation of Donner was agreed upon. Several slight alterations were required to make the choruses more singable, and in a few weeks, the composer had most of the incidental music written. It was one of the few occasions when the execution of a commissioned work gave him real pleasure. His plan was not to attempt imitation of the modal music of the ancients, but to supply an atmosphere that would make the play more presentable to modern feeling. In this the scholars agreed with him, and found his score in accordance with their conception of the Greek spirit.

Rehearsals were soon started in Berlin, and as he had foreseen, his fears as to the musicians had not been baseless. They questioned his authority at every turn, made sarcastic replies and laughed outright at whatever struck them as strange. The composer retreated into a haughty reserve, which would have been successful had he maintained it, but he soon broke out in enraged violence—which was exactly what they wanted. In this manner the work progressed until its presentation at the new palace at Potsdam. It produced a tremendous effect on a distinguished audience that gathered mainly out of curiosity, and the King was highly gratified with such an auspicious beginning.

A week before, Mendelssohn had already anticipated a commotion which, to his suspicious mind, was certain to follow the *première*. "As yet, I have only to do with admiration," he wrote David, "but after the performance the learned, no doubt, will come forward and tell me how I should and must have composed, —had I been a Berliner!"

And in truth, within a very few days, the editor of a musical journal wrote him, begging for an article on *Antigone* to forestall the objections that must eventually ensue! This he would not do. "I have always made it an inviolable rule, never to write myself, in newspapers, on any subject connected with music," he answered, "nor either directly or indirectly to cause any article to be written

on my compositions. And, although I am well aware how often this must be a temporary disadvantage, still I cannot deviate from a resolution which I have strictly followed out under all circumstances."

He indulged in a busman's holiday. He went to Leipzig, which he had kept open as a retreat, and conducted three concerts at the *Gewandhaus*. The short respite refreshed him considerably, and he returned to Berlin, like a courageous David, to take up his single-handed struggle against Berlin.

The Sunday music at his mother's house had continued under the able direction of Fanny, and these delightful meetings, attended by all the great virtuosi passing through Berlin, were to him a comforting reminder of happy, youthful days. The seventeenth volume of Hensel's pencil-portraits was the register of all the distinguished visitors of that year: Thorwaldsen, Mme. Pasta, Henri Ernst, Lepsius, the great Egyptologist, Böckh, Mrs. Austen, and Liszt, whom, in later years, Nietzsche labeled "the school of running—after women!"

In January His Majesty ordered a series of concerts in Berlin. *St. Paul* was mounted, but, in spite of a good performance, the audience received it coldly. It was obvious that Mendelssohn had not reached the same force of originality and etched clearness in his choral work which were the beauty of his best orchestral pieces. The outline and spirit of *St. Paul* had been too obviously modeled after Bach, and it was not strange that this work, first planned during the miserable election of Zelter's successor, continued spasmodically during the trials of Düsseldorf, and completed after his father's death, should not signify a high-water mark in his career. The distraught composer attributed the lack of enthusiasm to the old feuds and jealousies, and again told Devrient that he intended to resign.

However, that year, with plenty of time on his hands, he wrote out the *Scotch Symphony* which had matured in his mind for a dozen years. He went to Leipzig again to conduct it, completed his slight Berlin duties, and was off to the Düsseldorf Festival. Then, with Cecile for her first trip to England, he started for London.

"The Only Comfortable House In England"

XXVIII

LONDON gathered the celebrated composer to its arms. On public occasions, where he came merely as a spectator, audiences rose and cheered him as a king. It thrilled him that the great Peel, standing with the rest, listened to his little speeches of acknowledgment, and applauded warmly. Everywhere he appeared, an ovation sounded in his ears, and the mere entrance into a church to try the organ became a triumphal procession.

Queen Victoria, a great admirer of his music, summoned him to Buckingham Palace on two occasions. At the second, on a rainy afternoon in July, the Prince Consort received him in the music room, alone. His Highness was anxious about affairs in Germany, being himself a member of the House of Saxe-Coburg. He felt quite isolated in England, for the British public had set the tall, stoop-shouldered, austere young man up as a bogey who might influence the Queen to lean too sympathetically toward Germany —she having already sufficient German blood for their liking. Quite simply, but with great deliberation, he chatted with the composer, whose works, next to Bach and Beethoven, he prized the most. Mendelssohn followed him to the organ, which completely filled one end of the large room, and listened to an explanation of the stops and other peculiarities of construction.

Albert had a deep interest in music. He was an accomplished organist. At thirteen, music had been part of his program of

studies, and at eighteen, he was "passionately fond of it," showing considerable talent as a composer. His friends had looked up to him for his practical knowledge of the art, and after his marriage, he continued with music uninterruptedly. As his duties became heavier with the years, it was only in music that he found escape to a dream-world where the cares of state were for the moment forgotten. Soon after coming to London to marry the English cousin, he had transformed the royal band into a full orchestra, made sizable additions to the Buckingham Library, and insituted performances at Windsor, where many great works received their first rendition in his adopted country. He knew much of Mendelssohn's music by heart, and it gave him an added thrill to make the acquaintance of the distinguished composer, in the flesh.

After a few minutes, Queen Victoria came into the room dressed in a plain morning frock. She declared she was leaving for Claremont in an hour. "But goodness! what a confusion," she broke off, her quick eye immediately noticing that the wind had blown music from an open portfolio all about the room. She knelt to pick up the scattered sheets as she spoke. Her husband and the visitor followed royal example. Soon everything was restored to her satisfaction.

Mendelssohn begged Albert to play something for him so that he "might boast about it in Germany." His Highness acquiesced readily. He played a chorale by heart, working the pedals with great precision, "and otherwise giving an excellent account of himself."

Victoria asked Dr. Mendelssohn if he had composed any more of his "dear, dear" songs of late.

"You should sing one to him," said the Prince Consort.

"But first the parrot must be removed, or he will scream louder than I can sing."

Albert rang the bell, but the Prince of Gotha, who had slipped into the room, said: "I will carry him out." Not to be outdone in gallantry and democratic feeling, Mendelssohn cried: "Allow me to do that," and straightway carried the heavy cage into the hall—to the utter astonishment of the ladies-in-waiting and servants listening at the door.

Her Majesty offered to sing the *Spring Song*, "that is, if it is

Joseph Muller Collection

Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, and Mendelssohn

still here. All my music is packed up for Claremont," she explained.

The Prince Consort ventured to look for it in another apartment but returned empty-handed. "It is packed," he reported.

"But one might perhaps unpack?" Mendelssohn suggested. After all, on a second visit one is entitled to feel perfectly at home!

"In that case, we must send for Leichen."

Servants were sent for, came, and disappeared. At last the Queen went herself. During her absence, Albert presented Mendelssohn with a handsome ring on which was engraved: V. R. 1842. "She begs you will accept this gift as a remembrance," he said. Mendelssohn made his most formal bow.

"It is really most annoying," Victoria pouted, sweeping back into the room. "Leichen has gone, and has taken all of my things with her."

The guest felt inclined to laugh at the domestic scene that might have been similarly enacted in the humblest cottage. He expressed the hope that he might not "be made to suffer for this 'ereigniss.' Would Her Majesty not sing something else?"

Victoria consulted with her husband. After a moment he announced: "She will sing you something of Glück's."

It was now discovered that the Glück music was in the Queen's sitting room, and so through long, winding corridors and suites they proceeded, picking up the Duchess of Kent and the Princess of Gotha on the way.

An immense rocking-horse stood by the piano, and richly bound books and music albums lay all around the cozy room. Mendelssohn rummaged through the music and, with a cry of discovery, found his first set of songs. "Will Her Majesty not sing one of these rather than the Glück?" he begged.

Victoria nodded pleasantly. She chose *Schöner und schöner schmückt sich,* and Mendelssohn seated himself at the piano. Her voice was slight, but had been excellently trained by the great Lablache. The song was given a simple, charming rendition, "only in the phrase where it goes down to D and comes up again by semitones, she sang D sharp each time. And as I gave her the note the first two times, the last time she sang D where it should have been D sharp!"

Then the composer was obliged to make the proud confession that the song was not his after all, but Fanny's. To rectify this little error, the Queen graciously sang one of his own, taking the last long notes effortlessly, in one breath.

"Oh! if I had not been so frightened," she apologized; "generally, I have such long breath."

Mendelssohn thought she did very well, but, deeming it best not to be too profuse with compliments, merely thanked her a great many times.

Albert then sang, after which he begged the "distinguished visitor" to give them an improvisation before he left. His Highness named as themes the song he had just sung and the organ chorale.

Expecting that he would be nervous and do badly, Mendelssohn, to his surprise, found that it went off bravely, and for extra measure, brought in the two songs rendered by the Queen.

Before he rose to go, the composer asked permission to dedicate the *Scotch Symphony* to Her Majesty "as being the ostensible purpose of this trip to England." She graciously consented, and pressed him to return to England soon and visit them again.

In the driveway before the Palace door, magnificent state carriages with their scarlet outriders waited to whisk the entourage away to Claremont. It was raining briskly, but Mendelssohn remained to watch the departure. In a few moments the party drove off. The flag was lowered, and the Court Circular announced: "Her Majesety left the Palace at thirty minutes past three o'clock."

He sped back to Hobart Place, where Cecile was excitedly waiting in Klingemann's lodgings, and gleefully gave them a piping-hot account of the whole proceedings. He was particularly pleased when Cecile asked for minute details as to the Queen's appearance, her dress, the manner of doing her hair, and the amount of ardor she put into her words when addressing her husband!

Felix strutted about with his thumbs under his waistcoat. "Buckingham Palace," he swaggered, "is the only really pleasant, comfortable house in England, in which one feels *à son aise.*"

"I do believe you're in love with the Queen," Cecile jumped up, beaming.

"As for love," Felix wagged his finger at her mockingly, "I shan't soon forget Sir Edward Bulwer's shocking flirtation with you; and how old Samuel Rogers held your hand and begged you to bring up your children to be as charming as their mother."

Old Zelter's pupil had gone far. He had fulfilled his youthful dreams of being one with kings and queens and charming courtiers, and the childish expectancy of those delightful times had still retained their unspoiled savor. The regal welcome he found in England had increased each time he returned, and it was with a sigh of regret that he quitted the country which had ungrudgingly recognized his genius long before his own Fatherland.

Berlin, for a few months, faded from his mind like an evil dream. But it was not yet finished with him. The tiresome *dénouement* had yet to be ground out, and he put it off for a little while longer. He went to Frankfort with Cecile to rejoin their children, and then started on a delightful journey through Switzerland, sketch book in hand, returning to Frankfort for another fortnight.

It was here that the *Ordre pour le Merite,* bestowed on him by Frederick William, was forwarded. The distinction only caused him to twist his mouth bitterly. A few days later, an incident arose which brought from him an expression of how lightly he regarded decorations. Walking across the Offenbach bridge with a few companions, he went ahead, while one of them, a Mr. Speyer, stayed behind to pay the toll for the others.

"Is not that," the toll-collector asked, "the Herr Mendelssohn whose music we sing at our society?"

"It is."

"Then, if you please, I should like to pay the toll for him myself!"

On catching up with the party, Speyer told Mendelssohn what had taken place.

"Nun, na," he said greatly pleased, "I like that better than the *Ordre!*"

. . . . . .

At Berlin, the King was vacillating more than ever in his hopeless efforts to find occupation for his composer. The *conserva-*

torium idea had completely evaporated, and His Majesty now directed his attention to the music for the Evangelical Church. It was his wish that Mendelssohn should place himself at the head of this both vague and vast undertaking.

But the restive composer had no particular desire for such uncongenial work, and rebutted the aimless advances with all the obstinacy in his compact, nervous little body. The full tide of longing to return to Leipzig and the beloved *Gewandhaus* came over him with overpowering emotion. Another oratorio was beginning to occupy his thoughts, and there, only there, could he think of its possible completion. He determined once and for all to put an end to the wearisome business which seemed like a poisonous serpent sucking at his vitals. He would resign. He asked von Massow for an audience with the King.

This was the last, decisive step. Massow himself came to the house to announce the day of the appointment. He declared that Frederick William was greatly vexed and would accept his resignation in but few words. But it was another little ruse to detain him, as was later proven.

Up until the very last evening, he had communicated his intention of leaving to no one. Now he thought it wiser to break the ground by degrees so that the news would not explode like a bomb-shell in the family's midst. With the old mother by his side, he walked slowly in the garden. The garden! That bit of fragrant, fenced-in loveliness which was all that he held dear in Berlin. How many beautiful memories it conjured up! How often the sight of blooming lilacs had suggested the tender melodies that went into his best songs. And how often the great yews had been silent witnesses to the agitation that had racked his eager, soaring soul. Into it the hated city had driven him at bay, and the prisoner had looked around to explore its beauties.

For a year, he had tasted the torments of Berlin and the delights of the garden again, like a suspended dream that occurs at intervals. But now it had ended. He patted his mother's hand on his arm, sadly. She looked up to him with a proud smile. Her great son! Her Felix who had distinguished himself before kings and queens, whose sweet music was on everybody's lips. He found it hard to say anything, but the strong sense of duty, which he

Joseph Muller Collection

Ignaz Moscheles

Joseph Muller Collection

Ferdinand David

placed before all else in life, gave him courage. He chose his words hesitatingly, timidly. Frau Mendelssohn burst into a violent fit of weeping. Ah, Mother, of old you were so calm and placid, but the years have broken down your proud reserve. After the long period of separation, she had become used again to his nearness and his warm devotion. "Until the end," she had told herself, "he will remain with me." But she did not realize how near the end really was. Perhaps parting in itself is a *quantum* of Death, a foreshadowing of the Seer Event. Felix was in tears, too, at the distress he had caused, but nothing could swerve him in his fixed determination. Fanny ran up, and he called to her as she approached: "All is over with me in Berlin." The evening passed mournfully.

Hensel had a long talk with his brother-in-law. He learnt that the resignation had not yet been officially accepted, that the audience with the King would take place on the morrow. He came back and whispered these facts to Fanny. From their knowledge of all the persons concerned, they evolved the hope that His Majesty would change his mind yet again, and decide for Felix's remaining. After all, they consoled each other, a king's wishes are not easily set aside. And so the old mother was given a few hours more of expectation, in which hope and dread battled for supremacy

Frederick William surprised both von Massow and Mendelssohn with the excellent good-humor they found him in. To the musician's request for a release, he replied with unusual kindliness, like the well-intentioned man he was. "Of course, I cannot force you to remain, Mendelssohn," His Majesty said, "but I must tell you how I regret that all my plans for music in Germany must fall down, for without you they cannot materialize. The loss to me alone will be irreparable."

"Why cannot your plans go on without me, Sire?" Mendelssohn asked, genuinely touched.

"There is no musician I regard so highly," the King replied, "nor is there any one I know who could aid me as well."

Mendelssohn bowed deeply. Frederick William then repeated his proposition that a small chorus of select voices, with a corresponding orchestra, should be established to give concerts from

time to time, and that Mendelssohn should compose for them. However, until the formation of such a group, he was free to reside wherever he chose.

The composer agreed to relinquish half of his salary, and went off with von Massow, who kept repeating: "You cannot think of leaving us now, Mendelssohn; you cannot think of leaving us now."

But Mendelssohn was adamant. He summarized the king's conversation and sent it to His Majesty with the information that he would make his home in Leipzig. He left Berlin shortly thereafter.

Back to Leipzig he went where so many tangible evidences of real effort awaited him: the Gewandhaus Orchestra and the Leipzig Conservatorium which was also rapidly to become internationally famous; and where the infrangible, epicene harmonies of the *Notturno,* the *Scherzo,* and *Wedding March* of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* music were woven seventeen years after the *Overture* had been written. The unquenchable spirit of youth was still upon him, for the texture and poesy of the earlier and later pieces seemed as of one sustained inspiration.

Transition

XXIX

1843 . . . 44 . . . 45 . . . 47! How the years of a busy man's life tumble upon one another! Leipzig . . . Berlin . . . Birmingham . . . Frankfort . . . Berlin . . . and England yet again. What can halt the relentless progress of Time and Duty, of Failure and Success? What halt the marshaling of new forces, bewildering and overwhelming? The political horizon saw troubled clouds collecting, clouds of violence and unrest. The Customs Union with Austria presented fresh revolts, but not till later was the strife, touched off by the uprisings in Vienna and Prince Metternich's resignation, to reach Germany. And but for Frederick William's ineffectualness, which was as evident in affairs of politics as in the simple reordering of an Institute, the German States would have been united long before the "blood and iron" rule of Bismarck. But that was later. . . .

Music, too, was seeing changes. At Dresden, Richard Wagner, a proud, *roturier,* and supremely egotistical spirit, who saw himself mirrored in a grandly ordered universe, was making his name heard. He gave out such enormous ear-splitting volumes of tone in the works he produced at the opera house! *Rienzi, Flying Dutchman* and *Tannhäuser.* It was difficult to tell whether this man was in earnest or throwing off a huge jest. But certain it was, he had before him a clear objective, that did not fail to gather an increasing public in its meteor-like trajectory. For his books he resorted to old legends picked up here and there. Tieck's tale of "The Runenberg" had furnished him with the story of the pagan

goddess, Venus, dwelling as a temptress in the Thuringian Forest, that went into *Tannhäuser*. And *Flying Dutchman* was based on a fantastic tale related to him by Heine in Paris. Wagner would soon win the field for himself. German opera, for a long time, had been peculiarly neglected. Since Mozart and the single effort of Beethoven, Weber and Marschner had been almost the only ones to carry on with a handful of operas between them, not counting the wooden stuff of Spohr. The stage had been dominated entirely by the Italians and French, and Meyerbeer, German though he was, had to be regarded as a Frenchman with all his grand spectacles. Wagner was restoring opera to the Germans, and that with a vengeance! He was not content to continue it as he had found it, but must revolutionize it entirely!

Silent, dreaming Schumann, unsuspectingly close to a tragic end, had not, in his indirect, circumambient way, stood still either. Some of his best works were already well behind him, and an enthusiastic, individual following had magically sprung up to shout his praises lustily. The new idol was hoisted up beside Mendelssohn, and it was not long before the more vociferous of the worshipers were putting him forward as the superior of the two. "Form devoid of meaning," they shouted in dispraise of Mendelssohn, unconsciously repudiating Schumann's avowed preference for that very perfection of form which he had placed above every virtue in his own music. The friends of Mendelssohn rallied to his support, and retorted: "Meaning is a flimsy synonym for slovenliness; Schumann has much to learn from Mendelssohn."

The pros and cons flew across the little card tables on café terraces, in the lobby of the Gewandhaus, and in all the newspapers. For such an innocent cause, the dispute waxed into a tremendous controversy. The vehemence of both sets of adherents and the existence of the unfortunate imbroglio itself, embarrassed the two composers extremely. Their friendship had become one of warm personal love and mutual esteem, but since his marriage Mendelssohn had stopped dining at the Hotel de Baviere, and their meetings, perforce, had become less frequent than formerly. And, as if to play into the devil's hands, Schumann's timidity and preoccupation with Clara Wieck drove him into virtual retirement.

This circumstantial sequestration was fodder to the exultant

opposing factions. From purely musical disagreements, they shifted to the personal, their raucous cries culminating triumphantly in what was the ultimate objective: "See, they are enemies; they hate each other." Well-meaning friends, from whom, unfortunately, few are spared, wishing to display their unswerving devotion and thus in turn become the object of affection themselves, did not hesitate to pour rumors and sly hints into the ears of the unwilling contestants. In spite of their own feelings and convictions, the seed of suspicion was sown between Schumann and Mendelssohn.

Poor Schumann, wounded and striving to disbelieve the baseless gossip, wrote his fiancée that he had proven his loyalty to Mendelssohn over and over again, which made the stories of his friend's insincerity toward him doubly painful. "I know exactly how I compare with him as a musician, and for years to come, I could learn from him. But he could also learn something from me."

But mere suspicion is not proof. When the friends did meet it was with a cordiality dispelling any mistrust that might have been forced upon them. Schumann was delirious with pleasure to find their amiable relation unchanged. He hastened to inform Clara that the mere sight of Mendelssohn's face made him rejoice, "moreover, he likes me very much." And Florestan did not confine praise of his god to the beloved alone. All of his letters were full of admiring references to Mendelssohn's great personal charm, his towering capabilities and kindness.

And on his side, Mendelssohn, too, showed every evidence of warm devotion. Although he did not particularly care for Schumann's *Second Symphony* or the highly poetic *Piano Concerto,* he was ever the first to bring all of his friend's works forward at the Gewandhaus, and recommend them to publishers. He went into raptures over the three lovely quartets, and was touched by their graceful dedication to himself. When the doors of the Leipzig Conservatorium were proudly opened, Schumann's name was placed next to the director's as one of the teachers in piano and composition. Then, with his wife (won by a court decree!), Schumann had moved to Dresden, where he was quite disgusted with the to-do made over Wagner. Together he and Mendelssohn

joined forces and looked to the new menace of "Decadence," with frank misgivings.

Decadence, a word applied to each of them in turn, was the bogey of Art. Schumann's deprecation of the *epigon* was warmly shared by his friend. After reading the score of *Tannhäuser,* Florestan wrote disparagingly of it to Leipzig, ending in admiration of Mendelssohn's supremacy: "... he is really incapable of conceiving and writing four beautiful bars, indeed, hardly good ones, in succession. That is where they all are wanting, in pure harmony, skill in four-part chorale writing. What lasting good can come of it? ... But, if one says so, 'Oh, jealously,' they say; so I say it to you alone, for I know that you knew it long ago.... It is indeed true, dear Mendelssohn—nobody else writes such pure harmony, ever purer and more transcendental. Have I praised you again? May I? Truly, what does the world (including many of its musicians) understand about pure harmony?"

A few days later, Schumann had to retract much that he had said; on the stage things worked out differently! But he never was fully to appreciate the newcomer. An interval of silence, and the acrid, mysteriously promulgated Schumann-Mendelssohn controversy flared up again, to be handed down to posterity on an unresolved, discordant note....

. . . . . .

Then, also, there was Berlioz, another of the rebels, another of the tribe of literary scribblers, another of the Seven Against Thebes. A reformer, whose self-conscious fury lost him in the wildernesses of faultily learned counterpoint; and who would cover up his sins of omission by besieging the auditor with a mammoth orchestra, such as is said to have appeared before King Solomon. An artist of extravagant aberrations, he had literally starved to carry out his strange whims. Now he was reaping a reward for his years of waiting. His tour through Germany had been a glittering march of triumph.

Mendelssohn felt only contempt for the clap-trap of this flame-colored star that had dropped out of the heavens. In Rome, he had known Berlioz as bombastic and argumentative; in Leipzig, he was pompous and florid with his excessive deference. He

had begged an exchange of batons with his erstwhile friend, and in return for Mendelssohn's elegant whalebone stick, sent a cudgel from a tree, with the bark still untrimmed! It was to indicate (so he had hoped) the bent head of Humility before Mastery. "Hypocrite," Mendelssohn muttered to himself. "How can he compare with the matchless Cherubini? Cherubini, whom in my youth I thought an extinct volcano covered with ashes, I now venerate. Oh, hasty conclusions of immaturity! With all his tonal bombardments, Berlioz is but a ninny against the grand old man, so infectious in his sparkling fire, his clever original phrases, the extraordinary delicacy and refinement in handling his subjects. . . . Nothing can possibly replace the old masters, for they are the mainstay of all Art!"

Hitherto, he had surveyed his realm with the loneliness of a king, unique in his position. But now in his domain separate kingdoms had formed, and the monarch bitterly saw himself no longer the sole ruler. Mendelssohn retreated more and more into an attitude of disdainful watchfulness. "Since Art has become dull and sluggish, it is better that our enemies should stir it up for us." An invitation to conduct a festival at New York in 1845, had glimpsed further symptoms of transition. "A new world of art, perhaps?" he scoffed. "New worlds are for geographers, not an artist," and forthwith sat down and penned a polite refusal.

The new forces were irrevocably marching against the old. Well, he had taken his stand. For him tradition (and inhibition) forbade new flights, and in his inmost soul he perceived himself to be cast in the old mold. For had he not always been its champion? Instead of singing a pæan of revolt, he had dipped backward into Bach and Beethoven, and emulated Mozart. He decried Modernism and Romanticism, which is but a rewarming of Antiquity, and felt himself the last of the Classicists—though, in truth, he was the first of the Romanticists or a bridge between the two—just as his grandfather had been the bridge between the old and new Judaism, and as his father had been the bridge between Moses and Felix Mendelssohn.

No one period can boast of a universality of thought. The decade that could produce such diverse works as *Huguenots, St. Paul, Symphonie Fantastique,* and *Tannhäuser* was no different

than any other. But crossroads ever lead to confusion.... Mendelssohn looked on with wondering eyes.

. . . . . .

Like an identifying *leit-motif* from one of Wagner's operas, the quest for a libretto had cropped up in every scene of Mendelssohn's life. Yet always he was dissatisfied with what was offered, and always he looked about for some one else who would come up to his hypercritical requirements. While still at Düsseldorf, he had written on the subject to Spohr:

"I never succeed in finding the opera which I have so eagerly, yet vainly striven to procure. Each day I regret this more, but I hope, at last, to meet with the man I wish for this purpose."

A year later, from Frankfort, he wrote Moscheles of the absurdity that in all Germany there was not one man who knew the stage and could write tolerable verses. In the summer of 1839, at Berlin, he was in the midst of a long correspondence with Planché, who had written the book of *Oberon* for Weber, and had completed a libretto on the *Siege of Calais* at the request of Chapell. The English publishers tried to interest him in the subject, but it too, proved in vain. In turn, he rejected the advances of his friend, Furst, with a severe lecture on what a *scenarium* should be; and soon after informed Fanny, away in Italy with her family, that he had procured Raupach's work on the Niebelungen myth, and that the subject fascinated him tremendously. Poor Fanny, who thought of composing for it herself, naïvely hastened to reply: "... Your sketch is most likely at this moment, far more advanced than mine ever was." Nothing was ever heard of it again, and it was left to Wagner, years later, to seize on this wealth of material for the splendor of *The Ring*. But then Wagner had found a superb librettist—Himself!

So it was. Year after year, the hopeless pursuit of "the right man," the frenzied search for new material and occupation with subjects that soon were discarded. Alas! when the "right" libretto to suit his meticulous taste, Geibel's *Lorelei*, was to appear, it came too late. But, perhaps, the five unpublished operas contained in the green volumes reposing at the Royal Library of Berlin may unfold a deeper tale of the mystery of endless seeking and rejecting....

Night Song, Opus 71 . . .

XXX

God will make it all right one day; this suits the beginning and the end of all chapters.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN *to* REBECCA.

MEANTIME the psalms and oratorios kept piling up. After many years of assembling and pondering over suitable excerpts from the Bible, *Elijah* was completed. And, like the old prophet who had exhorted the Israelites to remain firm in their adherence to a monotheistic Yahweh, it rose up mightily to point a sinister, disapproving finger at the strange heresies encroaching on the music of the day.

In England, *Elijah* touched the emotional spring of Victorian religious respectability as no other work had done. At its first performance at the Birmingham Festival of 1846, the sun, like an act of Divine Revelation, had suddenly burst forth with the composer's entrance upon the stage, surrounding his bearded, prophet-like visage with a halo of blinding splendor. A hushed awe fell over the spellbound audience, quickly followed by a thunderous ovation which shattered the iron-clad ruling against applause on those occasions.

Obeying the growing clamor for the work, Mendelssohn returned to England the following spring for the tenth, and what proved to be the last, time. Four performances of *Elijah* followed close on one another in London. After the second, the Prince Consort, with rare insight into the singularly pure character of the

composer and the ideology of the work, wrote in the book with which he followed the text, and sent it to Mendelssohn as a souvenir:

To the noble artist who, when surrounded by the Baal-worship of the false, has, like a second Elijah, employed his genius and his skill in the service of the true; who has weaned our ears from the senseless confusion of mere sound, and won them to the comprehension of all that is harmonious and pure—to the great master who has held in his firm control and revealed to us not only the gentle whisperings of the breeze, but also the majestic thundering of the tempest.

In grateful remembrance,

ALBERT.

Buckingham Palace.

. . . . . .

The last trip to England had done more to exhaust his overtaxed frame than many a month of wrangling at Berlin, from which place he had only recently been able to disengage himself. Berlin had hung on tenaciously, like a dog with its teeth clamped in his flesh. He had thought his circumscribed duties there had been finished when he had left for Leipzig, but, as on the first occasion of settling down to *Gewandhaus* duties, the grim summons to return followed after him a few months later. His mother had died. Peacefully, like her husband, death came to her in sleep, and Felix returned to his work at Leipzig with mechanical listlessness. Then, for a year, when it was too late for the mother to delight in his presence, he had been forced back to Berlin to conduct the symphony *soirées*. The constant travel, the endless strain of concert-giving and composing, the worriment over Cecile's failing health, the arrival of three more children and their illnesses had reduced him to a mere bundle of excitable nerves. There was a constant pain hammering away at his poor, tired head, and the doctors looked after him anxiously, warning him to withdraw from public life. Indeed, he had thought of rest and building a little house in Frankfort to retire to. But not yet. Until his fortieth year he would work and then indulge this dream. There was still so much to do!

On his thirty-eighth birthday, the last, Moscheles, now established in Leipzig, had given a party in his honor. An elabo-

Briefe von Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy an Ignaz und Charlotte Moscheles

Mendelssohn's Study

From a Water-color made by Felix Moscheles a few days after the composer's death

rate entertainment had been prepared. Cecile and her sister, Julie, got themselves up as lady's-maids and gave a comic dialogue in the Frankfort dialect. Then a charade was enacted on the word *Gewandhaus*. Joseph Joachim, a brilliant violinist of only sixteen, adorned in a grotesque wig, entered as Paganini and rendered an improvisation on the G (in German: Ge) string; *wand* (wall) was represented by the Pyramus and Thisbe scene in *Midsummer Night's Dream;* and for *haus* (house), Mme. Moscheles had written a little domestic sketch, in which her husband appeared as a cook. Mendelssohn had greeted this scene with a fit of laughter that threatened to wreck the wicker chair on which he sat. As a finale, the children of the two families combined and, with toy instruments, illustrated the complete word. After the performance, the birthday cake, with thirty-eight candles representing each year from the cradle to the conductor's stand, from the earliest compositions to *Elijah* and the *opera in spe,* stood on the table. In the center flamed the Light of Life—so soon to flicker and cease.

In April, taking Joachim with him, he had gone to England, and between the four performances of *Elijah,* produced the oratorio at Manchester and again at Birmingham, coming back to London in time for a concert with the Philharmonic in which he conducted his own works and appeared as soloist.

"I have no very distinct impression of more than half a dozen who have ever moved me by the magic spell of an expressive touch," wrote Sir John Ella, a distinguished chronicler of the time. "The pianism, in conjunction with the matchless beauty of the music—Beethoven's poetical *Concerto in G*—that made the deepest impression on my feelings, and which I often recall with the inspired and inspiring visage of the genius executant before me, was Mendelssohn's performance, in presence of the Queen and Prince Consort, at the Philharmonic. Here intellect, sensibility, power, passion, and poetry were one indivisible, inseparable."

After this concert, a friend, who told him that he had never played so supremely well, heard him say: "I was desirous to play well, for there were two ladies present whom I particularly wished to please—the Queen and Jenny Lind."

Then followed a succession of concerts and social duties

which only a Mendelssohn, keyed up by the terrific demands he made upon himself, could survive. On the first of May, he lunched with his old friend Ambassador Bunsen, now transferred from Rome to the Court of St. James, and then played all afternoon before the royal family at Buckingham. On the afternoon of the fourth, he played at the Beethoven Quartet Society, the same evening witnessing Jenny Lind's *début* at the opera. On the fifth, he performed on the organ at another concert, and the next morning inspected Lord Elsmere's collection of paintings, going again in the afternoon to the Prussian Embassy to play for his friends and a select company including Gladstone and his wife. His playing reached a high plane of exquisite, nervous sensitivity, and after he had finished, overwhelmed with emotion, he departed speechless.

Two days later he went back to Buckingham Palace to bid Victoria and the Prince Consort farewell. He left London the same night. Sir Julius Benedict, the English composer, escorted him to the station, and expressed his regret that the celebrated man could not stay a little longer in England. "Ah! I wish," Mendelssohn replied, with a strange premonition of what was to follow, "I wish that I may not already have stayed too long. One more week of this unremitting fatigue and I should be killed outright."

Benedict had watched his activities with astonished anxiety. "It is scarcely possible," he wrote in a fragmentary sketch of his friend's life, "to convey an idea of the expenditure of nervous and physical power to which this susceptible and fiery being was subjected hour by hour, during this brief passage of his life. Pressed forward by the burning impulses of his nature, and the desire of honorable fame, as well as excited by the ardent homage of enthusiastic fellow-musicians, he lived years, whilst others would have only lived hours."

. . . . . .

By the eleventh, he was at Cologne. On the road to Frankfort he was greatly agitated by a police official who stopped his carriage to make certain that he was not a notorious Dr. Mendelssohn wanted by the police! In a state of extreme excitation, he was

compelled to give a minute-by-minute account of his recent whereabouts and sign many papers. This took the last bit of strength from an already overfatigued body, and he arrived at Frankfort in an alarming condition.

The news of Fanny's sudden death in Berlin on the fourteenth, reached him almost immediately. Unprepared for so serious a shock, the intelligence was crudely thrust upon him. A piercing, agonized scream burst from his throat, and he fell unconscious to the ground.

More than the loss of father and mother, the death of Fanny affected him profoundly. With her he had as a child taken the five-minute lessons from the mother. With her, in friendly rivalry, he had competed at the Sunday musicales at home. She had always been the first to hear of his contemplated compositions, his plans, his successes, and was quick to respond to his every whim and change of mood. Throughout their lives, there had been between them almost more the bond of high-minded colleagues than that of brother and sister.

Fanny might have startled the world with her talents, just as her brother, had not the imperious will of her father interfered and clearly defined the place that he would have a woman revere above all else—the home. Her death came just as she had often wished it might: in the midst of making music. While sitting at the piano, conducting a rehearsal for the next Sunday's music, illness seized her with sudden swiftness. Her hands dropped powerless to her side, and in a short time she was insensible. A few hours later, a rush of blood to the head, the terrible inheritance of the Mendelssohns, brought about a mercifully quick end.

In addition to the tremendous blow to mind and nerves, Fanny's passing brought her brother intense physical suffering as well. A small blood vessel in the head, the cause of frequent violent headaches, had been ruptured, and for weeks it was not thought he would recover. But there was still power in that small, dynamic body to carry him a little further. Slowly and feebly his strength returned, and in June, with his family, he went to Baden-Baden. He walked daily in the shaded, leafy Lichtenthaler Allee and the many foot paths at the entrance to the Black Forest. But he made no effort to throw off the deep melancholy that settled

over him like a pall. "If the sight of my handwriting checks your tears," he wrote Hensel, "put the letter away, for we have nothing left now but to weep from our inmost hearts.... Forgive me, I ought to write something else, but I cannot!"

Paul and his family and Hensel came to Baden-Baden. Together they went to Switzerland, loitering at Interlaken where only the Felicians, as Fanny had called them, remained. He could not bear to hear music without being affected to tears, and became abstracted for long stretches of time. The impressive, towering Jungfrau, unchanged in all its grandeur since his first sight of it twenty-five years before, made him philosophical. It communicated an inkling of the smallness of self and the mutability of sorrow. He turned his face to the future, if not cheerfully, at least with the steadfastness of an unshakable faith. "A great chapter is now ended, and neither the title nor even the first word of the next is yet written. But God will make it all right one day; this suits the beginning and the end of all chapters."

Gradually the tremendous external forces of life broke in upon his desolation, and a quickened interest in things began to reassert itself. But it was to painting, not music, he turned first. The water-colors of this dismal period were more remarkable than those of any other time, for it seemed as if the third visitation of Death had left him with an epic view of life that could not be contained in the previous smaller canvases. Hensel thought them unusually finished and well executed—works that an artist of reputation might proudly acknowledge as his own.

The children crept around him for their Latin, and arithmetic, and asked a thousand wise questions. In teaching Marie the C major scale at the piano one day, he had so far forgotten about things musical that Cecile, in amazement, corrected him when he told the child to pass her thumb under the wrong finger!

Poor Cecile had had a difficult time of it, too. She had been much troubled with an inflammation of the throat that recurred at frequent intervals, and the strain of five confinements had been too great an ordeal for her frail body. She was now only a shadow of her former self. The deep blue eyes, that were once to Felix like "singing thrushes," had now grown used to weeping, and the

bloom of the cheeks, formerly so delicate and lovely, had heightened to a flush that often gave rise to fear and apprehension.

. . . . . .

The summer passed drearily. "I force myself to be busy, in the hope that hereafter I may become so from inclination, and that I shall take pleasure in it." He brought out the music paper, "drawn by the pleasant intercourse with the old familiar oboes and tenor violins," and made sketches of another oratorio, *Christus,* that had occupied his brooding mind. As the pen became steadier he wrote more lengthily, and the *Quartet in F minor,* intensely sad and passionate, so different from the brightness and southern vivacity of his other works in this *genre,* reflected the darkling change within.

Visitors, passing through Interlaken, stopped for an hour or two to chat with the friend they could hardly recognize. But he was not desirous of much company. "I now feel so tranquil in this quiet retirement, and so completely the reverse with many people, that I do all I can to avoid what is called society.... When people come, and talk at random about commonplace matters, and of God and the Universe, my mood becomes so unutterably mournful, that I do not know how to endure it.... In the midst of all the words and questions and speechifying, one thought is always present with me—the shortness of life."

From London, Liverpool, Frankfort, Cologne, and Berlin, managers wrote for his compositions and services. But all of these, except a performance of *Elijah* at Berlin on November 3rd, by royal command, and one with Jenny Lind at Vienna on the 14th, Fanny's birthday, he declined. He resigned from direction of the Gewandhaus, and would only teach and compose. Geibel's *Lorelei* seemed strikingly to his taste. An *Ave Maria* and a finale for it were already completed, and the following winter in Berlin, amongst the remaining family, he would finish it. It would be his crowning work.

Apathetic as he was to his surroundings, his sensitive ear caught the rumblings of political strife. "There are, just now, very dense, misty fogs, if not thunder-clouds, in our Fatherland, and

many a day that might be bright and clear becomes thus sultry and grey."

In September the family returned to Leipzig. Mendelssohn appeared much benefited by his long vacation. He could still summon the old fire in playing the piano or in talking on musical subjects. But it was only by tremendous exertion, and lasted for a moment. Blackest dejection and melancholia followed, and he would flee from a room, pained by the sight of the most intimate friends. He seemed greatly aged. The quick, springy step was superseded by a slow dragging of the feet, and the hands, once so cunning at the keyboard, hung heavily at his side. The face was waxen and the hair of the head and beard showed a thick sprinkling of grey. The very air seemed oppressive. He was, indeed, a broken man. But no one suspected that he was becoming steadily worse. He thought a trip to Berlin would benefit him a little, and decided to spend a week with Rebecca, Paul and Hensel.

One sight of Fanny's room, which had remained untouched since her death, counteracted all the good that Switzerland had accomplished. In going over the papers she had left in his care, the wound opened afresh and he became alarmingly despondent. He recovered himself sufficiently to return to Leipzig, and tried desperately to fit into the old life. The performance for Frederick William was definitely given up, but he still thought himself capable of filling the engagement in Vienna on poor Fanny's birthday.

From the Diary of Moscheles

October 7: Mendelssohn called to fetch me for a walk. In spite of the falling rain, we went to the Rosenthal, and time flew amid the most interesting conversation.

October 8: Examination of pupils for reception at the Conservatorium. Mendelssohn, who took an active part in the proceedings, tested them in thorough-bass and wrote out examples on the blackboard. Whilst they were at work, he sketched the most delightful landscapes —ever a creative genius!

The next morning, for several hours, he walked again in the Rosenthal with the Moscheleses, gloomily at first, but picking up spirit as he went along, finally speaking quite gaily of his last trip

to England and his affection for Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort. In the afternoon, he dropped in at the home of an amateur singer, Mme. Frege, to discuss the order of a group of songs comprising *Opus 71*. He had composed them during the summer and now thought of giving them to a publisher. The little *Night Song*—"Departed is the Light of Day"—had been written for the birthday of a friend, but it unmistakably referred to Fanny. "A mournful kind of birthday gift," he had told Mme. Frege, "but I am very fond of it. It so exactly reflects my own state of mind."

He asked her to sing the songs to him several times, and then requested the parts of *Elijah* which he thought of producing in Leipzig. Mme. Frege left the room to procure candles. She came back to find him in a cold perspiration, shivering all over and holding his violently throbbing head. Spurning aid, he compelled himself to stand up and walk home. But the attack continued, and he remained in bed for several weeks.

During the last calm before the storm, he wrote in an optimistic vein to Paul: "... I am now daily getting better, and my strength is returning more and more, but to travel this day a week to Vienna is an idea which seems to me out of the question. It is certainly unlucky that they should have made so many preparations, and that my going there should be put off a second time.... If it were only not so necessary to keep one's promise! But this must be done, and now the only question is whether I shall see you again on Saturday? Say 'Yes' to this. I believe you would do me more good than all my bitter medicine."

Three days later, buoyed up by a false feeling of returned vigor, he ventured out for a short walk on Cecile's arm. He became acutely ill and suffered a complete relapse. On the 30th, Paul was summoned to Leipzig.

From the Diary of Moscheles

November 3rd: Mendelssohn better in the morning. In the afternoon another apoplectic stroke, depriving him of all consciousness. In the evening, Charlotte and I, Mme. Frege, David and Schleinitz remained in the house till eleven o'clock.

November 4th: Before the day dawned my Felix had been to inquire, but could only bring us the most disheartening news.

Until noon three physicians in turn anxiously bent over the silent, waxen figure in the little bed, sharply watching for the slightest change. It was thought that if no fresh attack on the nerves or lungs supervened, there might still be hope. Bulletins were issued hourly to the dense crowds assembled in awe before the door. It seemed to the reverent Leipzigers that the beloved master was being recalled from legendry to be meted out a mortal close to the glorious tale of his life!

At two o'clock in the afternoon, he began to sink perceptibly. His breath came with great effort, but he lay perfectly peaceful, a seraphic smile hovering over the tranquil countenance, as if listening to the innocent charm of one of his favorite melodies. The vigil around the bedside never ceased for a moment. The children were called in for a farewell look at their father, and then put to bed. All in the room stood as if transfixed. Cecile, who up to now had borne all with remarkable fortitude, kneeled at his pillow, convulsed with violent sobs. Paul stood like an image carved in grief, staring intently at his prostrated brother.

After nine in the evening, every second seemed the last. As the din and noise of a street carnival unexpectedly burst into the sickroom, a thin light began to play over the master's features. Suddenly the dying man raised his head and threw it back in a gesture that the amazed bystanders recognized as that peculiar to him when signaling an attack to the violins. He tried to move his parched lips. Cecile leaned over him. But no words came. He sank back and his soul fell into that eternal sleep from which there is no awakening. It seemed grotesquely congruous that the gay shouts of carnival celebrants should accompany the last moments of the composer whose whole life had been spent in creating happiness for the multitudes....

. . . . . .

A great feeling of irreparable loss and veneration fell over the city when news of Mendelssohn's death issued from the house. Huge throngs gathered in the streets, whispering respectfully in small groups, as if a king had died. Placards were posted on all corners, and preparations for a public ceremony were made.

On the following two days, Friday and Saturday, the public

were permitted to view the body, and on Sunday, in a great solemn procession, it was borne to the Church of St. Paul. Four black, draped horses drew the coffin, richly banked with palms and laurel. A student from the Conservatorium followed with a silver wreath and the *Ordre pour le Merite* reposing on a white satin cushion. Directly after came the nearest relatives, with Paul as chief mourner, and the pall, carried by Gade, Hauptmann, David, and Moscheles. The members of the Gewandhaus Orchestra and the various singing societies, preceding the clergy and officials of the city and university, flanked by officers in uniform, formed the cortege which was followed by thousands of citizens, all marching with stately tread to the departed composer's *Song Without Words in E minor.*

From within the church, as the procession halted for a moment, the strains of the organ, playing the passage from *Antigone* where Creon bears in the body of his son, Hemon, poured forth. The coffin was raised to a catafalque surrounded with burning candles, and the choruses sang the chorale from *St. Paul:* "To Thee, O Lord, I yield my spirit." Herr Howard, the pastor of the Reformed Church, delivered a brief sermon, and the concluding chorus from the *St. Mathew Passion* ended the service.

A special train conveyed the precious freight to Berlin. At midnight it halted at Köthen, where the local chorus gathered on the railroad tracks and sang. An hour and a half later, the body reached Dessau. Here had once lived the founder of the family, Mendel Dessauer, and here as a youth Felix Mendelssohn had paused before setting out on his Italian travels. Now he paused once again, and the chorus, in a part-song expressly written for the occasion, sped him onward on his last journey.

The train arrived at Berlin at daybreak, and after further ceremonies at Leipziger Strasse No. 3, the body was interred in the family plot. It lies beside Fanny's, before the Halle Gate in Trinity Churchyard. A cross with a simple inscription marks the resting place.

His favorite, Felix, a delicate child, died a few years later at the age of seven. Cecile never regained vigorous health, and followed her husband on September 25th, 1853. She is buried at Frankfort in the lovely cemetery overlooking the Taunus Hills.

Leipziger Strasse No. 3 was sold to the Prussian Government and became the House of Lords of the newly-created Reichstag. The gloomy yews of the garden still throw their melancholy shade on the paved walks, but the indomitable spirit of a lisping, impetuous youth lives on in the deathless Spring of his best music....

His Place in Music

XXXI

IN "The Agony of the Victorian Age," Sir Edmund Gosse, himself a Victorian, lamented, and rightly, the supercilious debunking of those figures who, unfortunately for them, rose to eminence between the years 1840 and 1890 and were stamped "Victorian."

"The new generation," he wrote in 1918, "are hardly willing to distinguish what was good from what was bad in the time of their grandmothers. With increasing audacity they repudiate the Victorian Age as an *insipid and half-baked period,* and we meet everywhere with the exact opposite of Montaigne's *'I approve of them one after the other, no matter what they say.'* Our younger contemporaries are dropping into the habit of approving of nothing from the moment they are told it is Victorian."

The infection which attacked Ruskin, Tennyson and Herbert Spencer also brought low Felix Mendelssohn who, more than any other composer, epitomized the moral and earnest Protestantism of an age that was labeled after the "little Tory" across the Channel. However, in his case the professional soothsayers antedated Lytton Strachey's cue by a good many years. But Time, in its inexorable cycle, has reduced their writings to mere rhetorical significance, for the Victorian mood is unmistakably upon us again.

Like fashions in literature, music, since the time of Mendelssohn, has progressed through every "ism" the linguists of each

succeeding decade could invent. We have not only had "isms" pure and simple, but we have had them mixed, tinctured and prefixed. Mendelssohn's was the school of Classic Romanticism, Chopin and Schumann's that of Pure Romanticism, Wagner's was ultra-Romanticism, not to speak of the considerable "isms" of Brahms, Debussy, Strawinsky and Schönberg.

After the World War, our composers, seeking to approach the stream-of-consciousness style adopted on the most advanced literary fronts, let loose a tonal bombardment that vied in volume and cacophony with any heard on the battlefields. The world was then just becoming accustomed to chaos, and Art was quick to reflect this condition. Every previous concept of music was lightly brushed aside by the armored gentlemen, and one came within sight of a concert hall not certain whether a musical performance or a riot were to take place. Indeed, on one occasion, a dazed old gentleman, hearing a descending chromatic scale in the tympani after sitting through fifteen minutes of a piece for battery alone, rose in his seat, and exclaimed: "There! I knew all along it was music!" Certainly these physical onslaughts were for jaded senses.

It was a foregone conclusion that the continual bombardment would explode the cannon that did the firing. Of late the concert halls have been strangely quiet and free from violence. The percussive movement, not having been music in the first place, has given way to the clearly defined, singable melodies on which a lasting music must stand and develop. Not only are the obscurer works of Mendelssohn, Schumann et alia being brought to light, but our contemporaries are publicly repenting their sins and striving to express themselves simply and placidly. They can no longer find listeners for their more bombastic wares. To quote from an interview with a distinguished conductor: "Audiences are demanding and getting more and more melodic music. The vogue for percussive tonal assaults has passed with the other obstreperous mores of their day.... It is a sort of Romantic Renaissance."

Thus Romanticism may be described as a gigantic arch with one column fringing the Classicism of a century ago, and the other cutting off the Realism of to-day. A fresh examination of Mendelssohn's place in music, therefore, seems not only desirable but imperative.

Mendelssohn's overwhelming popularity during his lifetime has made posterity suspicious of him—it is not in the traditional manner. To shower panegyrics upon a living composer is tantamount to shouting, "He is perfectly comprehensible; therefore, I admire." We accord adulation in the same degree that our intellect is flattered. And certainly Mendelssohn, in the vast amount of minor compositions from which, unfortunately, his popularity proceeded, flattered the most ordinary of intellects. His mildly melancholy songs were sung by every amateur; his *Songs Without Words* were thumped out on conservatory pianos, whistled by street urchins, and ground out by roving bands and hurdy-gurdies. His very success with these "graceful trifles," in the minds of the thousands, obscured the path to his truly important works. The author of a charming primer was not suspected of having been the author of a brilliant book for adults as well! *Il Trovatore and Otello!*

Moreover, it is embarrassing to one generation to accept the hero of the previous one via the masses, inasmuch as each succeeding generation feels itself more progressively eclectic than its immediate predecessor. From being overrated in the past, being underrated in the present is the logical sequence. Were a Beethoven the universal favorite of his contemporaries, instead of being the embattled prophet of a discriminating few, his fate would not have been unlike Mendelssohn's. His slow recognition bespoke his originality and profundity, and his works passed from the alembic of one decade to that of another, each time clearer and more dazzling until their discourse became perfectly understandable.

Mendelssohn was neither a tremendous force for originality or profundity, nor was he cast in the heroic mold. He was a purist of the most pronounced type. A grandson of the Platonist, Moses Mendelssohn, and son of a woman who read Homer in the original, it was inevitable that he should not only accept the Classicists unconditionally, but combat any attempt at defection from their ideals. Indeed, he had small choice in the matter. He was steeped in Bach before he had entered his teens and reached complete maturity at seventeen to find himself held fast in the vise of Clas-

sicism. There was nothing for him to do but make a thesis of his predicament.

It is of the utmost significance that Mendelssohn's coming of age coincided with the last years of Beethoven. The heaven-storming Titan, in his sonatas, chamber works and symphonies, had developed the Classic form to its seemingly furthest limits. Little more was to be done in this direction, and his younger contemporaries, looking for fresh blood to pour into their work, took their cue from the *Pastoral Symphony* which contained the first intimations of a new poesy and emotional accent. The field was large and unworked and the newcomers seized upon it avidly. This was the origin of Romanticism.

Mendelssohn, whose veneration for Beethoven was only second to that of Bach, advanced to the edge of the alluring new field. But being weighted down by his severely Classical training, he only sniffed at it delicately through well-bred, intellectual nostrils. Like his grandfather, who stood between the old and new Judaism, and like his father, "a dash uniting Moses and Felix Mendelssohn," Felix Mendelssohn was a dash uniting Classicism and Romanticism—the old and new styles in music. He was thus not only a product of his training but a victim of his heredity as well.

For Schumann kicking over the traces was not a difficult task. Musically untutored to a great extent, he did not have to wrestle with his soul before renouncing the old concepts. He adopted Romanticism heart-free, or, more aptly, he was born in it, and clothed all his utterances in its fiery, poetic mantle. But it was too new an utterance to be understood immediately. Mendelssohn, however, merged just the right amount of the new style with the old to call attention to the novelty and yet speak in the idiom of the day. Add to this the charm of his great personal magnetism, and it is no wonder his public adored him.

The Pure Romanticism of Chopin and Schumann added more glowing colors to the musical palette, and when this richer mode began to captivate, Mendelssohn's less vivid style lost favor. Before the close of his life (1847) he was to feel keenly the effects of the transition age. Already the followers of Schumann were challenging his supremacy. Already controversies were being aired

in public, in cafés, in the newspapers. Already the friendship of both unwilling protagonists was clouded by the tale-bearing of tactless adherents. Already the ultra-Romanticism of Wagner and Liszt was beginning to outmode even Chopin and Schumann.

And how little they were capable of evaluating one another, these warrior-poet-musicians! In comparing the pieces he and Mendelssohn wrote for a celebration in 1843, Wagner claimed his "simple, heartfelt composition had entirely eclipsed the complex artificialities of Mendelssohn!" And Schumann to Mendelssohn, after reading the score of *Tannhäuser:* "... he (Wagner) is really incapable of conceiving and writing four beautiful bars, indeed, hardly good ones in succession.... What lasting good can come of it?" While Mendelssohn looked on both with an increasingly haughty reserve.

"The complex artificialities of Mendelssohn" are simple clear to modern ears, a little too clear, and carry with them the faint suggestion of cliché. But his salient qualities are as potent to-day as they were a hundred years ago, and were they not the manifestations of a truly great genius, there is no doubt but that their return would be unthought of.

In order to make an honest estimate of his proper stature, it is perhaps best to approach him by considering some of his defects in greater detail. Knowing people repeat tirelessly the bromide that had life gone less smooth for Mendelssohn, he would have been stirred to greater depths. But had life gone so entirely smooth for this Peter Pan turned upside down, this never-young boy who fell disconsolate before the failure of an early opera and was so conditioned that he never could attempt another? Had not his rejection as candidate for the Sing Akademie's leadership so embittered him that he never could look upon Berlin without hatred and contempt? And had not his retreat into an austere reserve in later years cost him many a qualm, for was it not an acknowledgment of other favorites crowding the domain of which he had hitherto been the only sovereign?

Surface smoothness there undoubtedly was. Wealth, opportunities for study and travel, though one remembers how meager was his pocket allowance and that his travels were ever in quest of independence. Mendelssohn's lack of profundity can be ascribed

less to the external comfort his family provided for him, than to the inherent limitations of his character and the resultant lack of resourcefulness. Financial ease with many another would have opened up a world of profligacy, but Mendelssohn recoiled from the masculine frivolities of his day with deep disgust. He was a prude, which is sufficient to say that he was wanting in a well-rounded personality, and the defects of his music are the defects that were stamped upon him at birth and not the plethora of opportunities (from most of which he stepped aside).

The Mendelssohns were not a robust lot. In light of present-day medical knowledge, Felix Mendelssohn had no right to die at the age of thirty-eight unless his blood were tainted. His son Felix died in childhood and his sister, Fanny, was stricken early. None of the other Mendelssohns lived to a ripe old age. Felix's prudery sprang from this thinness of blood, and all the poverty, tragedy and despair in the world could not have made him more vigorous.

"This lack of virility," wrote Dr. Daniel Gregory Mason, in an appraisal of Mendelssohn, "is traceable in his music in two ways: it affects both its substance and its style. His expression, in the first place, is generally either gay or brilliant, or sentimental and sweet—almost saccharine. It is surprising how he harps on these two strings. The first is almost peculiar to him; at least, few composers have so mastered the fairy-like vein, the vein of the delicate, the rapid, the kaleidoscopic. Witness the *Midsummer Night's Dream Overture,* the Scherzo of the *Scotch Symphony*.... The mood that alternated with this mood of magic and witchery is one of Teutonic sentiment unrelieved by humor, a portentous earnestness that ranges from the grandiose to the melancholy, and is almost always tedious.... The sympathies of his curiously restricted nature were not diverse enough to suggest a wide range of utterance."

A worse sin is his monotony of style. His predilection for the minor mode is almost an obsession, and his accompanying figures are repeated with the tirelessness of a child. He goes on in one key until he produces a trance-like state in his listeners. When he himself is overcome, he remains for a similar length in a closely related key and then returns to the original. This is especially true of his oratorios which never were more than second-rate. It is

strange that with his technical mastery the device of many quick changes of tonality and rhythm never occurred to him, when many with nothing to say got by on it alone.

But enough harping on deficiencies. After all is said against him, there is yet a sphere of enchantment and infinite tenderness left. His refinement of technic is consummate and never-failing. No one, not even a Mozart, could be more meticulous in the selection and placement of his tones. His peerless mastery is not only evident in detail, but also in the architectonic organization of each part and the whole. "... in symmetry of form," to return to Dr. Mason, "in purity of style, in all those invaluable qualities, in a word, that are traceable to the mind rather than to the heart, Mendelssohn is undeniably great. There is never any turgidity of thought in his work, any dubiety of intention, any clouding of the pattern. He knows what he wishes to say, and he says it with all the accuracy and finesse that an inherited keenness of mind and a long and severe training in technique so generously gave him."

An element of spirited caprice and sensitiveness, always provocative, nearly always exquisite, pervades Mendelssohn's best instrumental pieces. He is rarely arid, unripe or merely academic. His refinement of perception in his fidelity to organic wholeness and balance of design is worthy of a Praxiteles. He maintains always, even in the least of his *Songs Without Words*, which are perfectly shaped units, an equilibrium and nicety of adjustment of parts.

His knowledge of the orchestra is prodigious. No symphonic works reveal more skillful handling of instrumental combinations, nor are any more seductive to the ear in the matter of tonal balance and color. He is sonorous without striving for volume and is never blatant. In pianissimo passages he achieves an ethereal quality of tone-coloring that immediately projects a private world of personal and intimate beauty. In the handling of solo orchestral instruments he is no less adroit, as recall the French horn in the *Notturno* of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* music, the flute in the *Scherzo* of the same, the bassoon in the *Overture*. This same divination of the idiomatic peculiarities of each instrument is evinced in the principal parts of the piano works and the *Violin Concerto*, which is worthy of being ranked after the violin concertos of

Beethoven and Brahms. The *Violin Concerto,* the least neglected of all Mendelssohn's larger compositions, is performed dozens of times each year, and is in the repertoire of every famous artist. No amount of repetition can lessen the irresistible appeal of its first movement, the soaring lyricism of the second or the brilliant whimsicality of the last. As one distinguished violinist wittily said: "The Mendelssohn Concerto is retired after every season and revived at the beginning of the next."

Mendelssohn's passion for landscape painting was deeply reflected in his music. So accustomed was his imagination to external stimulus from a lifetime of drawing, that one time after a supper when he was asked to improvise, he replied that he had "nothing in his head but benches and cold fowl."

"A good deal of the special individuality of Mendelssohn's instrumental music," said an authority, H. H. Statham, "consists in a peculiar power of conveying through music the sentiment of scenes in nature, but in a manner totally different from tone-painting or what is called programme music. The *Scotch* and *Italian symphonies* are entirely occupied in giving through music the local color of the landscape and life of the two countries indicated, or more properly, the impression which they produced in the composer's imagination. The same is true of the *Hebrides Overture,* the *Meeresstille,* etc. In the *Midsummer Night's Dream Overture* it is so in effect, though not nominally, where the sentiment of the quiet moonlight is so exquisitely conveyed by the few slow chords for the wind instruments, bringing us at once into the scene for seeing fairy revels."

To say one does not think Mendelssohn great because he is no Beethoven, is analogous to saying ultramarine is a mediocre color because it is not red, or Barrie is lacking in merit because he does not attain the same epic sweep as Shakespeare. Each has his place in the scheme of things, and in his own poetic field Mendelssohn ranks beside his fellow Classic Romanticists, Schubert and Weber.

It is to be hoped that the Romantic Renaissance will not bring upon us an indiscriminate avalanche of Mendelssohnism, but will cast out the multitude of animalculæ, whose unimportance no one realized more than the composer, and will let us

revalue him in the concert hall through the still impressive amount of his first-rate music: the three sets of masterly *Variations* for piano, the *E major Sonata;* the *Octet* and *Quintet in A minor;* the *Violin Concerto;* the *Scotch and Italian Symphonies;* the *Hebrides, Meeresstille, Ruy Blas* and *Melusina* overtures; and the insuperable *Midsummer Night's Dream* music.

Phonograph Records

Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage Overture; Lon. Symph. Orch. –V.
Canzonetta; Lon. Str. Qt. –C; str. qt. –V.
Capricietto, violin; Brown –C.
Concerto in E minor, violin; Kreisler –V; Finale, Seidel, Ysaye –C.
Duet (Song Without Words) piano; Hess –C.
Elijah—Hear Ye, Israel, soprano; Marsh –V.
Elijah—Oh, Rest in the Lord, contralto; Matzenauer –V.
Fingal's Cave (Hebrides) Overture; St. Louis Symph. Orch. –V; Queen's Hall –C.
Hark! The Herald Angels Sing, soprano; tenor; quartet –C.
Hear My Prayer, chorus; Choir of Temple Church, Lon. –V.
Hunting Song, piano; Hofmann –C.
Intermezzo, str. qt.; Catterall –C.
May Breeze, orch.; –V.
Midsummer Night's Dream Music, San Francisco Symph. Orch. –V; –C.
Oh, for the Wings of a Dove, soprano; Choir of Temple Church, Lon. –V; Maurel –C.
On Wings of Song, violin; Heifetz –V; band –C.
Rhineland Song; Orch. –V.
Ruy Blas Overture; British Brdcstg. Orch. –C; –V.
Serenade, 'cello; Casals –C.
Song Without Words (opus 109), 'cello; Casals –V.
Songs Without Words (potpourri); Weber's Orch. –V.
Spinning Song, piano; Rachmaninoff –V; Hofmann, Hess –C.
Spring Song, violin, piano, orch.; –V; violin, trio, orch.; –C.
Symphony No. 3 (Scotch); Royal Phil. –C.
Symphony No. 4 (Italian); La Scala Orch. –V; Hallé Orch. –C.
Trio in C minor, violin, viola, piano; Sammon, Tertis, Murdoch –C.
Trio No. 1 in D minor, violin, 'cello, piano; Casals, Cortot and Thibaud –V; scherzo –C.

C—Columbia
V—Victor

Appendices

I. CHRONOLOGY

1729: Moses Mendelssohn, "The German Plato," son of Mendel, born at Berlin.

1776: Abraham Mendelssohn, son of Moses, father of Felix, born at Berlin. "A dash uniting Moses and Felix Mendelssohn."

1777: Leah Salomon, wife of Abraham, mother of Felix, born at Berlin.

1804: Dec. 26: Leah and Abraham, "Austerity and Learning," are wedded.

1805: Nov. 14: Fanny, "the Cantor," daughter of Leah and Abraham, sister of Felix, born at Hamburg.

1809: Feb. 3: Jakob Felix Ludwig, the future world-famous composer, born at Hamburg.

1811: April 11: Rebecca, sister of Felix, "the grave ally of the Greek studies," born at Hamburg.

1813: Oct. 30: Paul, brother of Felix, "von Massow's intermediary," born at Berlin.

1816: Journey to Paris. Felix and Fanny study piano under Mme. Bigot.

1818: Felix, aged 9 years, makes his public debut as pianist, at Berlin.

1819: Felix joins the Sing Akademie for vocal practice under "the excellent but crusty Zelter."

1820: "L.v.g.G." and "H.d.m." The 44 green folios of compositions are started.

1821: Composes *Soldiers' Love, The Two Pedagogues,* G minor piano sonata; accompanies Zelter on his first visit to "The Sage of Weimar."

1822: Second public appearance (Berlin) with Aloys Schmitt. The family junkets to Switzerland. At Frankfort, Felix meets Schelble, plays for the Cecilia Society, makes Ferdinand Hiller's acquaintance. Finishes fourth opera.

1823: Christmas: Old Mme. Salomon presents Felix with a copy of Bach's *St. Mathew Passion.*

1824: Feb. 3: Fifteenth birthday: "From this day forth you are no longer an apprentice." *C Minor Symphony; Piano Quartet in B,* "for Goethe." Beginning of lifelong friendship with Ignaz Moscheles.

1825: Spohr. *The Judgment of Paris.* Cherubini. Third visit to Goethe. *Camacho's Wedding* composed. The family acquire a new member: Leipziger Strasse, No. 3. *Octet for strings.*

*

1826: The faerie garden. *Midsummer Night's Dream Overture.* Lessons with Zelter dropped.

1827: Spontini, and the failure of *Camacho.* "Ist es wahr?" Tour of Harz Mountains. The study of the *St. Mathew Passion.*

1828: *Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage Overture.* Lieder Ohne Worte.

1829: Fanny and Hensel are betrothed. "The *St. Mathew Passion*—An Actor and A Jew." First visit to England: the quest for Independence. Malibran's Desdemona. An old debt is paid. Scotland and Wales. The surprise for the family. "An Accident."

1830: *Reformation Symphony.* Refuses chair of music at University of Berlin. Measles. Southern journey. Dessau; last visit with Goethe; Venice; Rome. Finishes *Fingal's Cave Overture.*

1831: Looking for Italians in Rome. Munich; *G Minor Piano Concerto.* A commission for an opera. Paris. "Immorality."

1832: Chopin, Liszt, Hiller. Deaths of Rietz, Goethe, Zelter. Attack of cholera. London. Berlin. "Aiding Divine Providence."

1833: "The Stoning of Stephen." *Italian Symphony.* Third English visit. The Lower Rhine Festival. Independence at last! Fourth London visit (with his father). Malibran. Assumes Directorship at Düsseldorf.

1834: Piano compositions. Receives patent of membership in Berlin Academy of Fine Arts. Starts *St. Paul.* "A Salto Mortale."

1835: Conducts festival at Cologne; family attends. Assumes duties at Gewandhaus, Leipzig. Schumann. Clara Wiecks. Father dies.

*

1836: The era of canonization sets in. Ph.D., University of Leipzig. Frankfort. The Cecilia Society and The Cecilia. Betrothal.

1837: March 28: Felix and Cecile Jeanrenaud are married. Fifth English visit.

1838: First child, Carl Wolfgang Paul, is born. Summer in Berlin. Composition.

1839: Düsseldorf and Brunswick Festivals. Birth of second child, Marie.

1840: Liszt carries off the Leipzigers' gold. The germ of the Leipzig Conservatorium. The Gutenberg Festival. Organ concerts for a Bach statue. "Sturm und Dräng." Sixth visit to England. Berlin Academy's music class.

1841: "Auf Wiedersehen." Berlin duties. The Greek tragedies.

1842: *Scotch Symphony*. Seventh trip to England. Buckingham Palace: "The only comfortable house in England." Swiss tour. Leipzig. Berlin. Audience with King of Prussia. Back at Leipzig. His mother dies.

1843: Berlioz exchanges his truncheon for Mendelssohn's whalebone baton. Centenary of the Gewandhaus Concerts. Leipzig Conservatorium is launched. The Bach statue materializes. Suite of *Midsummer Night's Dream* pieces. Back at Berlin.

1844: War with Berlin continues. Eighth English visit. Completes the Violin Concerto. Shakes off Berlin.

1845: The changing horizon. Returns to Leipzig.

1846: Moscheles settles at Leipzig. Conservatorium duties. Festivals. Ninth trip to England. *Elijah* completed, and performed at Birmingham. Frederick William beckons again.

1847: Leipzig. *Lorelei*. "A little house in Frankfort." Christus. Last birthday. Tenth and final visit to England; takes Joachim. "A Second Elijah." Frenetic activities. Buckingham Palace. Fanny dies. Illness. Switzerland. Plans. *F Minor String Quartet*. Leipzig. Relapse. Night Song. Dies November 4. Last journey to Berlin.

II. *LIST OF MENDELSSOHN'S PUBLISHED WORKS* taken from the Thematic Catalogue published by Messrs. Breitkopf & Härtel in 1882, with additions and corrections from other sources. The dates of composition are also given, when discoverable, together with the names of the persons to whom the works were dedicated.

FROM "DICTIONARY OF MUSIC AND MUSICIANS" BY SIR GEORGE GROVE.
BY PERMISSION OF THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, PUBLISHERS

Op.	*Title.*	*Date of Composition.*	*Dedicated to*
1	Quartet in C minor, No. 1, pf. and strings.	*Begun,* Secheron, Sept. 20, 1822—*Ended,* Berlin, Oct. 18, 1822.	Anton, Count Radziwill.
2	Do. in F minor, No. 2.	Nov. 19 and 30; Dec. 3, 1823.	Prof. Zelter.
3	Do. in B minor, No. 3.	Oct. 7, 1824; Jan. 3, 1825—*at end,* Jan. 18, 1825.	Goethe.
4	Sonata, in F minor, pf. and vn.	....	Eduard Ritz (or Rietz).
5	Capriccio, in F sharp minor, pf.	Berlin, July 23, 1825.	....
6	Sonata, in E, pf.	Berlin, March 22, 1826.	....
7	Seven characteristic pieces, pf.	....	Ludwig Berger.
8	12 Songs (No. 12 duet). *N.B.*—Nos. 2, 3, and 12 are by Fanny Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.	....	....
9	12 Songs (Part I., The Youth; Part II., The Maiden). *N.B.*— Nos. 7, 10, and 12 are by Fanny Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.	No. 3, Berlin, April 3, 1829 (?).	....
10	*The Wedding of Camacho,* comic opera in 2 acts.	*At the end,* Berlin, August 10, 1825.	....

11	Symphony in C minor, No. 1, *Sinfonia xiii in C*, orch.	March 3, 9, 31, 1824.	The Philharmonic Society, London.
12	Quartet in E flat, No. 1, strings.	London, Sept. 14, 1829.	....
13	Do. in A, No. 2.	Berlin, Oct. 26, 1827.	....
14	Rondo capriccio in E, pf.	....	....
15	Fantasie in E, pf. On the Irish air, *The Last Rose of Summer*.	....	....
16	3 Fantasies (or Caprices) in A minor, E minor, and E major, pf.	No. 1, Coed-du, North Wales, Sept. 4, 1829, *Rosen und Nelken in Menge;* No. 2, Norwood, Surrey, Nov. 13, 1829; No. 3, Coed-du, Sept. 5, 1829.	Miss (Anne) Taylor (of Coed-du). Miss Honoria Taylor. Miss Susan Taylor.
17	Variations concertantes in D, pf. and violoncello.	Berlin, Jan. 30, 1829.	Paul M.-B. (brother of Felix).
18	Quintet in A, strings.	*Andante*, "Nachruf," Paris, Sept. 23, 1831.	....
19	6 Songs, voice and pf.	....	....
	6 Songs without words, Book I., Original English title: *Melodies for the pianoforte.*	No. 6, "Auf einer Gondel," Venice, Oct. 16, 1830.	....
20	Octet in E flat, strings.	....	E. Ritz (or Rietz).
21	*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Concert overture, in E, No. 1, orch.	Berlin, August 6, 1826.	Crown Prince of Prussia.
22	Capriccio brillante in B minor, pf. and orch.	....	....
23	3 Pieces of Church music, solo, chorus, and organ:—	....	....

Op.	*Title.*	*Date of Composition.*	*Dedicated to*
	No. 1, *Aus tiefer Noth* (*In deep distress*). No. 2, *Ave Maria* (8 voices). No. 3, *Mitten wir* (8 voices).		
24	Overture in C, Wind band, *für Harmoniemusik.*	....	....
25	Concerto in G minor, pf. and orch., No. 1.	....	Fräulein D. von Schauroth.
26	*The Hebrides,* or *Fingal's Cave,* Concert overture in B minor, No. 2, orch.	First form, Rome, Dec. 16, 1830; revised form, London, June 20, 1832.	Crown Prince of Prussia.
27	*Calm sea and prosperous voyage,* Concert overture, in D, No. 3, orch.	....	....
28	Fantasie in F sharp minor, *Sonate Ecossaise,* pf.	Berlin, Jan. 29, 1833.	Ignaz Moscheles.
29	Rondo (or Capriccio) brillante in E flat, pf. and orch.	Düsseldorf, Jan. 29, 1834.	Do.
30	6 Songs without words, pf., Book II., English titles: *Six Melodies* and *Six Romances.*	No. 4, Jan. 30, 1833(?). No. 5, Dec. 12, 1833.	Fräulein Elisa von Woringen.
31	Psalm 115, solo, chorus and orch., *Not unto us, O Lord.*	Nov. 15, 1830.	....
32	*To the story of the lovely Melusina,* Concert overture in F, No. 4, orch.	Düsseldorf, Nov. 14, 1833.	Crown Prince of Prussia.

33	3 Caprices in A minor, E, B flat minor, pf.	No. 1, April 9, 1834; No. 3, London, July 25, 1833.	Carl Klingemann.
34	6 Songs, voice and pf.	No. 1, Düsseldorf, May 11, 1834; No. 5, Dec. 28, 1834.	Fräulein Julie Jeanrenaud.
35	6 Preludes and Fugues, pf.	No. 2, Prel., Leipzig, Dec. 6-8, 1836; No. 3, Fugue, Berlin, Sept. 21, 1832; No. 4, Fugue, Düsseldorf, Jan. 6, 1835; No. 5, Prel., Leipzig, Nov. 19, 1836, Fugue, Düsseldorf, Dec. 3, 1834; No. 6, Prel., Leipzig, Jan. 3, 1837; Fugue, Nov. 27, 1836.	....
36	*St. Paul,* oratorio.	Part I., Leipzig, April 8, 1836; Part II., Leipzig, April 18, 1836.	....
37	3 Preludes and Fugues, organ.	No. 1, Prel., Spires, April 2, 1837; No. 2, Prel., Spires, April 4, 1837; Fugue, Leipzig, Dec. 1, 1837; No. 3, Prel., Spires, April 6, 1837.	Thomas Attwood, "mit Verehrung und Dankbarkeit."
38	6 Songs without words, pf., Book III.	No. 5, Spires, April 6, 1837; No. 6, *Duet,* Frankfort, June 27, 1836.	Fräulein Rosa von Woringen.
39	3 Motets, female voices and organ (or pf.), *Für die Stimmen der Nonnen auf Sta-Trinitá de' Monti.*	Rome, Dec. 31, 1830. Another version of "Surrexit Pastor," headed "No. 2," in the MS., is dated "Coblentz, Aug. 14, 1837."	....

Op.	*Title.*	*Date of Composition.*	*Dedicated to*
40	Concerto in D minor, pf. and orch., No. 2.	Horchheim, August 5, 1837.	....
41	6 Part-songs, S.A.T.B., "for singing in the open air," 1st set. The earliest appearance of Mendelssohn's Four-part songs in England was in No. 55 of Ewer & Co.'s Orpheus collection, which began in 1836.	No. 4, Düsseldorf, Jan. 22, 1834.	....
42	Psalm 42, soli, chorus, and orch., *As the hart pants.*	....	....
43	Serenade and Allegro giojoso in B minor, pf. and orch.	April 11, 1838.	....
44	3 Quartets in D, E minor, E flat, strings, Nos. 3, 4, and 5.	No. 3, Berlin, July 24, 1838; No. 4, June 18, 1837; No. 5, Feb. 6, 1838.	The Prince of Sweden.
45	Sonata in B flat, pf. and violoncello.	Leipzig, Oct. 13, 1838.	....
46	Psalm 95, tenor solo, chorus, and orch., *O come let us worship.*	Final chorus (in E flat), Leipzig, April 11, 1839.	....
47	6 Songs, voice and pf.	No. 3, Leipzig, April 17, 1839; No. 4, April 18, 1839; No. 5, London, May 1832.	Frau Constanze Schleinitz.
48	6 Part-songs, S.A.T.B., 2nd set.	No. 1, July 5 [1839]; No. 3, Leipzig, Dec. 28, 1839; No. 4, June 15 [1839]; No. 5, Nov. 18, 1839; No. 6, Leipzig, Dec. 26, 1839.	Dr. Martin and Dr. Spiess.

49	Trio in D minor, pf., violin and violoncello.	*Allegro,* Frankfort, June 6, 1839; *Finale,* Frankfort, July 18, 1839, and Leipzig, Sept. 23, 1839.	....
50	6 Part-songs, male voices.	No. 2, *Der Jäger Abschied,* with wind accompaniments, Leipzig, Jan. 6, 1840; No. 5, Dec. 7, 1839; No. 6, Jan. 6, 1840.	Die Liedertafel, Leipzig.
51	Psalm 114, 8-part chorus and orch., *When Israel out of Egypt came.*	Horchheim, Aug. 9, 1839.	J. W. Schirmer (the painter).
52	Lobgesang (Hymn of Praise), Symphony-cantata.	Leipzig, Nov. 27, 1840 (revised form).	Frederic Augustus, Duke of Saxony.
53	6 Songs without words, pf., Book IV.	No. 5, April 30, 1841; No. 6, May 1, 1841.	Miss Sophy Horsley.
54	17 Variations sérieuses in D minor, pf.	June 4, 1841.	....
55	Antigone of Sophocles; music to, male voices and orch.	Berlin, Oct. 10, 1841.	Frederick William IV., King of Prussia.
56	Symphony in A minor, *The Scotch,* No. 3, orch.	Berlin, Jan. 20, 1842.	Queen Victoria.
57	6 Songs, voice and pf.	No. 2, April 20, 1839 (*cf.* op. 88, No. 3); No. 5, *Rendez-vous,* Berlin, Oct. 17, 1842; No. 6, *Frische Fahrt,* April 29, 1841.	Frau Livia Frege.
58	Sonata in D, pf. and violoncello, No. 2.	....	Count Mathias Wielhorsky.

Op.	*Title.*	*Date of Composition.*	*Dedicated to*
59	6 Part-songs, S.A.T.B., 3rd set.	No. 1, Leipzig, Nov. 23, 1837; No. 2, Jan. 17, 1843; No. 3, Leipzig, March 4, 1843; No. 4, Leipzig, June 19, 1843; No. 5, March 4, 1843; No. 6, *Vorüber*, March 5, 1843.	Frau Henriette Benecke.
60	First Walpurgis night, Music to Goethe's *Ballad, chorus and orch.*	1st version, Milan, July 15, 1831, and Paris, Feb. 13, 1832.	....
61	*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Music to, solo, chorus, and orch. (exclusive of overture, for which see op. 21).	....	Heinrich Conrad Schleinitz.
62	6 Songs without words, *pf.*, Book V.	No. 1, Jan. 6 and 12, 1844; No. 2, July 29, 1843; No. 6, Denmark Hill, June 1, 1842.	Frau Clara Schumann.
63	6 Duets, voices and pf.	No. 1, Frankfort, Dec. 1836; No. 4 originally for pf. duet; No. 5, Berlin, Oct. 17, 1842; No. 6, Jan. 23, 1844.	....
64	Concerto in E, vn. and orch.	Sept. 16, 1844.	....
65	6 Sonatas, organ. [For the history of these organ sonatas, see *Musical Times*, 1901, p. 794, and 1906, p. 95.]	Son. 1: No. 1, Frankfort, Dec. 28, 1844; No. 2, Dec. 19, 1844; No. 4, Aug. 18, 1844. Son. 2: No. 1, Frankfort, Dec. 21, 1844; No. 3 (Fugue), July 14, 1839, and Dec. 19, 1844.	Dr. F. Schlemmer.

		Son. 3: No. 1, August 9, 1844; No. 2, August 17, 1844. Son. 4: Nos. 1 and 2, Frankfort, Jan. 2, 1845. Son. 5: Nos. 2 and 3, Sept. 9, 1844. Son. 6: No. 1, Frankfort, Jan. 26, 1845; No. 4 (Fugue), Frankfort, Jan. 27, 1845.	
66	Trio in C minor, pf., vn., and violoncello.	....	Louis Spohr.
67	6 Songs without words, pf. (Book VI.).	No. 1, June 29, 1843; No. 2, Frankfort, May 3, 1845; No. 5, Jan. 5 and 12, 1844.	Fräulein Sophie Rosen.
68	*An die Künstler* (*To the sons of art*). Schiller's poem, Festgesang. Male voices and brass instruments. Composed for the opening of the first German-Flemish vocal festival at Cologne, June, 1846.		....
69	3 English Church pieces, solo voices and chorus—(1) Nunc dimittis; (2) Jubilate; (3) Magnificat.	No. 1, Baden-Baden, June 12, 1847; No. 2, Leipzig, April 5, 1847; No. 3, Baden-Baden, June 12, 1847.	....
70	*Elijah*, oratorio.	*At the end*, Leipzig, Aug. 11, 1846.	....
71	6 Songs, voice and pf.	No. 1, Leipzig, Dec. 22, 1845; No. 2, Frankfort, April 3, 1845; No. 3, Leipzig, September 22, 1847;	....

Op.	*Title.*	*Date of Composition.*	*Dedicated to*
		No. 4, Berlin, Nov. 3, 1842; No. 5, Interlaken, July 27, 1847; No. 6, Oct. 1, 1847.	
72	6 Kinderstücke, pf. Known in England as *Christmas pieces* and composed at Denmark Hill, London.	No. 1, June 24, 1842; No. 3, June 21, 1842.	No. 1, Lilli Benecke; No. 3, Edward Benecke.
	FROM OP. 73 TO OP. 121 ARE POSTHUMOUS WORKS		
73	Lauda Sion, cantata, chorus and orch. For St. Martin's church, Liège.	Feb. 10, 1846.	....
74	*Athalie,* Music to Racine's, soli, chorus, and orch.	Choruses, Leipzig, July 4, 1843; Overture, London, June 13, 1844, and Berlin, Nov. 12, 1845.	....
75	4 Part-songs, male voices.	No. 1, Feb. 8, 1844; No. 2, Nov. 14, 1839.	....
76	4 Part-songs, male voices.	No. 2, Feb. 9, 1844; No. 3, Leipzig, Oct. 8, 1846.	....
77	3 duets, voices and pf. No. 3 is from *Ruy Blas.*	No. 1, Leipzig, Dec. 3, 1836; No. 2, Leipzig, Jan. 18, 1847; No. 3, Leipzig, Feb. 14, 1839.	....
78	3 Psalms—the 2nd, 43rd, and 22nd, solo and chorus. For the Domchor, Berlin.	No. 2, Berlin, Jan. 17, 1844.	....
79	6 Anthems, 8-part chorus. For the Domchor, Berlin.	No. 2, Berlin, Dec. 25, 1843; No. 4, Feb. 14, 1844; No. 5, Oct. 5, 1846; No. 6, Feb. 18, 1844.	....

80	Quartet in F minor, strings.	Interlaken, Sept. 1847.	....
81	Andante in E, Scherzo in A minor, Capriccio in E minor, Fugue in E flat, strings.	....	....
82	Variations in E flat, pf.	Leipzig, July 25, 1841.	....
83a	Variations in B flat, pf.	....	....
83b	Variations arranged for 4 hands.	....	....
84	3 Songs for a low voice and pf.	No. 1, Düsseldorf, Dec. 5, 1831; No. 2, Feb. 26, 1839; No. 3, May 25, 1834.	....
85	6 Songs without words, pf., Book VII.	No. 2, Düsseldorf, June 9, 1834; No. 4, Frankfort, May 3 and 6, 1845; No. 5, Frankfort, May 7, 1845; No. 6, May 1, 1841.	....
86	6 Songs, voice and pf.	No. 3, Unterseen, August 10, 1831; No. 6, Oct. 7, 1847.	....
87	Quintet in B flat, strings.	Soden, July 8, 1845.	....
88	6 Part-songs, S.A.T.B. (4th set).	No. 1, August 8, 1844; No. 2, Leipzig, June 20, 1843; No. 3, April 20, 1839; No. 4, Leipzig, June 19, 1843; No. 6, Leipzig, March 10, 1840.	....
89	Heimkehr aus der Fremde (*Son and Stranger*), Singspiel in 1 Act.		....
90	The *Italian Symphony*, Symphony in A, orch.	Berlin, March 13, 1833.	....

Op.	*Title.*	*Date of Composition.*	*Dedicated to*
91	Psalm 98, *Sing to the Lord,* 8-part chorus and orch. For the Festival Service in Berlin Cathedral on New Year's Day, 1844.	Dec. 27, 1843.	....
92	Allegro brillante in A, pf., 4 hands.	Leipzig, March 23, 1841.	....
93	Œdipus in Colonos by Sophocles, Music to, male voices and orch.	Frankfort, Feb. 25, 1845.	....
94	*Infelice!* Concert-air in B flat, soprano solo and orch.	1st version, with vn. obbl., April 3, 1834; 2nd version, Leipzig, Jan. 15, 1843.	....
95	*Ruy Blas,* Overture, orch.	Leipzig, March 8, 1839.	....
96	Hymn, alto solo, chorus and orch. Composed for Mr. [Dr.] C. Broadley.	Leipzig, Dec. 14, 1840; Jan. 5, 1843 (final chorus). Autograph in British Museum (Add. MS. 31,801).	....
97	Christus, unfinished oratorio. Recitatives and choruses.	....	....
98	(1) Lorelei, unfinished opera, solo, chorus, and orch. Finale to 1st act.	....	....
	(2) Lorelei, Ave Maria, solo and chorus of female voices.	....	....
	(3) Lorelei. Vintage chorus, male voices and orch.	....	....

99	6 Songs, voice and pf.	No. 1, Berlin, August 9, 1841; No. 4, June 6, 1841; No. 5, Leipzig, Dec. 22, 1845.	....
100	4 Part-songs, S.A.T.B.	No. 1, August 8, 1844; No. 2, June 20, 1843; No. 4, Frankfort, June 14, 1839.	....
101	Overture in C (*Trumpet overture*), orch.	....	....
102	6 Songs without words, pf., Book VIII.	No. 1, London, June 1, 1842; No. 2, Frankfort, May 11, 1845, Pfingsten; Nos. 3 and 5 (Kinderstück), Dec. 12, 1845.	....
103	Trauer-Marsch in A minor, orch. For funeral of Norbert Burgmüller.	....	....
104	3 Preludes and 3 Studies, pf. (2 parts).	Bk. 1, No. 1, Leipzig, Dec. 8, 1836; No. 2, Oct. 12, 1836; No. 3, Nov. 27, 1836. Bk. 2, No. 1, June 9, 1836; No. 2, Düsseldorf, April 21, 1834.	....
105	Sonata in G minor, pf.	*Begun*, June 16, 1820. *Presto*, August 18, 1821.	....
106	Sonata in B flat, pf.	Berlin, May 31, 1827.	....
107	*The Reformation Symphony* in D, No. 5, orch.	....	....
108	March in D, orch. For the fête given to the painter, Cornelius, at Dresden in April, 1841.	....	....

Op.	*Title.*	*Date of Composition.*	*Dedicated to*
109	Song without words in D, violoncello and pf.	....	Mlle. Lisa Cristiani.
110	Sextet in D, pf., vn., 2 violas, violoncello and bass.	April and May 1824.	....
111	Tu es Petrus, 5-part chorus and orch.	Nov. 1827.	....
112	2 Sacred songs, voice and pf. (No. 2, composed originally for *St. Paul*).	....	....
113	2 Concerted pieces, clarinet and basset-horn, with pf. accompt., in F major	No. 1, Berlin, Jan. 19, 1833.	Heinrich Bärmann, Senr., and Carl Bärmann, Junr.
114	and D minor.		
115	2 Sacred choruses, male voices.	....	....
116	Funeral song, mixed voices.	Soden, July 8, 1845.	....
117	Album-Blatt, song without words in E minor, pf.	....	....
118	Capriccio in E, pf.	Bingen, July 11, 1837.	....
119	Perpetuum mobile in C, pf.	....	....
120	4 Part-songs, male voices.	No. 2, Leipzig, Feb. 20, 1847.	....
121	Responsorium et Hymnus, male voices, with accompt. of violoncello and bass (organ).	....	....

WORKS WITHOUT OPUS NUMBERS

Etude in F minor, pf. For the *Méthode des Méthodes.*	Leipzig, March 13, 1836.	....
Scherzo in B minor, pf.	....	....

Scherzo and Capriccio in F sharp minor, pf. For the Pianist's Album.	....	....
2 Romances of Lord Byron's, voice and pf.: *There be none of beauty's daughters,* and *Sun of the sleepless.*	No. 2, Düsseldorf, Dec. 31, 1834.	....
Verleih' uns Frieden; Grant us Thy peace, Prayer, chorus and orch.	Rome, Feb. 10, 1831.	President Verkenius.
Andante cantabile and Presto agitato in B, pf. For the Album of 1839.	Berlin, June 22, 1838.	....
The Garland, voice and pf., poem by Thomas Moore.	London, May 24, 1829.	....
Ersatz für Unbestand, part-song, male voices, poem by Rückert. For Tauchnitz's Musen-almanach.	Nov. 22, 1839.	....
Festgesang, male chorus and orch. Composed for the Gutenberg Festival at Leipzig, held in 1840, in celebration of the invention of printing. [No. 2 is associated in England with the words of Charles Wesley's Christmas hymn *Hark! the herald angels sing,* to which it was adapted by Dr. W. H. Cummings.]	....	....
Gondellied in A, pf. *Auf einer Gondel.*	Leipzig, Feb. 5, 1837.	....
3 Volkslieder, 2 voices and pf.	....	....
Lord, have mercy upon us (Kyrie). *For evening service.* Voices only. *For Mr. Attwood.* In the *Album für Gesang.* First published in England in Ewer's Orpheus, Book XII.	Berlin, March 24, 1833.	....

Title.	*Date of Composition.*	*Dedicated to*
Prelude and fugue in E minor, pf. For the Album Notre temps.	Prelude, Leipzig, July 13, 1841; Fugue, June 16, 1827.	....
3 Sacred choruses, forming part of op. 96.	Leipzig, Jan. 5, 1843.	....
Hear my prayer, hymn, soprano solo, chorus, and organ; afterwards orchestrated, the full score is only published in England, not in Germany.	Jan. 25, 1844.	Wilhelm Taubert.
Warnung vor dem Rhein, poem by C. Simrock, voice and pf.	....	....
2 Songs, voice and pf.	No. 1, Berlin, August 17, 1835.	....
2 Songs, voice and pf.	No. 1, April 20, 1841.	....
2 Clavierstücke, in B flat and G minor, pf.	....	....
Seemann's Scheidelied, poem by Hoffmann v. Fallersleben, voice and pf.	....	....
Nachtgesang, 4 male voices.	Berlin, Jan. 15, 1842.	....
Die Stiftungsfeier, 4 male voices. *Für die Stiftungsfeier der Gesellschaft der Freunde in Berlin*, Jan., 1842.	....	....
Des Mädchens Klage, Romance, voice and pf.	....	....
Kyrie Eleison, mixed voices, double chorus (Deutsche Liturgie).	Oct. 28, 1846.	....
Ehre sei Gott in der Höhe; Heilig: Psalm 100. Three sacred pieces, Nos. 1 and 2, double choir; No. 3, 4 voices, from *Musica Sacra*, Band 7, Nos. 17 and 18, Band 8, No. 10.	....	....

Te Deum in A (English Church Service).	....	....
The Evening Bell, for harp and pf. The "bell" was that of Attwood's gate. See "Musical Haunts in London," p. 5.	Norwood, Nov. 1829.	....
Fugue in F minor, organ.	Frankfort, July 18, 1839.	....
Two pieces, organ.	....	....
(1) Andante with variations in D.	July 23, 1844.	
(2) Allegro in B flat.	Dec. 31, 1844.	
Duo concertant, variations upon the March in Weber's Preciosa, pf., 4 hands, jointly composed by Mendelssohn and Ignaz Moscheles.	....	Mme. la Baronne O. de Goethe.

NOT INCLUDED IN THE THEMATIC CATALOGUE

[Hymn-tune, Psalm xxxi, *Defend me, Lord, from shame.* Composed for the "National Psalmist" (1839), edited by Charles Danvers Hackett.]	Feb. 27, 1839.	....
Praeludium in C minor for the organ. Composed for Mr. Henry E. Dibdin.	Leipzig, July 9, 1841.	....
Additional (final) chorus to Psalm 95 (op. 46).	Leipzig, April 11, 1839.	....
String quartet in E flat. Autograph in British Museum (Add. MS. 30,900).	March 5-30, 1823.	....

COMPOSITIONS EDITED ETC. BY MENDELSSOHN

Handel's *Dettingen Te Deum*, with additional accompaniments. Score and parts. (Kistner.)	Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, with additional accompaniments. (Novello.)

[Handel's *Israel in Egypt*, edited for the London Handel Society; Mendelssohn wrote a special organ part, and the edition was published by Cramer & Co. in June 1846. For the interesting correspondence with G. A. Macfarren on the subject of this edition, see "Goethe and Mendelssohn," 2nd edition, 1874, p. 169 *et seq.*]

J. S. Bach's Chaconne for violin, with pf. accompt. (Ewer.)

[J. S. Bach's *Organ compositions on Chorales* (*Psalm tunes*), Organ Preludes, etc., 2 books. (Coventry & Hollier, 1845.)

J. S. Bach's *Eleven variations on the Chorale Sei gegrusset Jesu gütig* (*All hail, good Jesus*), edited from the original manuscript. (Coventry & Hollier.)]

The collection of autograph MSS. of Mendelssohn contained in the green volumes, already mentioned, now preserved in the Royal Library, Berlin, comprise the following unpublished compositions:—

11 Symphonies for strings.
1 Symphony for full orchestra.
Many Fugues for strings.
Concertos for pf.; vn.; pf. and vn. with quartet accompaniment.
2 Concertos for 2 pianos and orch.
Trio for pf. vn. and viola.
2 Sonatas for pf. and vn. (one dated 1838).
1 Sonata for pf. and viola.
1 do. for pf. and clarinet.
2 Sonatas for pf. solo.
Many Studies, Fantasias (one for four hands), Fugues, etc., for pf. solo.
Many Fugues for Organ.
5 Operas and music to Calderon's *Steadfast Prince*.
1 Secular and 3 sacred cantatas.
Many songs and vocal pieces.
Organ part to Handel's *Solomon*.

III. BIBLIOGRAPHY

Adam (Adolphe): *Derniers Souvenirs D'un Musicien.* 1859.
Bellasis (Edward): *Cherubini: Memorials Illustrative of His Life.* London, 1874.
Benedict (Jules): *Sketch of the Life and Works of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.* 2d ed. London, 1853.
Bennett (J. R. Sterndale): *The Life of William Sterndale Bennett.*
Berlioz (Hector): *Autobiography.*
Berlioz (Hector): *Voyage Musical.*
Browne (Lewis): *That Man Heine.* New York.
Bunsen (Baroness Frances): *Life of Bunsen.*
Chorley (Henry Fothergill): *Modern German Music.*
Chorley (Henry Fothergill): *Thirty Years' Musical Recollection.*
Corder (Frederick): *Schumann.*
Cox (H. B. and C. L. B.): *Leaves from the Journals of Sir George Smart.*
Dahms (Walter): *Mendelssohn.* Berlin.
Dessauer (Moritz): *Der Deutsche Plato.* 1879.
Devrient (Eduard): *Recollections of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, and His Letters to Me.* London, 1869.
Dictionary of National Biography.
Dorn (Heinrich): *Aus Meinem Leben.* Berlin, 1871.
Dorn (Heinrich): *Recollections of Felix Mendelssohn and His Friends.* London. Temple Bar, Feb. 1872.
Düntzer (J. H. J.): *Life of Goethe.*
Eckerman (J. P.): *Gespräche mit Goethe.*
Eckhardt (Julius): *Ferdinand David und die Familie Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.* 1888.
Edwards (F. G.): *History of Elijah.*
Edwards (F. G.): *Musical Haunts in London.*
Ella (Sir John): *Musical Sketches.*
Emerson (Edwin): *History of the Nineteenth Century.*
Enfantin (B. P.): *Religion Saint-Simoniennes.*
Fetis (F. J.): *Biographie Universelle des Musiciens.* Paris, 1860-65.
Gilman (Lawrence): *Stories of Symphonic Music.*
Goethe (J. W.): *Briefwechsel mit einem Kind.* 1834.
Goethe (J. W.): *Collected Works.*
Goethe (J. W.): *Correspondence with Zelter.*
Gounod (Charles): *Autobiography.*

Grove (Sir George): Article: "Mendelssohn." *Dictionary of Music and Musicians.*
Hanotaux (Gabriel): *Histoire de la France Contemporaine.*
Hauptmann (Moritz): *Letters to Hauser.* 1871.
Heine (Heinrich): *Collected Works; Memoirs.*
Hensel (Sebastian): *Die Familie Mendelssohn.* Berlin, 1879.
Herbert (May): *The Life of Robert Schumann, Told in His Letters.* London, 1890.
Hewlett (H. G.): *Henry Fothergill Chorley: Autobiography, Memoir, and Letters.* London, 1873.
Heron-Allen (E.): "Contributions Towards an Accurate Biography of De Beriot and Malibran." *De Opuscula Fidicularum,* op. VI.
Hiller (Ferdinand): *Aus dem Tonleben Unseren Zeit.*
Hiller (Ferdinand): *Letters and Recollections of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.*
Hiller (Ferdinand): *Persönliches und Musikalisches.*
Hogarth (George): *The Philharmonic Society of London.* 1862.
Horsley (C. E.): "Reminiscences of Mendelssohn." London, *The Choir:* Jan. 11 and 25, Feb. 8 and 15, 1873.
Karasowski (Moritz): *Friedrich Chopin,* 1877.
Kayserling (Meyer): *Moses Mendelssohn.*
Key (Ellen): *Rahel Varnhagen.*
Klingemann (Karl): *Briefwechsel mit Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.* Essen, 1909.
Lampadius (W. A.): *Life of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.* London, 1876.
Liszt (Franz): *Chopin.*
Martin (Sir Theodore): *Life of H. R. H. The Prince Consort.* 1880.
Marx (Adolph Bernhard): *Erinnerungen.* Berlin, 1865.
Maurois (André): *Disraeli.* 1928.
Mendelssohn (G. B.): *Collected Works of Moses Mendelssohn.*
Mendelssohn-Bartholdy (Felix): *Acht Briefe.* Leipzig, 1871.
Mendelssohn-Bartholdy (Felix): *Letters from Italy and Switzerland.*
Mendelssohn-Bartholdy (Felix): *Letters:* 1833-47.
Mendelssohn-Bartholdy (Karl): *Goethe and Mendelssohn.* London, 1874.
Merlin (Countess): *Memoirs of Madame Malibran.* 2d ed. London, 1844.
Moscheles (Charlotte): *The Life of Moscheles.* London, 1873.
Moscheles (Felix): *Briefe von Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy an Ignaz und Charlotte Moscheles.*
Niecks (Frederick): *Frederick Chopin as Man and Musician.*
Niecks (Frederick): *Robert Schumann.*
Neue Zeitschrifft für Musik (Schumann's Gazette): Files.
Nevill (R. H.): *The World of Fashion.*

Phillipson (David): *German Jewry.*
Planché (J. R.): *Recollections and Reflections.* 1872.
Polko (Elise): *Reminiscences of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.* 1869.
Queen Victoria: *Letters.*
Ramann (L.): *Franz Liszt als Künstler und Mensch.* 1880.
Reissmann (August): *Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.* 1867.
Rellstab (H. F. L.): *Aus Meinem Leben.* Berlin, 1861.
Rellstab (H. F. L.): *Gesammelte Schrifften.* Leipzig.
Richter (Jean Paul): *Der Titan; Die Flegeljahre;* et cetera.
Riemann (K. W. J.): *Musiklexikon.*
Ritter (I. H.): *Mendelssohn und Lessing.* Berlin.
Schubring (Julius): *Briefwechsel mit Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.*
Schubring (Julius): "Reminiscences of Mendelssohn." London, *Musical World,* May 12 and 19, 1866.
Schumann (Robert): *Gesammelte Schrifften.* Leipzig, 1854.
Schumann (Robert): *Letters:* Edited by Dr. Karl Storck.
Sharp (William): *Heine.*
Sidney (Lee): *Queen Victoria.*
Spitta (J. A. P.): *Schumann* (Grove's).
Spitta (J. A. P.): *Spontini* (Grove's).
Spohr (Louis): *Autobiography.*
Strachey (Lytton): *Eminent Victorians.*
Strachey (Lytton): *Queen Victoria.*
Wasiliewski (J. W. von): *Life of Robert Schumann.*
Weiss (Dr. Adolph): *Berlin als Musikstadt.*
Whibley (Charles): *Political Portraits.*
Wolff (Ernest): *Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.* Berlin, 1905.
Zangwill (Israel): *Children of the Ghetto.*

Index

A minor Quartet, 173
Academy of Fine Arts, Berlin, 87, 270, 275
Academy of Fine Arts, Düsseldorf, 206, 229
Albert, Prince Consort, and Mendelssohn, 285, 300, 302; musical ability and actvities, 286
Alexander, Misses, 219, 221
Antigone, 283, 309
Antiphona et Responsorium, 90
Argens, Marquis d', 7
Association for the Improvement of Music in Düsseldorf, 230
Attwood, Thomas, 110, 120, 177, 216, 227; visit to home of, 121
Ave Maria, 305

B minor Mass of Bach, 90
Bach, Johann Sebastian, *St. Mathew Passion,* MS bought by Zelter, 20; influence upon Mendelssohn, 20, 49, 313; *St. Mathew Passion* produced, 87, 90, 94, 278; Bach revival, 90; revered by Mendelssohn, 240; statue, 277
Baden-Baden, visit to, 82
Balliot, 59, 173
Banking house of Abraham Mendelssohn, 10, 11
Bartholdy, Salomon-, 25; patronage of artists, 25, 113; suggests conversion and name Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, 26; death, 113
Bartholdy added to family name, 27
"Baths of Lucca, The," excerpt, 132
Beer, Michael, 134
Beethoven, Ludwig van, Goethe's opinion, 31; Mendelssohn's understanding of, 31, 50, 51, 184, 314; musical writing, 36; Herr Mendelssohn's opposition to, 51, 68; Spohr's opinion, 52; death, 148; reminiscences about, 156; music at mass for, 173; slow recognition of, 313; influence, 314
Bendemann, painter, 151
Benedict, Sir Julius, 302
Bennett, Sterndale, 247, 265
Berger, Ludwig, 15, 234
Berlin, status of first Mendelssohns in, 4-7; Abraham's family established, 11; Mendelssohn's relations with musicians, 86, 125, 197, 283; controversy over Sing Akademie Directorship, 180, 188-196; custom of mutual disparagement, 194; efforts of King to secure Mendelssohn for, 270-282
Berlin, University of, 66; Chair of Music offered to Mendelssohn, 136
Berlin Academy of Fine Arts, 87, 233, 270, 275
Berlioz, Hector, 153, 296
Bigot, Mme., 13, 56; undertakes musical education of Fanny and Felix, 14
Birmingham Festival, 299
Blummer, Herr, 276
"Book of Travels" by Heine, 131
Breitkopf, works published by, 233
Bruhl, Count, 76, 77
Buckingham Palace, visits to, 285, 302; "only comfortable house in England," 288
Bunsen, Ambassador, 302
Burney, Doctor, quoted, 194

Caecilia Verein, Frankfurt, 45
Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage Overture, 232
Camacho's Wedding, 63, 75-80, 85
Cantata for Dürer Festival, 87
Cantor, the, nickname for Fanny, 18
Capriccio in B, 193
Carlyle, Thomas, on Leopold of Poland, 2
Casimir the Great, welcomed Jews to Poland, 2
Caspar, Doctor, as collaborator, 21, 43, 48, 63
Ceylon, anniversary song for, 109
Cherubini, M. L. C. Z. Salvatore, 58; visit to, 54; Mendelssohn's opinion of, 56, 297; his recognition of the boy's talent, 59, 173; style, 184
Cholera in Paris, 175
Chopin, Frédéric François, in Paris; his music and his following, 159-164, 172; appearance, 161; derides Kalkbrenner, 166; meetings with and friendship for, Mendelssohn, 166, 232, 240, in Leipzig, 240; hailed by Schumann, 243; Romanticism, 312, 314
Chorley, Henry Fothergill, quoted, 194
Christus, 305
Classic Romanticism, 312
Classicism of Mendelssohn, 297, 313
Conducting, "the elegant school of," 107; Mendelssohn's method, 107, 239
Conservatoire, Paris, and Mendelssohn's music, 172, 173, 175
Constant, Benjamin, 9
Cornelius, Peter von, 279
Cramer, John, 107

D minor Concerto of Mozart, 247
David, Ferdinand, 246, 254, 255, 277, 307, 309; takes over direction of *Gewandhaus,* 282
Davidsbundler, 239
Davout, Marechal, in Hamburg, 11
De Beriot, Charles, 214, 217, 223, 265
"Departed is the Light of Day," 307
Dessau, Jews in, 2; Mendel's family, 3
Devonshire House, 104
Devrient, Eduard, 43, 44; opinion of *Camacho's Wedding,* 63, 78; brings about performance of *St. Mathew Passion,* 91, 92; moves into garden house, 123; angers Mendelssohn, 126; at silver-wedding celebration, 127; aids search for libretto, 157; urges Sing Akademie Directorship for Mendelssohn, 179, 189, 191, 196; friendship for Mendelssohn, 182; eager for Mendelssohn to hold Berlin post, 279
Dirichlet, husband of Rebecca Mendelssohn, 240
Don Giovanni of Mozart, 230
Donizetti, Gaetano, 156
Donner's translation of *Antigone,* 283
Droysen, student, 86, 119
Dürer Festival, 87
Düsseldorf, Mendelssohn made Director of musical activities, 212; his life and work there, 229-236; statue, 237
Düsseldorf Festival, Mendelssohn engaged to conduct, 179, 197, 248; festive crowds, 199, 207; Mendelssohn's success, 201-213
Düsseldorf School, 229

E major Sonata, 319
Easter Sonata of Fanny Mendelssohn, 115
Eichhorn, Karl Friedrich, negotiations with Mendelssohn, 274, 276, 281
Elijah, oratorio, 299, 301
Ella, Sir John, quoted, 301
England, Mendelssohn's visits to, 98, 176, 216, 285, 299, 301; his father's visit, 217
Ertmann, Baroness, 156
Eusebius, Schumann's *nom de plume,* 243

Fay, Leontine, 163, 169
"Felix Meritis," 243
Ferdinand, Prince, coronation festivities, 148
Festgesang for Gutenberg Festival, 277
Festival crowds and activities, 199, 207
Fétis, François Joseph, 159, 160, 161, 162
"Fingal's Cave" overture, 113
Florestan, Schumann's *nom de plume,* 243
Flying Dutchman of Wagner, 294
Fodor, Mme., 156
Fould, banker, 8
France, Mendelssohn's visits to, 12, 54, 165; unsettled conditions, 164, 169
Franck, Eduard, 247
Franck, Herman, 160, 162, 167
Frankfort, Mendelssohn's visits to, 44, 83, 249, 250
Frederick the Great, policy toward the Jews, 4, 6; writings, 6; Moses Mendelssohn criticizes and rebukes, 7
Frederick William III, 75
Frederick William IV, plans for a cultural center, 270; invites Mendelssohn to Berlin, 271; restores Greek plays, 282; bestows *Ordre pour le Merite* upon Mendelssohn, 289; Mendelssohn's audience with, 291
Frege, Mme., 307

Fricken, Fräulein von, 265
Fuseli, quoted, 186

G minor Concerto, 172
G minor Sonata, 35
"Garden Times," 68
Geibel's *Lorelei,* 298, 305
German Plato, Moses Mendelssohn known as, 7
Gewandhaus, Leipzig, Mendelssohn as conductor, 236; concert, 247; fame of orchestra, 271; F. David takes over direction of, 282; Mendelssohn resigns, 305
Goethe, Johann Wolfgang von, 28; Mendelssohn's first visit to, 30; the Grand Reception, 34; his appraisal of the boy, 35; visit extended, 38; writes poem for Fanny, 40; quoted, 66, 178; second visit to, 142; in old age, 143; reminiscences; visitors, 144; death, 175; correspondence with Zelter and Mendelssohn published, 233
"Goethe's Correspondence with a Child," 233
Gosse, Sir Edmund, quoted, 311
Guggenheim, Fromet, 5; wife of Moses Mendelssohn, 6
Gutenberg Festival, 277

H. d. m., 42
Habeneck of Paris Conservatoire, 172, 173
Hamburg, Jews in, 11
Handel, Georg Friedrich, 201
Hans Heiling, libretto, 157
Hartz Mountains tour, 82
Hebrides Overture, 177, 193, 232, 318, 319
Hegel, Georg Wilhelm Friedrich, 133, 134; on music, 66
Heine, Albertine, 254, 266
Heine, Heinrich, 294; character and manners, 67, 131; as guest of the Mendelssohns, 131-135; visit to Goethe, 145; in Paris, 159; a St. Simonian, 160; at Chopin's, 160, 162, 163; on Düsseldorf, 236; on Kalkbrenner, 253; cousin of, marries Paul Mendelssohn, 254
Heinkes, London landlords, 99, 100, 120
Hensel, Wilhelm, falls in love with Fanny, 41; placed on probation, 42; return to Berlin; engagement, 91; plans for a Prussian Academy at Rome, 113, 129; portraits, 122, 130; a conservative, 131; relations with Felix, 182; mentioned, 284, 291, 304
Heyse, tutors Felix and Fanny, 16; called to University of Berlin, 66
Hiller, Ferdinand, 83, 148, 232, 266, 277; Mendelssohn's visits to, 46, 250; in Paris, 160, 162, 165, 167; career, 254
Hiller, Frau, 254
Hölty, Ludwig Heinrich Christoph, quoted, 135
Horsley, William, musical party, 216, 217
Huguenots, Les, by Meyerbeer, 252
Humboldt, Friedrich Heinrich Alexander von, 271, 280
Hummel, Johann Nepomuk, 34, 35; extempore playing, 46; visits Mendelssohn in Paris, 57

Immermann, Karl, Mendelssohn engages libretto from, 158; Herr Mendelssohn's objections to, 170; joins in establishing theater, 230; resulting quarrels, 234; statue, 237
Infelice, 232
Initials used on compositions, 42, 73
"It is decreed in God's wisdom," 278
Italian Symphony, 197, 202, 318, 319
Italy, plans for and trip to, 114, 118, 129, 149; character of people, 154

Jean Paul, Mendelssohn's enthusiasm for, 50, 242; Heine's opinion, 132; visit to Goethe, 144; Schumann's enthusiasm, 242, 246; use of his paraphrases, 243
Jeanrenaud, Cecile, *see* Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, Cecile
Jeanrenaud, Julie, 259, 301
Jeanrenaud, Mme., 260
Jews, persecution against, 1; welcomed to Poland, 2; attitude toward Maimon's Nebuchim, 3; in Prussia, 4, 6; patronizing politeness to, 23; benefits secured through conversion to Christianity, 25; annual supplication to remain in Rome, 155
Joachim, Joseph, 301

Kalkbrenner, Friedrich, 58, 173, 253; derided, 166, 168
Klingemann, Karl, 43; intimacy with Mendelssohn; writes *Camacho's Wedding* libretto, 63; transferred to London, 85; companion of Mendelssohn's London visits, 98, 119, 176; their tour of Scotland and Wales, 109, 112; parting, 115; aids in writing of anniversary opus, 120

L. v. g. G., 42, 73
Laterano, San Giovanni di, 154
Lavater, Johann Kaspar, 5
Leipzig, Mendelssohn begins life in, 237, 238; his return, 292; grief over his death, 308; see also *Gewandhaus*

Leipzig, University of, degree, 247
Leipzig Conservatorium, 276; Schumann on faculty, 295
Leipziger Strasse No. 3, home life at, 64, 68, 130; sold; became House of Lords, 310
Leopold, King of Poland, 2
Libretto, first one written for Mendelssohn, 43; his life-long search for, 43, 135, 157, 298; arrangements with Immermann, 158; protest from father, 170
Lichtenstein, Professor, 181, 188, 191
Liedertafel, Soldier's Love, 119, 127
Lind, Jenny, 301, 302, 305
Lipinski, violinist, 35
Liszt, Franz, 160, 167; opinion of Chopin, 160, 161; exalted in Berlin, 194; in Leipzig, 277; ultra-Romanticism, 315
Lobgesang, 278
London, Mendelssohn's visits to, 98, 176, 216, 285, 299, 301; his father's visit, 217
London Philharmonic Society, *see* Philharmonic Society
Lorelei, Geibel's, 298, 305
Lovie, Alphonse, 228
Lower Rhine Festival, *see* Düsseldorf Festival

Maimon, Salomon, 3
Malibran, Garcia, 215
Malibran, Maria, 214; Mendelssohn charmed by, 102; their meeting, 216-226; death, 265
Mars, Mlle., 169
Marschner, Heinrich, 157, 194, 294
Marx, Adolph Bernhard, 68, 72, 239; Herr Mendelssohn's opposition to, 68, 138; on Zelter, 74; and Spontini, 77; position at University of Berlin, 136, 137; reflected glory, 147; talks and disputes on music, 183
Mason, Daniel Gregory, quoted, 316, 317
Massow, von, negotiations with Mendelssohn on behalf of King, 270, 272, 274, 275, 276, 281, 282, 290, 292
Mathew Passion, see *St. Mathew Passion*
Matthai, 239, 247
Meeresstille, 193, 238, 318, 319
Melusina Overture, 232, 319
Mendel Dessauer, 3; visit to home of, 141
Mendelssohn, Fromet, 6
Mendelssohn, Henrietta, 13, 56, 61, 178; learning; school in Paris; as a matchmaker, 9; gushes over Felix, 39
Mendelssohn, Joseph, 83, 228
Mendelssohn, Moses, birth; in Berlin, 3; Germanizes his name, 4; status in Berlin, 4, 7; finds a patron; his charm of manner, 5; marries Fromet Guggenheim, 6; criticizes Frederick II and champions German as a literary medium, 7; quoted, 30
Mendelssohn, Nathan, 110
Mendelssohn and Company, Bankers, 11, 23
Mendelssohn-Bartholdy family, home musicales, 20, 43, 284; life in Leipziger Strasse No. 3, 64, 130; popularity of *salon,* 67; seek Sing Akademie Directorship for Felix, 179, 188; resign from Sing Akademie, 197; references to, in Goethe-Zelter correspondence, 233; not robust, 316
Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, Abraham, character; becomes a banker, 8; marries Leah Salomon, 10; family flees from persecution to Berlin, 11; receives title *Stadtrath;* sent to Paris, 12; method of raising children, 16; letter to his children, 19; irked by patronizing politeness of Gentiles, 23; inducted into Christian church; adds Bartholdy to name, 27; concern about a musical career for son, 40, 49, 117; takes family to Switzerland, 43; opposition to Beethoven, 51, 68; financial worries, 54; opposition to Marx, 68, 138; opinion of the English, 117; silver-wedding celebration, 118, 124, 127; visits home of ancestors in Dessau, 141; reproves son's judgments, 154; advice about libretto, 170; unhappiness over absence of sons, 203; devotion to, and interest in, Felix; attends Düsseldorf Festival, 205; joy over Düsseldorf appointment, 213; with Felix in London, 217; approaching blindness, 227; two accidents, 228; rebukes son for lack of perseverance, 235; last days; death, 240, 241
Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, Carl Wolfgang Paul, 272
Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, Cecile, 264, 267, 288, 301; Mendelssohn's love for, 259; betrothal, 263; marriage, 269; failing health, 304; death and burial, 309
Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, Fanny, birth, 10; physical defect, 11; musical talent, 11, 14; early instructors, 14, 15; "the Cantor," 18; asks forgiveness for Bartholdy, 25; Goethe writes poem for, 40; falls in love, 41; devotion to Felix, 42; letters, excerpts, 88, 90, 96, 108, 266, 298; engagement, 91; faith in Felix confirmed, 107; her *Easter Sonata,* 115; deposed as arch-intrigante, 118; Felix unable to attend wed-

ding, 120; married happiness, 123; unkindness to Heine, 132; illness after childbirth, 148; letter to Cecile, 266; desire to publish; work published and sung, 268; continues Sunday musicales, 284; talents; death, 303; effect of death upon brother, 303, 306; referred to in *Night Song*, 307
Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, Felix (Jakob Ludwig Felix), birth, 10; lisp; affection for Fanny, 11; precocity, 11, 35, 42; appearance, 11, 35, 153, 206, 306; first trip to Paris, 12; early trial in music, 14; early instructors, 15; education and training, 16, 24; sleep a drug to; difficulty in awakening, 16, 92; admitted into Sing Akademie, 19; earliest public concerts, 19, 43; influence of Bach upon, 20, 49; conducts home musicales, 20; proclaimed a genius; his miniature operas, 21, 43, 48; baptized, 27; visits to Goethe, 30-40, 142-146; understanding of Beethoven's music, 31, 50, 51; improvisation, 36, 44, 45, 46; remarkable musical memory, 37, 108, 110, 155, 202; letters to family, excerpts, 39, 60, 83, 101, 105, 106, 114, 154, 170, 173, 179, 206, 235, 260, 261, 264, 266, 267, 281, 307; determination to become a musician, 41; 1821 output, 42; trip to Switzerland, 43; at Frankfort, 44; plays at practice of Caecilia Verein, 45; visit to Hiller, 47; at fifteen; writes fourth opera, 48; breath-taking development; first visit to the sea; its effect, 49; desire to visit Beethoven, 50; taught by Moscheles, 52; in Paris, 1825, 55; opinion of Cherubini, 56; plays for him, 59; consuming passion for composition, 62; inspired by beauty of Leipsziger Strasse No. 3, 65; at University of Berlin, 66; speaking voice; his manuscript newspaper, 68; enthusiasm over Shakespeare, 72; attitude toward women, 72, 147, 153, 169, 241; tour of Hartz Mountains, 82; in Frankfort, 83; visits to Uncle Joseph, 83, 228; leanings toward Catholicism, 86; relations with Berlin musicians, 86, 125, 188, 197, 283; organizes *St. Mathew Passion* choir, 87, 90; gives public performances, 94; made member of Artists' Association, 88; desire for travel, 89; refuses to oppose Zelter, 93; dress, 95, 102, 108, 153; first sea voyage and visit to London, 98; on last days of Weber, 99; charmed by Maria Malibran, 102; social success, 103; interest in great houses, 104; in London streets, 106; conducts Philharmonic in first London concert, 106; manner of conducting, 107, 201, 239; series of musical conquests, 108; first official offer—for Ceylon song, 109; tour of Scotland and Wales, 109, 112; gives concerts for the Silesians, 110; as an artist, 112, 304, 318; visit to Sir Walter Scott, 113; plans Italian trip, 114, 118; parting from Klingemann, 115; on Welsh music, 116; celebration of parents' silver-wedding, 118, 120, 124, 127; injury prevents attendance at Fanny's wedding, 119; leaves England; elected member of London Philharmonic Society, 122; return home, 123; refuses public presentation of *Return from Abroad;* disappointment over failure of plans for Italian trip, 129; leanings toward liberalism, 131, 169, 182; meeting with Heine, 131; fails to recognize him as collaborator, 135; search for a worthy libretto, 135, 157, 170, 298; refuses Chair of Music at University of Berlin, 136; recommends Marx, 137; grief at thought of leaving home; measles, 140; letters to Devrient; the grand tour; visits home of Mendel Dessauer, 141; second visit to Goethe, 142; fetes and honors, 147; in Vienna and Pressburg, 148; in Italy, 149; social life in Rome; opinion of earliest music, 153; writes Sistine Chapel service from memory, 155; works composed during grand tour, 155, 157, 180, 193; desire to write an opera; in Munich; commissioned to compose opera for Munich Theatre, 157; visits Karl Immermann; engages libretto, 158; visit to Paris, 165; relations with Chopin, 166, 232, 240; derides Kalkbrenner, 166, 168; objections to French libretto; to immorality of opera, 170; musical triumph, 172; compositions performed in Paris, 172, 173; modesty, 173; demand of publishers for music, 173, 233, 271; grief over death, of Rietz, 174, 182; of Goethe and Zelter, 175; cholera; Paris slow to appreciate music of, 175; visit to London, 176; longings for, and determination to live at, home, 178; center of controversy over Sing Akademie Directorship, 179, 188-198; relations with Hensel; with Devrient, 182; disputes with Marx, on musical composition, 183; storm center of battle over Directorship of Sing Akademie, 188-196; Berlin concerts, 193; doomed to leave Berlin; bitter-

Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, Felix (*cont'd*)
ness of spirit, 197; directs Lower Rhine Festival at Düsseldorf; tact and poise, 201; Düsseldorf triumph turning-point of career, 203; unusual bond between father and son, 205; salaries and earnings, 210, 212, 236, 268, 274, 275; made Director of Düsseldorf's musical activities, 212; visit to London; meets Maria Malibran, 216-226; receives instruction in painting, 229; life and work at Düsseldorf, 229-236; joins Immermann in establishing theatre; *début* as opera conductor, 230; compositions during year at Düsseldorf, 232; decision to write oratorios; Goethe's correspondence with, published; nominated to Berlin Academy of Art; autobiography submitted, 233; clashes with Immermann; gives up theatre, 234; rebuked by father, 235; becomes conductor of Leipzig *Gewandhaus*, 236; statue of, in Düsseldorf, 237; begins life in Leipzig, 238; Schumann's friendship, 239, 242, 245, 295; last visit to father, 241; grief over his death, 240, 241; dubbed "Felix Meritis," 243; *Gewandhaus* concerts; restores works of the masters; receives degree from University of Leipzig, 247; permanently engaged for Düsseldorf Festival, 248; in Frankfort with the Hillers, 250; meetings with Rossini, 252, 260; in love, 257; at The Hague, 262; betrothal, 263; ideas about publication; royalties; prices for music, 268; marriage, 269; invited by King to head Berlin musicians; resulting negotiations, 270-282; sought by public and publishers, 271; children, 272, 300, 309; plans for a conservatorium at Leipzig, 276; raises funds for Bach statue, 277; produces *St. Mathew Passion* in Leipzig; honored by King of Saxony, 278; return to Berlin, 279; produces Greek play, 283; visit to English sovereigns, 285; King bestows *Ordre pour le Merite* upon, 289; longing to return to Leipzig; resigns Berlin post, 290; musical rivals; opinions on new music, 293, 296; compared with Schumann; resulting controversy, 294, 296, 314; refuses invitation from New York, 297; reaction to the appearance of rivals and of new schools of music, 297, 314, 315; unpublished operas, 298; last trips to England, 299, 301; success of *Elijah*, 299; tribute from Prince Albert; failing health; last birthday party, 300; effect of Fanny's death upon, 303, 306; last illness; trip to Baden-Baden, 303; to Switzerland; unshakable faith, 304; death, 308; funeral; grave, 309; his place in music, 311-319; product of school of Classic Romanticism, 312; popularity during lifetime; a purist, 313; compared with Wagner; musical defects and their causes, 315; lack of virility and its effect; style, 316; knowledge of orchestra, 317; greatness, 318; best music, 319

Compositions

A minor Quartet, 173; *Antigone*, music for, 283, 309; *Antiphona et Responsorium*, 90; *Ave Maria*, 305; *Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage Overture*, 232; *Camacho's Wedding*, 63; produced, 75-80; humiliation over its failure, 80, 85; cantata for Dürer Festival, 87; *Capriccio in B*, 193; *Christus*, 305; *E major Sonata*, 319; *Elijah*, 299, 301; *Festgesang* for Gutenberg Festival, 277; "Fingal's Cave" overture, 113; *G minor Concerto*, 172; *G minor Sonata*, 35; *Hebrides Overture*, 177, 193, 232, 318, 319; *Infelice*, 232; "It is decreed in God's wisdom," 278; *Italian Symphony*, 197, 202, 318, 319; *Liedertafel, Soldier's Love*, 119, 127; *Lobgesang*, 278; *Meeresstille*, 193, 238, 318, 319; *Melusina Overture*, 232, 319; *Midsummer Night's Dream*, 72, 110, 172, 186, 193, 292, 316, 317, 318, 319; fate of original score, 110; *Night Song*—"Departed is the Light of Day," 307; *Octett* for strings, 65, 173, 319; *On Wings of Song*, 232; *Quartet in F minor*, 305; *Quintet in A minor*, 319; *Reformation Symphony*, 130, 174, 193; *Return from Abroad*, 119, 128; becomes famous as *Son and Stranger* in England, 129; *The Rivulet*, 229; *Ruy Blas Overture*, 319; *St. Paul*, 198, 233, 241, 248, 268, 269, 309; defects, 284; *Scotch Symphony*, 284, 316, 318, 319; *Songs Without Words*, 89, 309, 313, 317; royalties on, 268; *The Two Nephews, or The Uncle from Boston*, 48; *The Two Pedagogues*, 21; *Trumpet Overture*, 210; *Variations* for piano, 319; *Violin Concerto*, 317, 319; *Walpurgisnacht*, 155, 180, 193; *Wedding March*, 292

Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, Leah, 9; marriage to Abraham Mendelssohn, 10;

teaches children music, 11; upholds Abraham's training of children, 16, 17; urges conversion, 25; inducted into Christian church, 27; silver-wedding celebration, 118, 124, 127; concern for husband and son, 204; attitude toward son's engagement, 262; grief over parting with him, 291; death, 300
Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, Marie, 272
Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, Paul, 43, 266; goes to London, 204; marriage to Albertine Heine, 254; efforts to interest Felix in Berlin post, 271, 272, 274; with brother during last illness, 304, 307
Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, Rebecca, 43, 240, 261, 266, 269; made chief conspirator in plans of Felix, 118; blossoms into womanhood, 123; ill with measles, 140; marriage, 178
Meyerbeer, Giacomo, 252, 294
Midsummer Night's Dream, 72, 110, 172, 186, 193, 292, 316, 317, 318, 319; fate of original score, 110
Moller, Sir Lewis, 120
Money the Jew's weapon, 8, 23
Montaigne, Michel Eyquem de, quoted, 311
Moscheles, Ignaz, opinion of Mendelssohn family; becomes instructor of Felix, 52; with him in London, 99, 103, 110, 176; his home, 105; in Leipzig, 239; called "prince of pianists," 240; visit to the Mendelssohn home, 241; party in honor of Mendelssohn, 300; diary, excerpts, 306, 307
Moses Dessauer, *see* Mendelssohn, Moses
Mozart, Karl, 156
Mozart, Wolfgang Amadeus, musical memory, 155; *Don Giovanni* presented, 230
Munich, visit to, 157
Munich Theatre, commissions opera, 157
Music, earliest, 153; Mendelssohn's place in, 311-319; schools of Romanticism; effect of World War upon; return to melody, 312; origin of Romanticism, 314
Musicales at Mendelssohn home, 20; become almost a nightly performance, 43; continued by Fanny, 284

Nägeli, publisher, 90
Nebuchim of Maimon, 3
New York, Mendelssohn refuses invitation from, 297
Newspaper, manuscript, 68
Niebelungen myth, 298
Night Song—"Departed is the Light of Day," 307
Ninth Symphony of Beethoven, 184, 185, 247
Novello's royalties and prices, 268

Octett for strings, 65, 173, 319
On Wings of Song, 232
Opera in Germany; Wagner's ascendancy, 294
Operas, composed during boyhood, 21, 48; Mendelssohn's search for libretto, 43, 135, 157, 170, 298; commissioned by Munich Theatre, 157
Oratorios, Mendelssohn's decision to write, 233; evaluated, 316; *see also Elijah: St. Paul*
Orchestra, Mendelssohn's knowledge of, 317
Ordre pour le Merite, 289, 309
Osborne, 167

Painting taught Mendelssohn children, 16; Felix's gift for, 112, 304, 318
Paris, Mendelssohn's visits to, 12, 55, 165; conditions, 54, 61, 164, 169; Chopin and associates in, 159; immorality on stage, 169; and the music of Mendelssohn, 172, 173, 175
Pastoral Symphony of Beethoven, 208, 314
Philharmonic Society, London, 105; conducted by Mendelssohn, 106; requests new work, 173; welcomes and honors him, 177; commissions music; invites him to conduct, 197; elects him honorary member, 122; perfection of its playing, 202
Planché, James Robinson, 298
Pohlenz, Leipzig conductor, 239
Poland, Jews in, 2
Pressburg, coronation festivities, 148
Prussia, status of Jews in, 4, 6, 7
Publishers, 90, 268; besiege Mendelssohn for music, 173, 271; works published by Breitkopf, 233; Novello's royalties and prices, 268

Quartet in F minor, 305
Quintet in A minor, 319

Reformation Symphony, 130, 174, 193
Reichardt, 246
Return from Abroad, 119, 128; becomes famous as *Son and Stranger* in England, 129
Revue Musicale, La, 163
Richter, Jean Paul Friedrich, *see* Jean Paul
Rietz, Eduard, 44, 97, 65, 251; Mendelssohn's grief over loss of, 174, 182

Rietz, Julius, 251
Ring, The, of Wagner, 298
Rivulet, The, 229
Robert Le Diable, 171
Rode, Pierre, 58
Romanticism in music, 312; origin, 314; ultra-Romanticism, 315
Rossini, Gioachino Antonio, the man and his music, 251-255, 260
Rothschild, Baroness de, 255, 260
Rückert, Friedrich, 279
"Runenberg, The," 293
Rungenhagen, candidate for Directorship of Sing Akademie, 179, 188, 192-196
Ruy Blas Overture, 319

St. Cecilia Society, 248, 249
St. Mathew Passion of Bach, manuscript bought by Zelter, 20; influence upon Mendelssohn, 20, 49; performed at home musicale, 87, 90; in public, 94, 278
St. Paul, oratorio, 198, 233, 241, 248, 268, 269, 309; defects, 284
St. Simonians, 160, 169
Salaries, of Director, Sing Akademie, 192; Director, Düsseldorf Festival, 210; Director of Music in Düsseldorf, 212; offered singers from Berlin, 232; of Leipzig *Gewandhaus* conductor, 236; of Court *Kapellmeister,* 274, 275
Salomon, Leah, 9; married to Abraham Mendelssohn, 10; *see* Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, Leah
Salomon, Mme., 25, 27
Salomon-Bartholdy, *see* Bartholdy, Salomon—
Santini, Abbott, 151
Saphir's Schnellpost, excerpts, 80
Saxony, King of, aids plans for conservatorium, 276; honors Mendelssohn, 278
Schadow, Johann Gottfried, 151; commissions cantata for Dürer Festival, 87
Schadow-Godenhaus, Friedrich Wilhelm von, 151, 212; proclaims Mendelssohn member of Artists' Association, 88; Mendelssohn's host in Düsseldorf, 206, 229; abilities and influence, 229; quarrel with Immermann, 234; with Mendelssohn in Holland, 262
Schelble, Johann, 45, 90, 248, 257; calls Mendelssohn "one of God's own," 46; anxious to produce *St. Paul,* 233
Schiller, Johann Christoph Friedrich von, Goethe's reminiscences of, 144
Schirmer, Johann Wilhelm, 229
Schlemmer, Doctor, 256, 260
Schlesinger, publisher, 68, 90, 268
Schmitt, Aloys, 42, 44, 47
Schopenhauer, Adele, 33, 38
Schubert, Franz, 148
Schubring, 86, 142; quoted, 242
Schumann, Clara Wieck, birthday, 239; courtship, 265, 294; marriage, 295
Schumann, Robert, personality, 239, 242, 244; association with Mendelssohn, 239, 242, 245, 295; instinct for recognizing talent; his musical paper, 243; education; career, 244; musical training, 244, 245; love affair, 265; likes Fanny's work, 268; growing ability and reputation; controversy over him and Mendelssohn, 294, 296, 314; compositions; post in Leipzig Conservatorium; marriage, 295; opinion of Wagner, 296; Romanticism, 312, 314
Scotch Symphony, 284, 316, 318, 319
Scotland, tour of, 109, 112
Scott, Sir Walter, 113
Scribe, libretto by, 171
Sebastiani, Fanny, 13
Shakespeare, translated; hailed in Mendelssohn home, 68; "The Tempest," 158, 171
Silesian flood sufferers, concert for, 110
Silver-wedding celebration, 118, 124, 127
Sing Akademie, Berlin, Mendelssohn admitted into, 19; controversy over appointment of Director, 179, 188-196; decadence, 196
Sing me now to sleep, 186
Sistine Chapel service, rewritten from memory, 155
Smart, Sir George, 89, 99, 105, 177, 216
Soldier's Love, 119, 127
Son and Stranger, 129
Songs Without Words, 89, 309, 313, 317; royalties on, 268
Sonntag, Mme., 216
Spohr, Ludwig, 44, 107, 294; on Beethoven, 52
Spontini, Gasparo Pacifico, 97, 273; character and music; in Berlin, 75; attitude toward *Camacho's Wedding,* 77; produces Bach's music, 90
Staël, Madame de, 9
Stamaty, 247
Statham, H. H., quoted, 318
Stephen, Saint, stoning of, 198
Stettin, *Midsummer Night's Dream Overture* produced, 74
Strauss, Johann, 266
Sunday musicales, *see* Musicales
Suschen, wife of Mendel Dessauer, 3
Switzerland, Mendelssohn's visits, 43, 304
Symphony in C minor, Beethoven's, 185

Taglioni, Maria, 169
Tannhaüser, 294, 296
Tante Jette, *see* Mendelssohn, Henrietta
Taylor, John, 116
"Tea and Snow Times," 68
"Tempest, The," 158, 171
Thomas Schule, 239
Tieck, Ludwig, 279, 282; "The Runenberg," 293
Times, London, 108
"Travel Pictures," excerpt, 236
Trumpet Overture, 210
Two Nephews, The, or *The Uncle from Boston,* 48
Two Pedagogues, The, 21

University, *see name, as* Berlin, University of

Variations for piano, 319
Varnhagen, Rahel, 67, 127; quoted, 187
Vernet, portrait of Mendelssohn, 156
Victoria, Queen, 286, 301, 302
Victorian Age and its genius, modern view, 311
Vienna, visit to, 148
Vigneron, offer to make lithograph of Mendelssohn, 173
Violin Concerto, 317, 319
Voltaire, on Berlin jealousies, 194

Wagner, Richard, reputation; compositions, 293, 298; Schumann's opinion of, 296; comparison of work with Mendelssohn's, 315; ultra-Romanticism, 312, 315
Wahl, Rabbi Saul, elected King of Poland, 2; Mendel a descendant of, 3
Wales, tour of; music, 116
Walpurgisnacht, 155, 180, 193
Weber, Carl Maria von, 51, 68; music hailed, 76; Mendelssohn's feeling for, 99; operas, 294
Wedding March, 292
Weimar, Mendelssohn's visits to, 30, 142
Wieck, Clara, birthday, 239; courtship, 265, 294; marriage to Schumann, 295
Wieck, Friedrich, 239, 244, 265
Wittgenstein, Count, 147
Women, Mendelssohn's attitude toward, 72, 147, 153, 169, 241
Woringen, Doctor von, 206
Woringen, President von, 208, 210
World War, effect upon music, 312

Zelter, Carl Friedrich, 15, 32, 74; possession of *St. Mathew Passion,* 20; admits Mendelssohn to Sing Akademie, 19; brings him to the notice of Goethe, 21, 29; adorned for Goethe's reception, 32; on Spontini, 76; skeptical about Bach revival, 91; furthers public performance, 94; death, 175, 177; successor of, at Sing Akademie, 179, 192; Goethe-Zelter correspondence, 233
Zelter, Doris, 233

UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY

104 021

UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY